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# IN MOROCCO

## BY EDITH WHARTON

[FIRST PAPER]

## RABAT AND SALÉ

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

### I

### LEAVING TANGIER

TO step on board a steamer in a Spanish port, and three hours later to land in *a country without a guide-book*, is a sensation to rouse the hunger of the repletest sight-seer.

The sensation is attainable by any one who will take the trouble to row out into the harbour of Algeciras and scramble onto a little black boat headed across the straits. Hardly has the rock of Gibraltar turned to cloud when one's foot is on the soil of an almost unknown Africa. Tangier, indeed, is in the guide-books; but, cuckoo-like, it has had to lay its egg in strange nests, and the traveller who wants to find out about it must acquire a work dealing with some other country—Spain or Portugal or Algeria. There is no guide-book to Morocco, and no way of knowing, once one has left Tangier behind, where the long trail over the Rif is going to land one, in the sense understood by any one accustomed to European certainties. The air of the unforeseen blows on one from the roadless passes of the Atlas.

This feeling of adventure is heightened by the contrast between Tangier—cosmopolitan, frowsy, familiar Tangier, that every tourist has visited for the last forty years—and the vast unknown just beyond. One has met, of course, travellers who have been to Fez; but they have gone there on special missions, under escort, mysteriously, perhaps perilously; the expedition has seemed, till lately, a considerable affair. And when one opens the records of Moroccan travellers written within the last twenty years, how many, even of the most adventurous, are found to have gone beyond Fez? And what, to this day, do the names of Meknez and Marrakech, of Mogador, Saffi or Rabat, signify to any but a few students of political history, a few explorers and naturalists? Not till within the last year has Morocco been open to travel from Tangier to the Great Atlas, and from Moulay Idriss to the Atlantic. Three years ago Christians were being massacred in the streets of Salé, the pirate town across the river from Rabat, and two years ago no European had been allowed to enter the Sacred City of Moulay Idriss, the burial-place of the lawful descendant of Ali, founder of the Idrissite dynasty. Now, thanks to the energy and the imagination of one of the greatest of colonial administrators, the country, at least in the French zone, is as safe and open as the opposite shore of Spain. All that remains is to tell the traveller how to find his way about it.

Ten years ago there was not a wheeled vehicle in Morocco; now its thousands of miles of trail, and its hundreds of miles of firm French roads, are travelled by count-

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less carts, omnibuses and motor-vehicles. There are light railways from Rabat to Fez in the west, and to a point about eighty-five kilometres from Marrakech in the south; and it is possible to say that within a year a regular railway system will connect eastern Morocco with western Algeria, and the ports of Tangier and Casablanca with the principal points of the interior.

What, then, prevents the tourist from instantly taking ship at Bordeaux or Algeciras and letting loose his motor on this new world? Only the temporary obstacles which the war has everywhere put in the way of travel. Till these are lifted it will hardly be possible to travel in Morocco except by favour of the Resident General; but, normal conditions once restored, the country will be as accessible, from the straits of Gibraltar to the Great Atlas, as Algeria or Tunisia.

To see Morocco during the war was therefore to see it in the last phase of its curiously abrupt transition from remoteness and danger to security and accessibility; at a moment when its aspect and its customs were still almost unaffected by European influences, and when the "Christian" might taste the transient joy of wandering unmolested in cities of ancient mystery and hostility, whose inhabitants seemed hardly aware of his intrusion.

## II

### THE TRAIL TO RABAT

With such opportunities ahead it was impossible, that brilliant morning of September, 1917, not to be off quickly from Tangier, impossible to do justice to the pale-blue town piled up within brown walls against the thickly-foliaged gardens of "the Mountain," to the animation of its market-place and the secret beauties of its steep Arab streets. For Tangier swarms with people in European clothes, there are English, French and Spanish signs above its shops, and cab-stands in its squares; it belongs, as much as Algiers, to the familiar dog-eared world of travel—and there, beyond the last dip of "the Mountain," lies the world of mystery, with the rosy dawn just breaking over it. The motor is at the door and we are off.

The so-called Spanish zone, which encloses internationalized Tangier in a wide circuit of territory, extends southward for a distance of about a hundred and fifteen kilometres. Consequently, when good roads traverse it, French Morocco will be reached in less than two hours by motor-travellers bound for the south. But for the present Spanish enterprise dies out after a few miles of macadam (as it does even between Madrid and Toledo), and the tourist is committed to the *piste*. These *pistes*—the old caravan-trails from the south—are more available to motors in Morocco than in southern Algeria and Tunisia, since they travel mostly over soil which, though sandy in part, is bound together by a tough dwarf vegetation, and not over pure desert sand. This, however, is the utmost that can be said of the Spanish *pistes*. In the French protectorate constant efforts are made to keep the trails fit for wheeled traffic, but Spain shows no sense of a corresponding obligation.

After leaving the macadamized road which runs south from Tangier one seems to have embarked on a petrified ocean in a boat hardly equal to the adventure. Then, as one leaps and plunges over humps and ruts, down sheer banks into rivers, and up precipices into sand-pits, one gradually gains faith in one's conveyance and in one's spinal column; but both must be sound in every joint to resist the strain of the long miles to Arbaoua, the frontier post of the French protectorate.

Luckily there are other things to think about. At the first turn out of Tangier, Europe and the European disappear, and when the motor begins to dip and rise over the arid little hills beyond to the last gardens one is sure that every figure on the road will be picturesque instead of prosaic, every garment graceful instead of grotesque. One knows, too, that there will be no more omnibuses or trams or motorcyclists, but only long lines of camels rising up in brown friezes against the sky, little black donkeys trotting across the scrub under bulging pack-saddles, and noble draped figures walking beside them or majestically perching on their rumps. And for miles and miles there will be no more towns—only, at intervals on the naked slopes, circles of

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*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Rabat.

General view from the Kasbah of the Oudayas.



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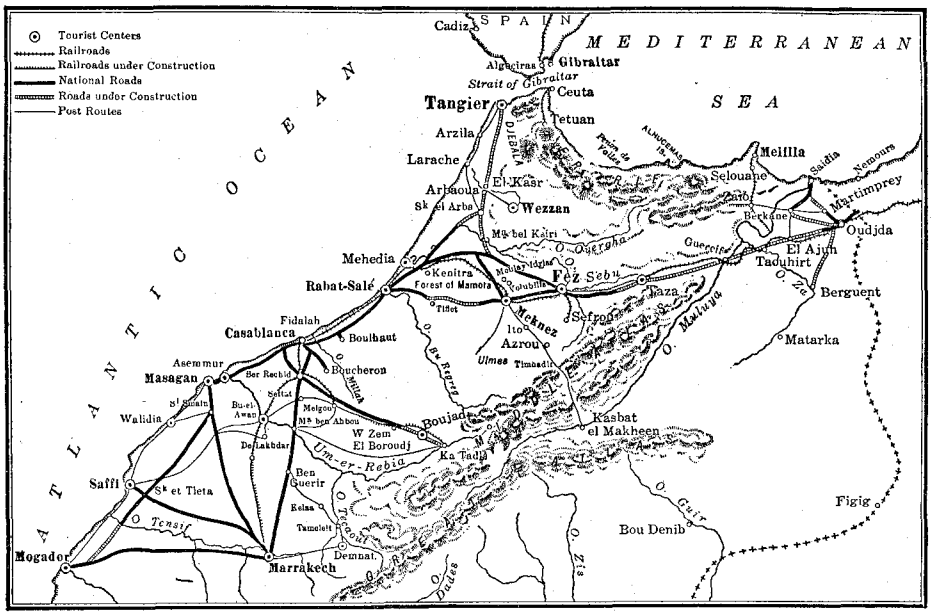
rush-roofed huts in a blue stockade of cactus, or a hundred or two nomad tents of black camel's hair resting on walls of wattled thorn and grouped about a terebinth-tree and a well.

Between these nomad colonies lies the *bled*, the immense waste of fallow land and palmetto desert: an earth as void of life as the sky above it of clouds. The scenery is always the same; but if one has the love of great emptinesses, and of the play of light on long stretches of parched earth the encounter of the first veiled woman heading a little cavalcade from the south. All the mystery that awaits us looks out through the eye-slits in the grave-clothes muffling her. Where have they come from, where are they going, all these slow wayfarers out of the unknown? Probably only from one thatched douar* to another; but interminable distances unroll behind them, they breathe of Timbuctoo and the farthest desert. Just such figures must swarm in the Saharan cities, in the




The part of Morocco visited by Mrs. Wharton.

and rock, the sameness is part of the enchantment. In such a scene every landmark takes on an extreme value. For miles one watches the little white dome of a saint's grave rising and disappearing with the undulations of the trail; at last one is abreast of it, and the solitary tomb, alone with its fig-tree and its broken well-curb, puts a meaning into the waste. The same importance, but intensified, marks the appearance of every human figure. The two white-draped riders passing single file up the red slope to that ring of tents on the ridge have a mysterious and inexplicable importance: one follows their progress with eyes that ache with conjecture. More exciting still is the encounter of the first veiled woman heading a little cavalcade from the south. All the mystery that awaits us looks out through the eye-slits in the grave-clothes muffling her. Where have they come from, where are they going, all these slow wayfarers out of the unknown? Probably only from one thatched douar* to another; but interminable distances unroll behind them, they breathe of Timbuctoo and the farthest desert. Just such figures must swarm in the Saharan cities, in the Soudan and Senegal. There is no break in the links: these wanderers have looked on at the building of cities that were dust when the Romans pushed their outposts across the Atlas.

## III

### EL-KSAR TO RABAT

A TOWN at last—its nearness announced by the multiplied ruts of the trail, the cactus hedges, the fig-trees weighed down by dust leaning over ruinous earthen walls. And here are the first houses of the European El-Ksar—neat white Spanish

* Village of tents. The village of mud-huts is called a *nourwal*.

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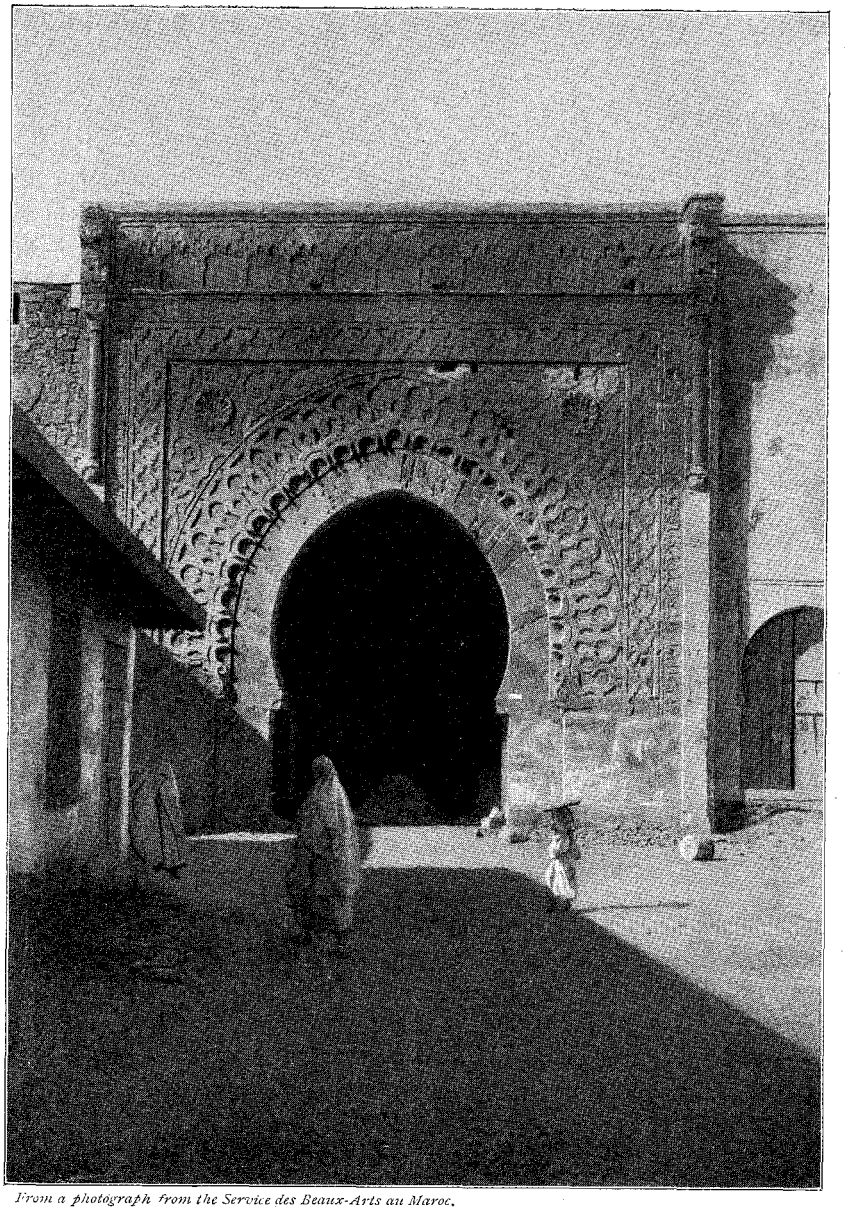

*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Rabat.

Gate of the Kasbah of the Oudayas.

houses on the slope outside the old Arab settlement. Of the Arab town itself, above reed stockades and brown walls, only a minaret and a few flat roofs are visible. Under the walls drowse the usual gregarious Lazaruses; others, temporarily resuscitated, trail their grave-clothes after a line of camels and donkeys toward the olive-gardens outside the town.

The way to Rabat is long and difficult, and there is no time to visit El-Ksar, though its minaret beckons so alluringly above the fruit-orchards; so we stop for luncheon outside the walls, at a canteen with a corrugated iron roof where skinny



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Spaniards are serving thick purple wine and eggs fried in oil to a party of French soldiers. The heat has suddenly become intolerable, and a flaming wind straight from the south brings in at the door, with a cloud of blue flies, the smell of camels and trampled herbs and the strong spices of the bazaars.

Luncheon over we hurry on between the cactus hedges, and then plunge back into the waste. Beyond El-Ksar the last hills of the Rif die away, and there is a stretch of wilderness without an outline till the Lesser Atlas begins to rise in the east. Once in the French protectorate the trail improves, but there are still difficult bits; and finally, on a high plateau, the chauffeur stops in a web of criss-cross trails, throws up his hands, and confesses that he has lost his way. The heat is mortal at the moment. For the last hour the red breath of the sirocco has risen from every hollow into which we dipped; now it hangs about us in the open, as if we had caught it in our wheels and it had to pause above us when we paused.

All around is the featureless wild land, palmetto scrub stretching away into eternity. A few yards off rises the inevitable ruined koubba* with its fig-tree: in the shade under its crumbling wall the buzz of the flies is like the sound of frying. Farther off, we discern a cluster of huts, and presently some Arab boys and a tall pensive shepherd come hurrying across the scrub. They are full of good-will, and no doubt of information; but our chauffeur speaks no Arabic and the talk dies down into shrugs and head-shakings. The Arabs retire to the shade of the wall, and we decide to start—for anywhere . . .

The chauffeur turns the crank, but there is no responding quiver. Something has gone wrong; we can't move, and it is not much comfort to remember that, if we could, we should not know where to go. At least we should be cooler in motion than sitting still under the blinding sky.

Such an adventure initiates one at the outset into the stern facts of desert motoring. Every detail of our trip from Tangier to Rabat had been carefully planned to keep us in unbroken contact with civilization. We were to "tub" in one European hotel, and to dine in another, with just enough picnicking between to give a touch of local colour. But let one little cog slip and the whole plan falls to bits, and we are alone in the old untamed Moghreb, as remote from Europe as any mediæval adventurer. If one loses one's way in Morocco, civilization vanishes as though it were a magic carpet rolled up by a Djinn.

It is a good thing to begin with such a mishap, not only because it develops the fatalism necessary to the enjoyment of Africa, but because it lets one at once into the mysterious heart of the country: a country so deeply conditioned by its miles and miles of uncitied wilderness that until one has known the wilderness one cannot begin to understand the cities.

We came to one at length, after sunset on that first endless day. The motor, cleverly patched up, had found its way to a real road, and speeding along between the stunted cork-trees of the forest of Mamora brought us to a last rise from which we beheld in the dusk a line of yellow walls backed by the misty blue of the Atlantic. Salé, the fierce old pirate town, where Robinson Crusoe was so long a slave, lay before us, snow-white in its cheese-coloured ramparts skirted by fig and olive gardens. Below its gates a stretch of waste land, endlessly trailed over by mules and camels, sloped down to the mouth of the Bou-Regreg, the blue-brown river dividing it from Rabat. The motor stopped at the landing-stage of the steam-ferry; crowding about it were droves of donkeys, knots of camels, plump-faced merchants on crimson-saddled mules, with negro servants at their bridles, bare-legged water-carriers with hairy goat-skins slung over their shoulders, and Arab women in a heap of veils, cloaks, mufflings, all of the same ashy white, the caftans of clutched children peeping through in patches of old rose and lilac and pale green.

Across the river the native town of Rabat lay piled up on an orange-red cliff beaten by the Atlantic. Its walls, red too, plunged into the darkening breakers at the mouth of the river; and behind it, stretching up to the mighty tower of Hassan, and the ruins of the Great

* Saint's tomb. The saint himself is called a *marabout*.

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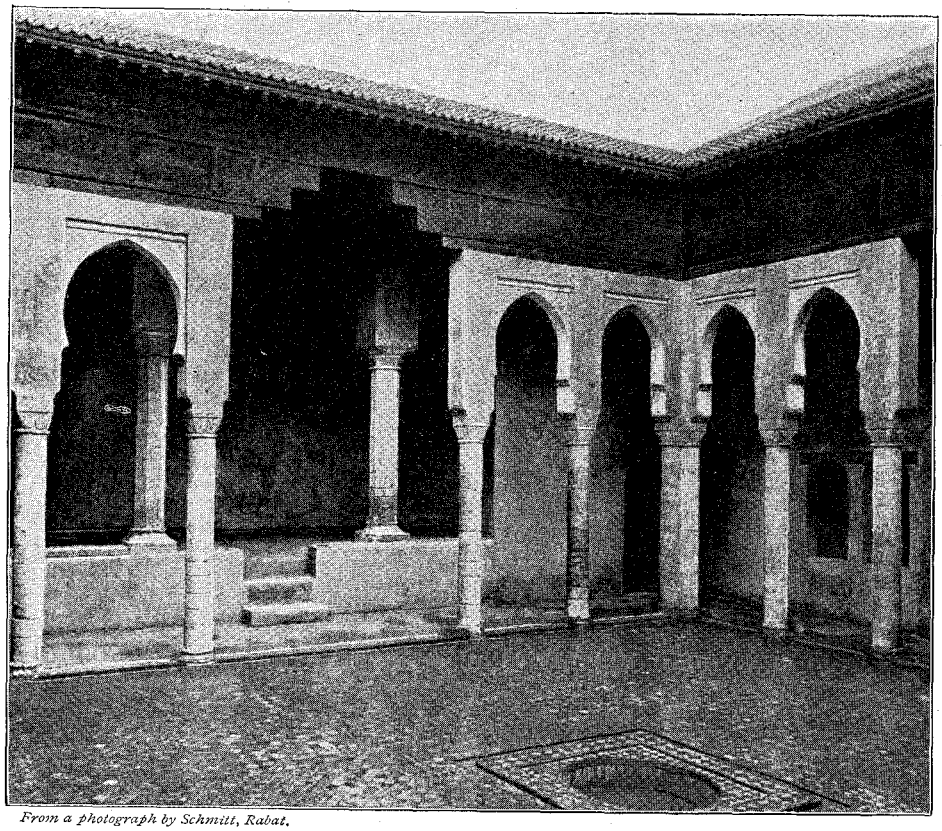
Mosque, the scattered houses of the European city showed their many lights across the plain.

## IV

### THE KASBAH OF THE OUDAYAS

SALÉ the white and Rabat the red frown at each other over the foaming bar of the Bou-Regreg, each walled, terraced, minareted, and presenting a singularly complete picture of the two types of Moroccan town, the snowy and the tawny. To the gates of both the Atlantic breakers roll in with the boom of northern seas, and under a misty northern sky. It is one of the surprises of Morocco to find the familiar African pictures bathed in this unfamiliar haze. Even the fierce midday sun does not wholly dispel it: the air remains thick, opalescent, like water slightly clouded by milk. One is tempted to say that Morocco is Tunisia seen by moonlight.

The European town of Rabat, a rapidly developing community, lies almost wholly outside the walls of the old Arab city. The latter, founded in the twelfth century by the great Almohad conqueror of Spain, Yacoub-el-Mansour, stretches its mighty walls to the river's mouth. Thence they climb the cliff to enclose the Kasbah* of the Oudayas, a troublesome tribe whom one of the Almohad Sultans, mistrusting their good faith, packed up one day, flocks, tents and camels, and carried across the *bled* to stow them into these stout walls under his imperial eye. Great crenellated ramparts, cyclopean,



*From a photograph by Schmitt, Rabat.*

Rabat.

Interior court of the Medersa of the Oudayas.

* Citadel.

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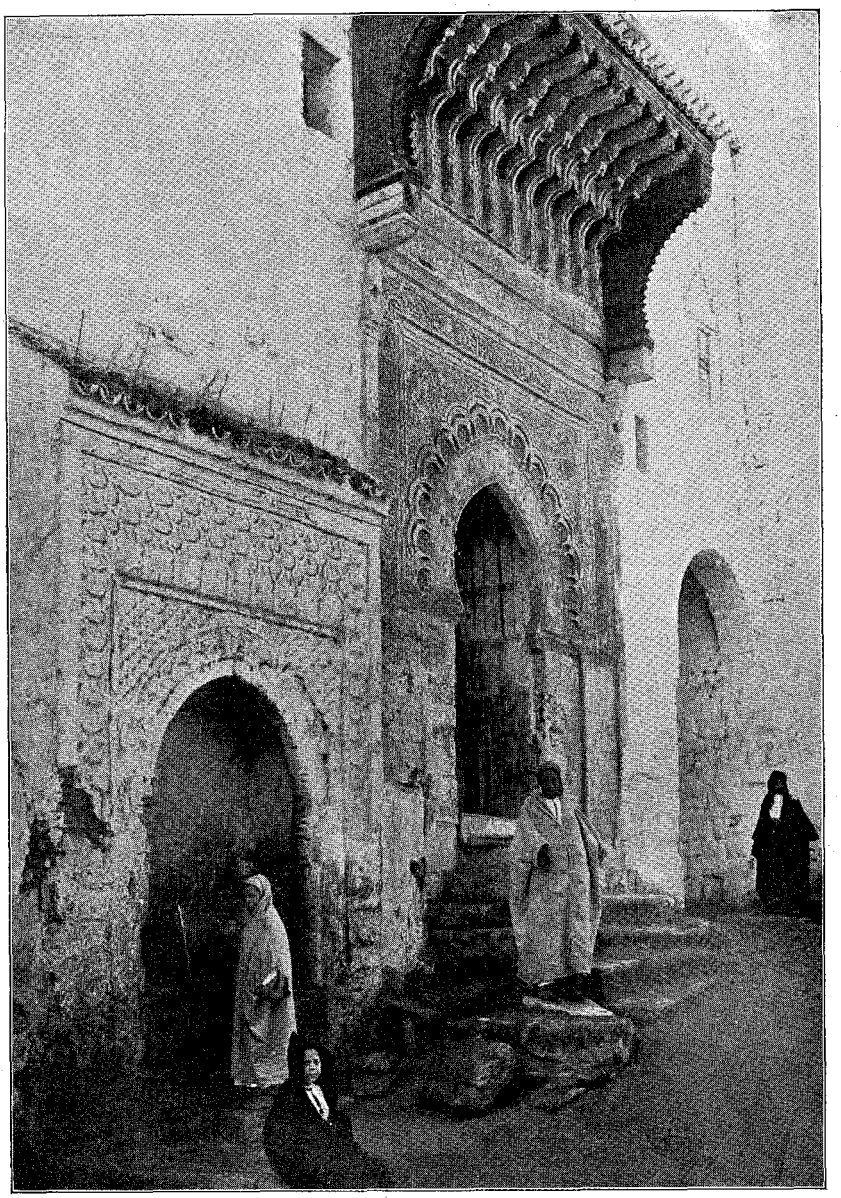

*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Salé.

Entrance of the Medersa.

superb, follow the curve of the cliff. On the landward side they are interrupted by a gate-tower resting on one of the most nobly decorated of the horseshoe arches that break the mighty walls of Moroccan cities. Underneath the tower the vaulted entrance turns, Arab fashion, at right angles, profiling its red arch against darkness and mystery. This bending of passages, so characteristic a device of the Moroccan builder, is like an architectural expression of the tortuous secret soul of the land.

Outside the Kasbah a narrow foot-path is squeezed between the walls and the edge of the cliff. Toward sunset it



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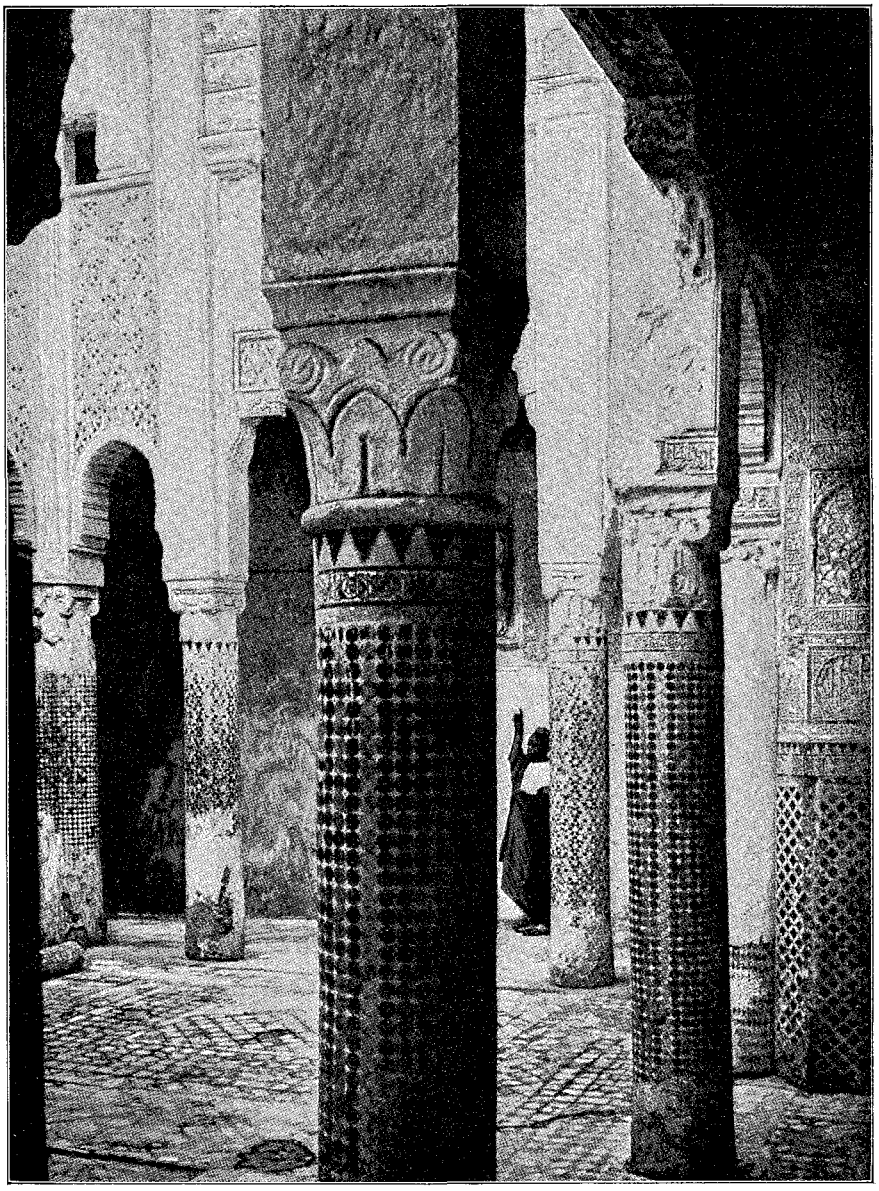

*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Salé.
Interior court of the Medersa.

looks down on a strange scene. To the south of the citadel the cliff descends to a long dune sloping to a sand-beach; and dune and beach are covered with the slanting headstones of the immense Arab cemetery of El Alou. Acres and acres of graves fall away from the red ramparts to the grey sea; and breakers rolling straight from America send their spray across the lowest stones.

There are always things going on toward evening in an Arab cemetery. In this one, travellers from the *bled* are camping in one corner, donkeys grazing (on heaven knows what), a camel dozing under its pack; in another, about a new-



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made grave, there are ritual movements of muffled figures and wailings of a funeral hymn half drowned by the waves. Near us, on a fallen headstone, a man with a thoughtful face sits chatting with two friends and hugging to his breast a tiny boy who looks like a grasshopper in his green caftan; a little way off, a solitary philosopher, his eye fixed on the sunset, lies on another grave, smoking his long pipe of kif.

There is infinite sadness in this scene under the fading sky, beside the cold welter of the Atlantic. One seems to be not in Africa itself, but in the Africa that northern crusaders may have dreamed of in snow-bound castles by colder shores of the same ocean. This is what Moghreb must have looked like to the confused imagination of the Middle Ages, to Norman knights burning to ransom the Holy Places, or Hansa merchants devising, in steep-roofed towns of Barbary, and the long caravans bringing apes and gold-powder from the south.

Inside the gate of the Kasbah one comes on more waste land and on other walls—for all Moroccan towns are enclosed in circuit within circuit of battlemented masonry. Then, unexpectedly, a gate in one of the inner walls lets one into a tiled court enclosed in a traceried cloister and overlooking an orange-grove that rises out of a carpet of roses. This peaceful and well-ordered place is the interior of the Medersa (the college) of the Oudayas. Morocco is full of these colleges, or rather lodging-houses of the students frequenting the mosques; for all Mahometan education is given in the mosque itself, only the preparatory work being done in the colleges. The most beautiful of the Medersas date from the earlier years of the long Merenid dynasty (1248–1548), the period at which Moroccan art, freed from too distinctively Spanish and Arab influences, began to develop a delicate grace of its own as far removed from the extravagance of Spanish ornament as from the inheritance of Roman-Byzantine motives that the first Moslem invasion had brought with it from Syria and Mesopotamia.

These exquisite collegiate buildings, though still in use whenever they are near a well-known mosque, have all fallen into a state of sordid disrepair. The Moroccan Arab, though he continues to build—and fortunately to build in the old tradition, which has never been lost—has, like all Orientals, an invincible repugnance to repairing and restoring, and one after another the frail exposed Arab structures, with their open courts and badly constructed terrace-roofs, are crumbling into ruin. Happily the French Government has at last been asked to intervene, and all over Morocco the Medersas are being repaired with skill and discretion. That of the Oudayas is already completely restored, and as it had long fallen into disuse it has been transformed by the Ministry of Fine Arts into a museum of Moroccan art.

The plan of the Medersas is always much the same: the eternal plan of the Arab house, built about one or more arcaded courts, with long narrow rooms enclosing them on the ground floor, and several stories above, reached by narrow stairs, and often opening on finely carved cedar galleries. The chief difference between the Medersa and the private house, or even the *fondak*,* lies in the use to which the rooms are put. In the Medersas, one of the ground-floor apartments is always fitted up as a chapel, and shut off from the court by carved cedar doors still often touched with old gilding and vermilion. There are always a few students praying in the chapel, while others sit in the doors of the upper rooms, their books on their knees, or lean over the carved galleries chatting with their companions who are washing their feet at the marble fountain in the court, preparatory to entering the chapel.

In the Medersa of the Oudayas, these native activities have been replaced by the lifeless hush of a museum. The rooms are furnished with old rugs, pottery, brasses, the curious embroidered hangings which line the tents of the chiefs, and other specimens of Arab art. One room reproduces a barber's shop in the bazaar, its benches covered with fine matting, the hanging mirror inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the razor-handles of silver *niello*. The horseshoe arches of the outer gallery look out on orange-blossoms, roses and the

* The Moroccan inn or caravanserai.

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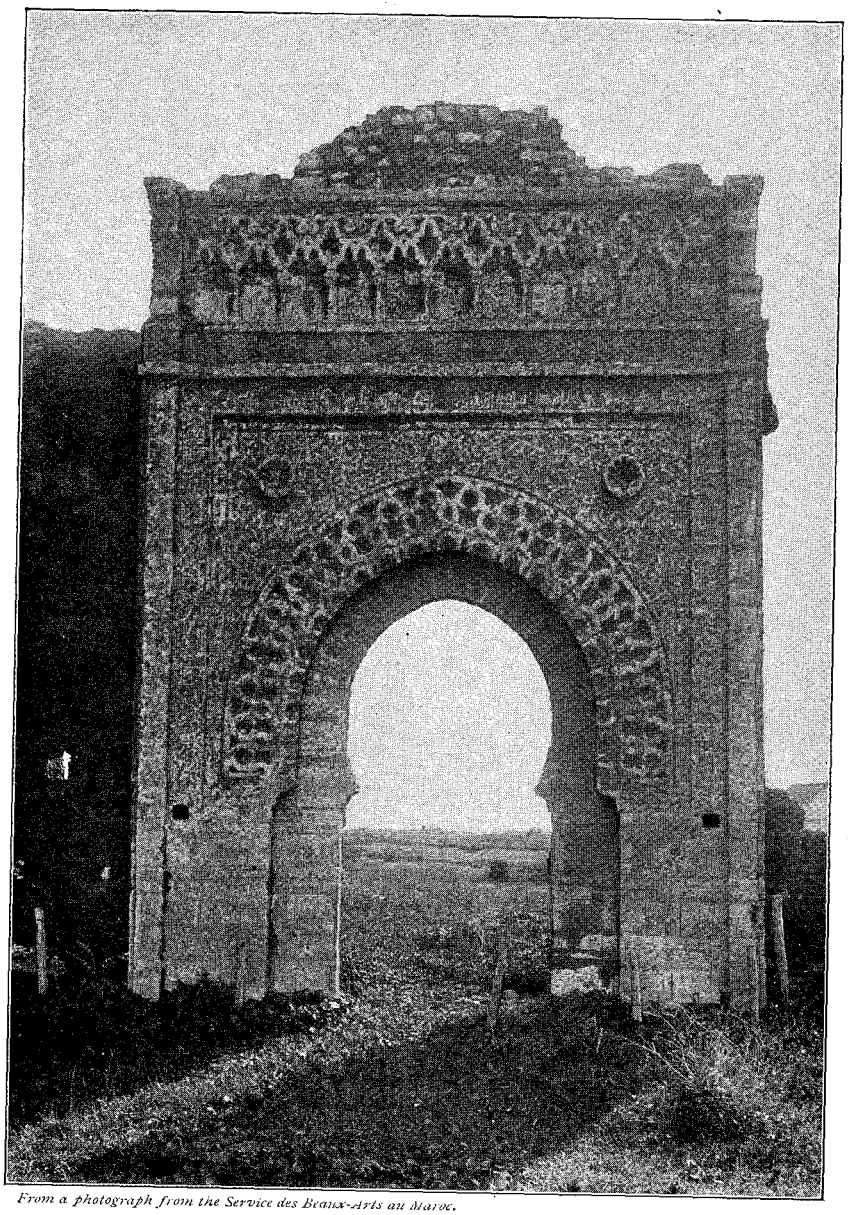

*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Salé.

Gate of a ruined Medersa outside the walls.

sea. It is all beautiful, calm and harmonious; and if one is tempted to mourn the absence of life and local colour, one has only to visit an abandoned Medersa to see that, but for French intervention, the charming colonnades and cedar chambers of the college of the Oudayas would by this time be a heap of undistinguished rubbish—for plaster and rubble do not "die in beauty" like the firm stones of Rome.

## V

### ROBINSON CRUSOE'S "SALLEE"

BEFORE Morocco passed under the rule of the great governor who now ad-



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ministers it, the European colonists made short work of the beauty and privacy of the old Arab towns in which they established themselves.

On the west coast, especially, where the Mediterranean peoples, from the Phenicians to the Portuguese, have had trading-posts for over two thousand years, the harm done to such seaboard towns as Tangier, Rabat and Casablanca is hard to estimate. The modern European colonist apparently imagined that to plant his warehouses, *cafés* and cinema-palaces within the walls which for so long had fiercely excluded him was the most impressive way of proclaiming his domination.

Under General Lyautey such views are no longer tolerated. Respect for native habits, native beliefs and native architecture is the first principle inculcated in the civil servants attached to his administration. Not only does he require that the native towns shall be kept intact, and no European building erected within them; a sense of beauty not often vouchsafed to Colonial governors causes him to place the administration buildings so far beyond the walls that the modern colony grouped around them remains entirely distinct from the old town, instead of growing out of it like an ugly excrescence.

The Arab quarter of Rabat was already irreparably disfigured when General Lyautey came to Morocco; but ferocious old Salé, Phenician counting-house and breeder of Barbary pirates, had been saved from profanation by its Moslem fanaticism. Few Christian feet had entered its walls except those of the prisoners who, like Robinson Crusoe, slaved for the wealthy merchants in its mysterious terraced houses. Not till two or three years ago was it completely pacified; and when it opened its gates to the infidel it was still, as it is to-day, the type of the untouched Moroccan city—so untouched that, with the sunlight irradiating its cream-coloured walls and the blue-white domes above them, it rests on its carpet of rich fruit-gardens like some rare specimen of Arab art on a strip of old Oriental velvet.

Within the walls, the magic persists: which does not always happen when one penetrates into the mirage-like cities of Arabian Africa. Salé has the charm of extreme compactness. Crowded between the river-mouth and the sea, its white and pale-blue houses almost touch across the narrow streets, and the reed-thatched bazaars seem like miniature reductions of the great trading labyrinths of Tunis or Fez.

Everything that the reader of the Arabian Nights expects to find is here: the whitewashed niches wherein pale youths sit weaving the fine mattings for which the town is still famous; the tunnelled passages where indolent merchants with bare feet crouch in their little kennels hung with richly ornamented saddlery and arms, or with slippers of pale citron leather and bright embroidered *babouches;* the stalls with fruit, olives, tunny-fish, vague syrupy sweets, candles for saints' tombs, Mantegnesque garlands of red and green peppers, griddle-cakes sizzling on red-hot pans, and all the varied wares and cakes and condiments that the lady in the tale of the Three Calanders went out to buy, that memorable morning in the market of Bagdad.

Only at Salé all is on a small scale: there is not much of any one thing, except of the exquisite matting. The tide of commerce has ebbed from the intractable old city, and one feels, as one watches the listless purchasers in her little languishing bazaars, that her long animosity against the intruder has ended by destroying her own life.

The feeling increases when one leaves the bazaar for the streets adjoining it. An even deeper hush than that which hangs over the well-to-do quarters of all Arab towns broods over these silent thoroughfares, with heavy-nailed doors barring half-ruined houses. In a steep deserted square one of these doors opens its panels of weather-silvered cedar on the court of the frailest, ghostliest of Medersas—mere carved and painted shell of a dead house of learning. Mystic interweavings of endless lines, patient patterns interminably repeated in wood and stone and clay, all are here, from the tessellated paving of the court to the honeycombing of the cedar roof through which a patch of sky shows here and there like an inset of turquoise tiling.

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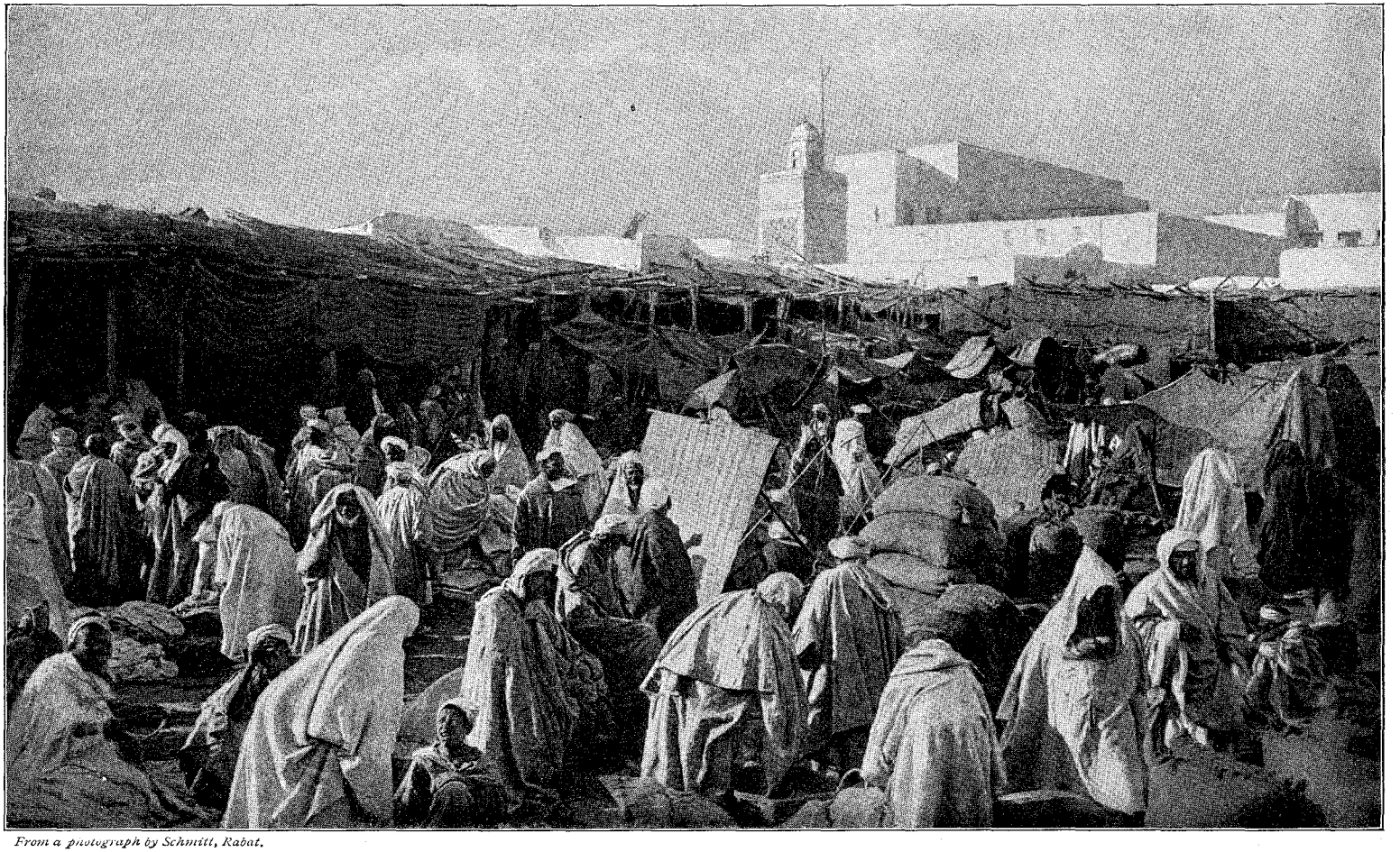

*From a photograph by Schmitt, Rabat.*

Salé.

Market-place outside the town.

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This lovely ruin is in the safe hands of the French Fine Arts administration, and soon the wood-carvers and stucco-workers of Fez will have revived its old perfection; but it will never again be more than a show-Medersa, standing empty and unused beside the mosque behind whose guarded doors and high walls one guesses that the old religious fanaticism of Salé is dying also, as her learning and her commerce have died.

In truth the only life in her is centred in the market-place outside the walls, where big expanding Rabat goes on certain days to provision herself. The market of Salé, though typical of all Moroccan markets, has an animation and picturesqueness of its own. Its rows of white tents pitched on a dusty square between the outer walls and the fruit-gardens make it look as though a hostile tribe had sat down to lay siege to the town; but the army is an army of hucksters, of farmers from the rich black lands along the river, of swarthy nomads and leather-gaitered peasant women from the hills, of slaves and servants and tradesmen from Rabat and Salé; a draped, veiled, turbaned mob, shrieking, bargaining, fist-shaking, calling on Allah to witness the monstrous villanies of the misbegotten miscreants they are trading with, and then, struck with the mysterious Eastern apathy, sinking down in languid heaps of muslin among the black figs, purple onions and rosy melons, the fluttering hens, the tethered goats, the whinnying foals, that are all enclosed in an outer circle of folded-up camels and of mules dozing under faded crimson saddles.

## VI

### CHELLA AND THE GREAT MOSQUE

THE Merenid Sultans of Rabat had a terribly troublesome neighbour across the Bou-Regreg, and they built Chella to keep an eye on the pirates of Salé. But Chella has fallen like a Babylonian city triumphed over by the prophets; while Salé, sly, fierce and irrepressible, continued till well on in the nineteenth century to breed pirates and fanatics.

The ruins of Chella lie on the farther side of the plateau above the native town of Rabat. The mighty wall enclosing them faces the city wall of Rabat, looking at it across one of those great red powdery wastes which seem, in this strange land, like death and the desert forever creeping up to overwhelm the puny works of man.

The red waste is scored by countless trains of donkeys carrying water from the springs of Chella, by long caravans of mules and camels, and by the busy motors of the French administration; yet there emanates from it an impression of solitude and decay which even the prosaic tinkle of the trams jogging out from the European town to the Exhibition grounds above the sea cannot long dispel.

Perpetually, even in the new thriving French Morocco, the outline of a ruin or the look in a pair of eyes shifts the scene, rends the thin veil of the European Illusion, and confronts one with the old grey Moslem reality. Passing under the gate of Chella, with its richly carved corbels and lofty crenellated towers, one feels one's self thus completely reabsorbed into the past.

Below the gate the ground slopes away, bare and blazing, to a hollow where a little blue-green minaret gleams through fig-trees, and fragments of arch and vaulting reveal the outline of a ruined mosque.

Was ever shade so blue-black and delicious as that of the cork-tree near the spring where the donkeys' water-cans are being filled? Under its branches a black man in a blue shirt lies immovably sleeping in the dust. Close by women and children splash and chatter about the spring, and the dome of a saint's tomb shines through lustreless leaves. The black man, the donkeys, the women and children, the saint's dome, are all part of the inimitable Eastern scene in which inertia and agitation are so curiously combined, and a surface of shrill noise flickers over depths of such unfathomable silence.

The ruins of Chella belong to the purest period of Moroccan art. The tracery of the broken arches is all carved in stone or in glazed turquoise tiling, and the fragments of wall and vaulting have the firm elegance of a classic ruin. But what would even their beauty be without the leafy setting of the place? The "unimaginable touch of Time" gives Chella its peculiar charm: the aged fig-tree clamped

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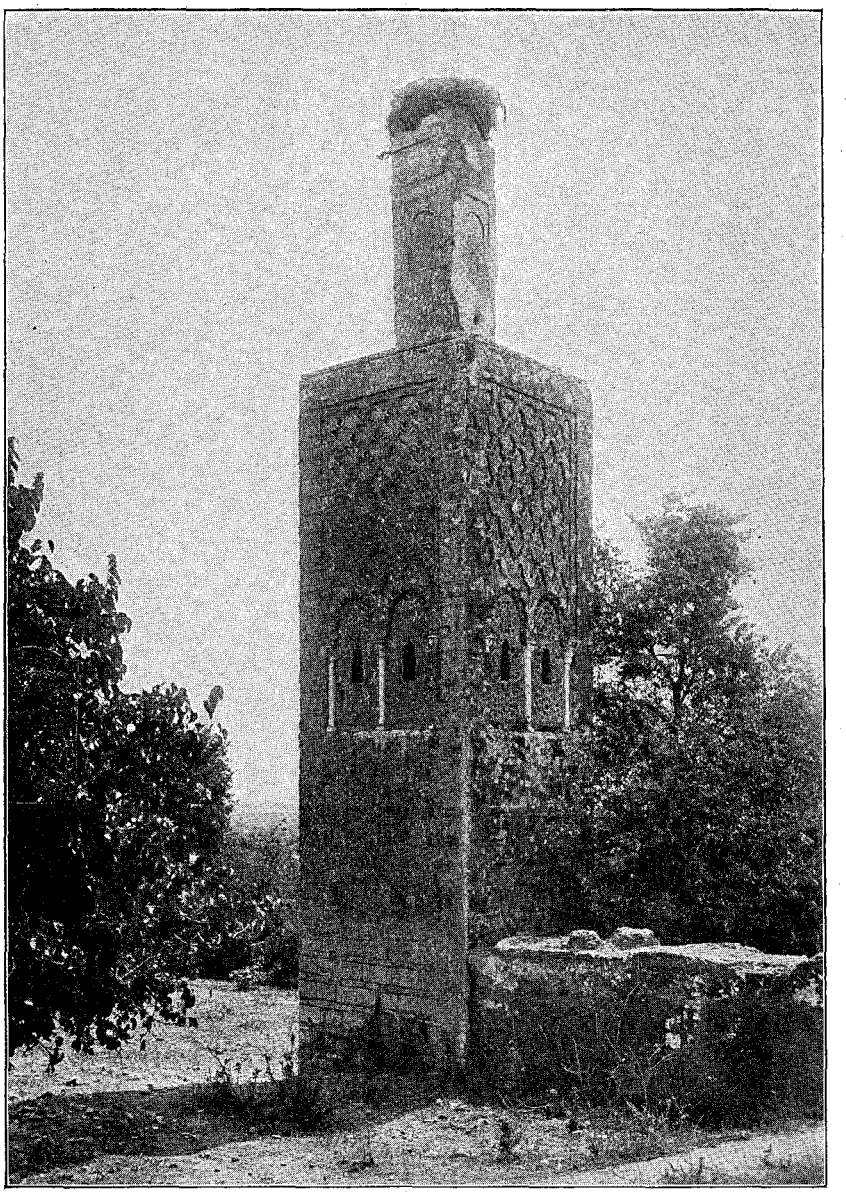

*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Chella.

Minaret of the ruined mosque.

in uptorn tiles and thrusting gouty arms between the arches; the garlanding of vines flung from column to column; the secret pool to which childless women are brought to bathe, and where the tree springing from a cleft of the steps is always hung with the bright bits of stuff which are the votive offerings of Africa.

The shade, the sound of springs, the terraced orange-garden with irises blooming along channels of running water, all this greenery and coolness in the hollow of a fierce red hill make Chella seem, to the traveller new to Africa, the very type and embodiment of its old contrasts of heat and freshness, of fire and languor. It is



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like a desert traveller's dream in his last fever.

Yacoub-el-Mansour was the fourth of the great Almohad Sultans who, in the twelfth century, drove out the effete Almoravids, and swept their victorious armies from Marrakech to Tunis and from Tangier to Madrid. His grandfather, Abd-el-Moumen, had been occupied with conquest and civic administration. It was said of his rule that "he seized northern Africa to make order prevail there"; and in fact, out of a welter of wild tribes confusedly fighting and robbing he drew an empire firmly seated and securely governed, wherein caravans travelled from the Atlas to the Straits without fear of attack, and "a soldier wandering through the fields would not have dared to pluck an ear of wheat."

His grandson, the great El-Mansour, was a conqueror too; but where he conquered he planted the undying seed of beauty. The victor of Alarcos, the soldier who subdued the north of Spain, dreamed a great dream of art. His ambition was to bestow on his three capitals, Seville, Rabat and Marrakech, the three most beautiful towers the world had ever seen; and if the tower of Rabat had been completed, and that of Seville had not been injured by Spanish embellishments, his dream would have been realized.

The "Tower of Hassan," as the Sultan's tower is called, rises from the plateau above old Rabat, overlooking the steep cliff that drops down to the last winding of the Bou-Regreg. Truncated at half its height, it stands on the edge of the cliff, a far-off beacon to travellers by land and sea. It is one of the world's great monuments, so sufficient in strength and majesty that until one has seen its fellow, the Koutoubya of Marrakech, one wonders if the genius of the builder could have carried such perfect balance of massive wall-spaces and traceried openings to a triumphant completion.

Near the tower, the red-brown walls and huge piers of the mosque built at the same time stretch their roofless alignment beneath the sky. This mosque, before it was destroyed, must have been one of the finest monuments of Almohad architecture in Morocco: now, with its tumbled red masses of masonry and vast cisterns overhung by clumps of blue aloes, it still forms a ruin of Roman grandeur.

The Mosque, the Tower, the citadel of the Oudayas, and the mighty walls and towers of Chella, compose an architectural group as noble and complete as that of some mediæval Tuscan city. All they need to make the comparison exact is that they should have been compactly massed on a steep hill, instead of lying scattered over the wide spaces between the promontory of the Oudayas and the hill-side of Chella.

The founder of Rabat, the great Yacoub-el-Mansour, called it, in memory of the battle of Alarcos, "The Camp of Victory" (*Ribat-el-Path*), and the monuments he bestowed on it justified the name in another sense, by giving it the beauty that lives when battles are forgotten.

[Mrs. Wharton's second article, "Volubilis, Moulay Idriss, and Meknez," will appear in the August number.]

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# CRUSHING THE GERMAN ADVANCE IN AMERICAN INDUSTRY

BY A. MITCHELL PALMER
Attorney General of the United States (formerly Alien Property Custodian)

THE original Trading with the Enemy Act was a rather innocuous piece of legislation. Although passed six months after we entered the war, when preparations to strike the enemy wherever he raised his head were being prosecuted in this country, with a vigor never before known, it lacked every fighting quality. It was framed for the purpose of preventing commerce of every sort between the United States and persons living or doing business in enemy territory, and yet it was couched in such conservative, not to say benevolent, terms, that when the Alien Property Custodian got fairly into the work which the law laid upon him, he wondered whether its real effect might not be to lend aid and comfort to the enemy. It made of the Alien Property Custodian a mere conservator of enemy property; a sort of guardian to take charge of, administer and account for the property in the United States owned by persons, who, by reason of their enemy character or residence in enemy territory, were disabled from caring for it themselves.

Every department of the government upon which duties were laid under the Act almost immediately recognized its weakness, and sought to have it amended by the usual legislative processes. The War Trade Board, the Treasury Department, and the Alien Property Custodian presented to the legislative committees of the Congress comprehensive amendments to the law, which, perhaps on account of their far-reaching character, suffered the necessary fate of most general legislation during war times, and remained buried in committees. It was difficult to divert the attention of the Congress from its many pressing war problems to what appeared to many to be a subordinate function of the general war-machine. The attempt to make the act as effective as experience proved it ought to be, finally resulted in three amendments to the law offered by the Alien Property Custodian, and adopted by resort to the time-honored device of having them carried as riders on appropriation bills. Little difficulty was encountered in impressing the committees of the Congress with the importance of these simple, but far-reaching, changes in the law.

By these amendments the Trading with the Enemy Act was converted into a real fighting force in the war, and thereafter the Alien Property Custodian, instead of being looked upon in Germany as an amiable protector of German interests in the United States, found himself denounced in the *Berliner Tageblatt* as "the official pickpocket," while the Imperial German Government felt impelled to submit through diplomatic channels its official protest against his conduct as "consciously designed to destroy the German economic existence on the American continent."

Under the original act, the Alien Property Custodian was given the powers of a common-law trustee; his right to sell enemy property being restricted to cases where it was necessary to prevent waste or protect the property. This amounted to a virtual denial of the right to sell enemy property. The first amendment wiped out these restrictions, and gave him the power to manage and dispose of the property as if it were his own, except that all sales should be made by public auction to the highest bidder, and to American citizens only. The Department of Justice had, in the meantime, rendered an official opinion to the Federal Trade Commission to the effect that a patent could not be seized as enemy property, and the Alien Property Custodian, therefore, found



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himself unable to seize or dispose of thousands of German-owned patents issued by the American Government. These patents were, in many cases, being used by American corporations whose stock was wholly German-owned, the owners of the stock being also the owners of the patents. The German owner got his return for the use of the patent, not in the shape of royalty, but by way of dividends upon his stock in the American corporation. The plan was generally adopted of permitting the use of these patents by the American corporation without any license or written agreement, because of the common ownership by the German in the patent and corporation. When we came to sell the stock of such corporations to American citizens, we found, therefore, that although their chief and most valuable asset was the right to enjoy these patents, there was no way for us to convey the patent rights. The original Act had been quite careful to protect German patents in this country, doubtless on the theory that many American patents in Germany were valuable, and would be protected by way of reciprocity. This was a fallacy, however, because under the German law a patent lapses unless certain license fees are periodically paid to the government. The war effectually stopped the payment of such license fees despite the President's proclamation that trading with the enemy would be permitted to that extent, and American patentees lost their rights in Germany while the law was carefully protecting the German patents here.

The second amendment to the Act put patents in the category of property which can be seized by the Alien Property Custodian, and made it possible effectually to destroy the German monopoly in many lines of industry based upon these patents.

The third amendment cured the defect in the original Act which had rendered it difficult, if not impossible, for the Alien Property Custodian to acquire the enemy interest in American corporations where he was unable to produce the stockholder's certificate of shares. Many of the German-owned shares in American corporations were in the hands of agents or representatives in this country, who were required to report them to the Alien Property Custodian, and it became an easy matter in such cases to substitute the Custodian for the German owner as a stockholder in the company. In many other cases, however, the certificate was locked up in the strong-box of the owner in Germany, and, while the interest of the enemy stockholder in the corporation was demanded by the Custodian, it was impossible to make him a stockholder of record, with all the rights and powers of such a stockholder. Congress by this amendment required the corporation to issue a new certificate in place of an enemy-owned certificate which was in enemy territory, and the Alien Property Custodian thus became empowered to exercise all the rights of a stockholder, both in the management, operation, and sale or liquidation of the great industries in which the enemy had substantial investments.

These three amendments put teeth into the law, and even before we had sufficient men on the western front to start the counter-offensive which finally drove the German Empire to surrender, we had in thoroughgoing operation on what might be called the American front, a commercial offensive of wide scope and far-reaching character, which was rapidly breaking up the great industrial and commercial army which Germany had deliberately planted upon American soil.

My experience convinced me that the industrial invasion of America by the German interests, for a generation before the world war, was begun with hostile intent. It was designed to capture the trade and business of this continent when the day should come that Germany felt strong enough to pit her armed force against the civilized world. When she struck on that fateful July day in 1914, she was convinced that her industrial and commercial outposts in America had secured so strong a foothold that their influence and power would make for her a great allied force on American soil sufficient to keep America out of the war, or to cripple us at home if we should go in.

Her method of upbuilding industry in this country was not the method of ordinary investors of capital, but the method of distributors of propaganda. Many of the German-owned industrial

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concerns in the United States were mere spy centres before we entered the war, and would have been centres of sedition if we had not promptly taken them into our possession. It was earnestly urged upon me in the early days of my administration as Alien Property Custodian, by many persons of prominence whom I afterward came to suspect of some ulterior motive in the suggestion, that the law intended the Alien Property Custodian only to take the enemy-owned stock in corporations into his possession, without exercising any rights as a stockholder by the election of directors, the installation of managers, or the actual operation of the business. I should have been very unhappy if I could not have made myself believe the law intended something more than this, and by acting upon my belief was able, I think, to rid the country of some very virulent pest spots, with which we would otherwise have been compelled to contend through all the days of the war.

When we took over the Bayer Company, a well-known corporation with offices and warehouses in New York City and up-State, all of whose stock was owned by great German chemical interests, if I had been satisfied simply to take the stock and allow the old managers to operate the property, I would have failed to discover the attempt which was made by some persons connected with the company secretly to conceal its assets. A new corporation had been formed by the Bayer managers for the purpose of starting, under a camouflage of American ownership, a new business of the same character, to continue the German invasion of the American markets when peace should come. As it was, however, that attempt was still-born; the purloined assets of the company were returned to it; the business which its managers had sought to start was made a mere subsidiary of a real American corporation, sold by the Alien Property Custodian to real American citizens, who are now operating it as such. Our representatives in the Bayer Company inquisitively turned their attention to every nook and corner of the company's business. We turned up more than a million dollars of concealed government taxes, and paid them out of the company's treasury; thus, in one stroke, defraying the entire cost of sixteen months of my administration of the office of Alien Property Custodian. One simple illustration is fairly indicative of the general character of these corporations which were entirely German-owned. Agents of the government found in the cellar of the Bayer Company's warehouse twenty-three trunks, which were said by trusted German employees to contain cast-off clothing of certain officials connected with the company, but which upon examination proved to contain letters and documents from private files of Bernstorff, Dernberg, and other leaders of the German spy system in America. They had abused the American hospitality which permitted the German money to be invested in the American corporation by making that corporation's property a veritable repository for the information collected by individuals, who were likewise abusing our hospitality.

The Orenstein-Arthur Koppel Company, a German corporation, owned a large plant at Koppel, near Pittsburgh, where it had built up a very efficient industrial organization with a half dozen corporations engaged in various lines of business, all acting under and through two German subjects who were attorneys-in-fact for the original German investors. The chief business of the company was the manufacture and installation of what is known as "inside transportation"; that is, narrow-gauge railways, dump-cars, travelling cranes and machinery of a similar sort used in large industrial plants. It was the American branch of a great German business which has branches in all the great countries of the world. It was never naturalized by becoming an American corporation, and its managers never showed any desire to become American citizens. For nearly twenty years it had been operating under a system which required its managers to submit to the home office the plans and specifications of every industrial plant on which it made bids for materials to be furnished. Its product has gone into most of the great industrial plants of the United States, and specifications, floor plans, and elevations of these plants have likewise gone to the home office of the

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Orenstein-Arthur Actiengesellschaft, at Berlin. Similarly, the eighteen branches of German insurance companies in this country collected for their own use detailed plans and drawings of all the property insured by them, with especial reference to the hazard of the insured buildings from fire, explosion, or other causes. Whether these interesting circumstances had any connection with the fact which afterward became apparent, that whoever was planning the explosions which occurred in munition plants, seemed to know the vulnerable points in which to cause the explosions, has been one of the unsolved riddles of the war.

After the world war started, the Orenstein-Arthur Koppel Company took a contract to furnish certain railway supplies to Russia, and the German agents who were operating the plant became suddenly possessed of the fear that in doing so they had violated the penal code of the Fatherland in agreeing to furnish supplies to an enemy of Germany. Inquiry by them at the German Embassy in Washington developed the fact that it was a violation, but the German agents at Koppel expressed the hope that this violation of the German law might well be condoned in view of the fact that they were in position to render a great service to the Fatherland by taking the contract with Russia and failing to deliver the goods. This was fighting the war in Pennsylvania in the days when we were trying in good faith to be neutral.

The Bosch Magneto Company, by secret ownership of the stock of competitors, had reached a point where it controlled more than half of the business in this country in magnetos and battery ignition systems. It secretly owned the major part of another magneto company, and through stock ownership controlled the largest producer of moulded insulation, a product which was essential to the magneto industry. It had acquired for about a million dollars another competitor, whose plant was promptly shut down and dismantled. In addition to these investments, the Bosch Magneto Company owned and operated a well-equipped factory at Springfield, Massachusetts, with branches at Detroit, Chicago, and San Francisco, and, when the war opened, its products had obtained first place in the minds of the American purchasing public. It was ostensibly American-owned. It had only twenty-five thousand dollars of capital stock, though it was afterward sold to American purchasers for four million one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and of this stock all but a few shares stood in the name of American citizens, who at first steadfastly insisted that there was no enemy interest in the company. Despite this alleged American ownership during the period of our neutrality, the company was openly pro-German in its sympathies and activities. Though it manufactured a product highly important in war, it refused to sell anything to either the allied governments or to any purchasers suspected of being interested for the allied governments. It did this under an alleged impartial business policy of refusing to supply materials for any belligerent, but it was, of course, playing Germany's game. When the United States went into the war the company still held back, and it was not until after a most searching investigation, followed by a confession by the men who had concealed the enemy ownership, that the Alien Property Custodian was able to take over the business. When he did take it over, he made the Government of the United States its preferred customer, and at the time of the armistice was furnishing eighty-five per cent of the product of the Bosch Magneto Company to this government for war purposes.

The Bosch Magneto Company presents an interesting example of the German method of invading our market. Bosch had taken out a large number of American patents. The Bosch Magneto Company was permitted to use these patents, but when that company was taken over as enemy property, it was learned that it had no title whatever to the patents, either by assignment, license, or otherwise. Bosch had simply been permitting his own company to use them without paying royalty or license fee, relying for his compensation upon the enormous profits which the company could earn in the manufacture of the product for his benefit. It was this circumstance that first carried conviction to the minds of our investigators that the

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American owners of the stock were, in fact, dummies.

Down in the Virgin Islands is the beautiful harbor of St. Thomas. At the most advantageous point in that harbor, the Hamburg-American line built a great terminal, consisting of land, buildings, docks, warehouses, water-tanks, and cisterns, lighters, motor-boats, loading paraphernalia, and coaling facilities. This plant had all the characteristics of a naval base; it is significant that its principal building commanding the harbor is of reinforced concrete, the plaza in front of it having an eight-foot foundation of concrete fit for gun emplacements. When we contemplate the fact that by this convenient arrangement a ship of the Hamburg-American line, a corporation subsidized by the German Empire, and in which the Kaiser was a stockholder, at any moment might have unloaded long-range guns from its hold, and promptly put them in position to command the entrance to the Caribbean Sea, we may have some substantial clue to the reason which prompted Germany in bringing sufficient influence to bear upon Denmark to prevent the sale, whenever America in the last twenty-five years sought to acquire the Danish West Indies.

St. Thomas lies forty miles east of Porto Rico in the very track of vessels sailing to and from Europe, Central and South America, the West Indies, Panama Canal, and the Gulf and Atlantic coast States. Its splendid harbor enjoys marvellous natural protection, and can be easily fortified. Germany clung to this property with amazing tenacity. When we came to investigate its ownership, we found the title to be apparently in a Danish lawyer of St. Thomas, one Jorgensen, who claimed that on January 22, 1917, five days after the United States had purchased the Islands from Denmark, he himself had purchased the property from the business agent of the Hamburg-American line, who was also the German Consul at St. Thomas. The sole consideration in this pretended sale was Jorgensen's note for two hundred and ten thousand dollars, which he gave his client —the Hamburg-American line—payable in three months without interest, and with the provision that it should be renewed every three months until after the war. Jorgensen had the deed for the property, as well as his note, while the German Consul had a copy of the note and was continuing in charge. The Alien Property Custodian took both note and deed, and Jorgensen finally executed a deed quitclaiming his title to the Alien Property Custodian, by whom the property was sold for the same amount of two hundred and ten thousand dollars to the Government of the United States, and it will now become an American naval base. The time will doubtless come when the Hamburg-American line will protest that the Custodian sold the property to the government for too low a price, but the circumstances are such that, caught in their own trap, they will have to admit that the price was fixed by their own agents.

Another interesting case is that of the German-American Lumber Company, whose valuable property is located on the shores of St. Andrew's Bay on the west coast of Florida. It is interesting to observe that St. Andrew's Bay is said to be the finest harbor on the Gulf of Mexico, and the nearest harbor in America to the Panama Canal. Here a typical Junker, a prince of the German Empire, Forstlich Schamburg Holfkammen, had made a large investment running into millions. He seems never to have visited the property, nor received any dividends or other earnings from it, but allowed the profits to be returned to the business, and further investments made until the company had acquired more than a hundred thousand acres of timber lands near the bay. The German Consul at Pensacola was the secretary of the company, while its chief officer changed about every two years; in each case, however, being a man who was sent there by Germany from a similar enterprise in South America. Vigorous opposition was offered by the company to an American railroad which sought to penetrate its lands to the water's edge. Its lands were so situated that, if the American Government itself had desired to build terminal facilities for its own use upon its own harbor, to open quick and direct communication with the Panama Canal, it would have had to deal with the German Empire. When we took over

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this property we found the files in the company's office filled with the Pan-German literature which was a part of the German propaganda in America, and I verily believe it was one of the chief spy centres in the country.

The Hamburg-American Line's office in New York was a meeting place for all the German agents in America before we entered the war, and the terminals of this company and of the North German Lloyd Line were expected to be the gates through which Germany would again come into her own in the commercial warfare to which she looked forward when her plans for the military wing of her army had come to a successful issue. It has recently come to light that in every neutral country Germany had placed her commercial agents fully equipped to start immediately upon cessation of hostilities in Europe. It is said that as many as one hundred and fifty thousand German salesmen were in Spain alone. They were furnished with price-lists, samples, and all the necessary equipment for pushing German trade in every part of the world; activities which were, of course, predicated upon Germany's winning the war, a result which German business men never doubted, certainly not until America entered the lists.

Examples of this sort might be multiplied indefinitely. They all go to show an abuse of American hospitality which is almost unbelievable, and prove that Germany's plan was not to trade with the world, but to conquer the world by trade. How far the morale of the German people was broken when the great interests of that country realized that the sale of their American businesses to American citizens would require them to start all over again in their plan of invasion of American markets, will never be known until the true history of the great world war has been written. Herr Ballin, of the Hamburg-American line, realized what it meant when his dream of world-wide commercial empire was shattered by the simple announcement on the part of the United States that the Hamburg-American Line terminal facilities on the Hudson River had been sold to the United States Government, which might treat with Germany as to the disposition of the sum of seven million dollars, which was put into the Treasury as against the day of accounting, but would never consider the return of the properties themselves.

The United States had already, by Congressional action, divested the Hamburg-American Line and the North German Lloyd Line of both the possession and title to more than sixty ships which had been interned here in 1914. These were being appraised under the Act of Congress, with the plain purpose of using their value, and not the ships themselves, as the basis for any possible future negotiation with their owners. The Imperial German Government, by a note conveyed to the State Department through the Swiss Legation, made strenuous protest against the Americanization of these ships and terminal facilities, declaring this action on the part of our country to be "an endeavor to shackle through measures of force the opportunities of German shipping interests to develop in the future." This vigorous protest was, of course, inspired by the Hamburg-American Line interests in Germany, whose managers are said to have protested to the Kaiser himself that his conduct in pursuing the war would destroy the German economic existence everywhere in the world. They knew she had already lost the war no matter what the results might be upon the military fields of battle. The Kaiser did not desist, and America did not weaken, and Herr Ballin in desperation finally committed suicide.

The Bayer Company, the Orenstein-Arthur Koppel Company, and the German-American Lumber Company have now all gone into American hands, and are real American corporations, operated with honest American capital. Full values were paid for them, and the purchase price is in the Treasury of the United States to the credit of the former German owners, to be disposed of after the war "as Congress shall determine."

The same effective plans have been carried out with relation to the German investment in other lines of industry. Their hold upon chemicals, dye-stuffs, and pharmaceuticals, steel products, surgical instruments, electrical appliances, and many other essential products, has

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been effectually broken, and America has been emancipated from the dominion of the German industrial invader. And yet, of the thirty-five thousand trust estates being administered by the Alien Property Custodian, it is safe to say that no more than five thousand are of the character here referred to. The remainder constitute the private investment of the individual German subject, who looked upon America as a land of promise where his surplus capital might well be employed. Such individual investments were no part of the German scheme of industrial control, and differed from the large investments in industries dominated or controlled by German capital, in that they had no connection with the financial or political powers in Germany. It has never been contemplated that such individual investments should be put upon the auction block. The Alien Property Custodian has demanded and received thousands of pieces of property, consisting of real estate, mortgages, bonds, stocks, and personal property of every kind and description, which are being held by him until the peace settlement shall have determined the status of enemy property, and Congress shall have legislated upon the subject. It would be easily possible to return all of this property in kind to the individual owners, if that should be determined to be the proper policy, or, it could be rapidly converted into cash, if it should be determined to use the value of enemy property in America as a liquid fund in the settlement of damages against the enemy powers. There is plenty of evidence, however, to sustain the finding that most of the enemy investments in the essential industries in the United States were made under circumstances which indicated a governmental policy on the part of Germany. They were in many cases financed by the Deutsche Bank or the Disconto Gesellschaft, or were cartel-controlled and a part of the imperial economic and commercial plans. In some cases they were even subsidized by the government. These were the investments which marked the outposts of German Kultur upon the American continent. They were the investments which marked Germany's greatest advance in the commercial warfare upon which she had embarked with the aim of dominating the trade of the world. These investments were not alone taken from the enemy by the Custodian, but they have been placed in American hands for all time. The total value of such investments will probably not exceed one hundred and fifty million dollars, about one-fifth of the entire enemy investment in the United States, but their potential value was greater than all the rest. The blow struck at Germany, while the war was at its height, by the capture of this industrial army on American soil, was a stroke of no small importance.

It is impossible even yet to measure the full strength of the weapon which was employed in the war when the German-owned patents were taken over and sold to Americans. The situation in a single industry is sufficient to indicate the importance of this step. Chemistry, more than any other science, is the very foundation of a far-flung line of industry. One has but to look about him, for example, at the essential part which colors play in all the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life, to realize the grip which the control of the dyestuff industry has upon the people. Its by-products touch alike the health, well-being, the very life of the people. In peace, and even more in war, chemistry paints the whole picture of progress. America's social and economic, possibly even her political, independence is not safe unless the industries dependent upon the development of the science of chemistry are open to American genius and energy. We have to confess, I think, that Germany has been ahead of America in the commercial application of this science. The great dyestuff, pharmaceutical and chemical business which Germany built up gave her a practical monopoly of the American markets, either because she controlled subsidiary corporations here which were permitted to use some of her patents, or because as in most cases she effectually shut off American effort by preventing the development of chemistry and its use in America by her patents of processes and products. Recognizing that the chemical industry is the great key which opens the door to the manufacture of explosives, before we entered the

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war, Germany had made the industry almost a state institution. The German producers in chemical lines were combined in two cartels, representing an aggregate capitalization of ten billion dollars, and the American industry was thus put in competition, not with the individual German producer, but with the German Empire itself. Its system was to confine all chemical research and important production work to Germany itself, while its arms reached into every other country for purposes of distribution.

Under the power granted by the second amendment to the Trading with the Enemy Act, which I have recited, the Alien Property Custodian seized four thousand five hundred German patents in the chemical industry alone, and conveyed them to a corporation known as the Chemical Foundation, Incorporated, which was formed by the association of nearly all the dye and chemical trade—both producers and distributors—for the purpose of acquiring the patents. This is a corporation which has a capital stock of four hundred thousand dollars preferred, and one hundred thousand common. No single interest has more than one share of the common stock, which has the sole voting power. All the stock is in the control of a committee of voting trustees, under whose direction there will be granted the use upon equal terms by the entire industry of the processes and products covered by the patents, so as to prevent the monopoly by any one manufacturer of the patented products. The corporation has released the Government of the United States from all damage claims for alleged infringements of these German-owned patents by reason of the use of the inventions by the government in the production of war materials. It seemed obvious that the United States should not be called upon to pay royalties to its enemies for the manufacture of explosives or other necessary war materials employed in a war for which the owners of the patents and their friends were responsible. The license fees for the use of these patents will be used by the Chemical Foundation for the advancement of chemical and allied industrial sciences by research. I have no doubt that the organization of this institution, which was the result of a patriotic effort on the part of an ambitious industry to carry out a well-defined governmental policy in co-operation with the Alien Property Custodian, will prove the most important step yet taken for the upbuilding of industrial chemistry in America. Tariff protection has proved utterly unavailing in the past. The patents which have been transferred to the Chemical Foundation include many German patents taken out as late as 1917, and even in 1918, as well as many applications still pending. They include the results of the research, upon which must be based the manufacture of any new dyes which the Germans are now able to produce and market. Accordingly, the Chemical Foundation will be able to protect the American industry for a considerable period, for new chemical products only appear several years after patents are taken out, and a few years will suffice to put the American industry in a place where it can hold its own.

The British and French have adopted a system of licensing imports, which amounts to an embargo against German dyes, but the American plan of operation under the Chemical Foundation will doubtless prove quite as effective. The opportunities which the Foundation offers to competent research scientists are expected to exceed those of any institution unconnected with industry, and it may well be possible that great benefits to humanity may result from this research work. Discoveries of curative medicines of great value may be hopefully anticipated. At any rate, the plan puts the American industry firmly on its feet, and the students of chemistry in America may now go forward in the development of the science for commercial purposes, with the knowledge that their efforts will not be forestalled nor stifled by the German chemical octopus which has so long deprived the chemists of every country of the incentive to individual effort.

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# DEAD MEN'S SHOES

## By Gordon Hall Gerould

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

DAVID LLOYD sat in his library, chewing the stem of an unlighted pipe. It was called his library, he reflected bitterly, though it was no more his than was the rest of the house. Something like half of the books on the shelves he had placed there: they were things he had chosen—his own. The other half went with the room, which wasn't his at all. He scowled ferociously at space and gave himself over, with tense preoccupation, to analysis of his troubles.

He hadn't worried about the matter at first. He wondered now that he could have been so foolish; wondered so hard that he screwed his blue eyes into pinholes and rumpled his hair into a wilder disorder. He had been so much in love with Edith that he had taken everything for granted, including her wealth and his own poverty. It had all seemed easy enough, and it had sounded so as she had put the matter to him at the time. What did it matter, Edith had argued, where the money came from, since it was there for them to use together? He had acquiesced rather weakly, as he saw now, letting her generous impulse and his own desire overcome his scruples. He had felt, indeed, that to insist on any other arrangement would be despicable in him; that he ought to accept this, without questioning and without jealousy, as he accepted the fact of poor Bob Haskins who had died. The money had been Bob's, certainly, just as Edith had been; and if Edith had emerged for him out of the clouds of her sorrowful widowhood, to be his thereafter while life endured, the circumstance that she brought with her a life interest in a fortune destined ultimately to little Jack, had seemed no impediment to their perfect union. Love, he had thought heedlessly, would make everything right.

Well! It hadn't. He loved Edith just as much as he ever did. He insisted on that, clung to it, even in his present bitterness of spirit. Not for an instant would he admit to himself the possibility that his love had wilted a little, though the thought insinuated itself now and again into his ordinarily clear-thinking brain. He banished the notion whenever it crept into his head, chased it from him obstinately, not from any hypocrisy of feeling, but because he was determined to hold the inner citadel of his heart to the very last. Things were strained between Edith and himself—or, more exactly, between himself and Edith—that was all.

He didn't know, as a matter of fact, what Edith felt. She had never so much as hinted that she was disturbed by the situation they had reached. She had never once reproached him, during these latter months while his discomfort had been growing, with his comparative poverty. She had never said that she loved him and respected him the less because he continued to live in her house and let her pay the bills. It wasn't that. Their surface of marital amenities had remained unbroken. Only he had seemed to perceive underneath her habitual sweetness of behavior a growing disdain, as if she were more and more coming to consider him one of her possessions: a chattel of a superior kind that could look after her business and act as a personal attendant. She seemed never to think of his position as a landless man whose only hold on the world of property was energy and intelligence; she never referred to his affairs as distinguishable from her own.

He could go on for the present, he supposed, just as he had been going on, these last months. If only on account of the baby, that was almost necessary. Besides, Jack helped in a way. He was both fond and proud of six-year-old Jack. The boy wasn't his, of course, and sometimes served as a reminder of all the other things that weren't his; but he was such



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a splendid little chap that one couldn't possibly grudge him the affection he won, quite as one accepted gratefully the devotion he gave. Lloyd did not separate the two children in his mind. As a matter of fact, he was much closer to the boy, who was old enough to be a jolly companion of sorts, than to tiny Agatha, whose speech and step were still halting. The children, together, made the situation just possible.

Lloyd got up at length and stretched himself, though his scowl did not relax. Edith would be coming in soon, he supposed, and must be met. She had the habit of coming in as the evening wore on: an old habit from the days when separation was painful to them both. The evenings when they didn't go out and hadn't guests were the freest time they had together, and always had been. The difficulty now was that this intimate hour invited, and almost provoked, discussion, which would be the least desirable thing in the world. He might pretend, of course, to have work to do, but he was unaccustomed to stoop to petty deceit. Edith knew, moreover, perfectly well that his solid business could be managed in business hours. She would be worried if he began to play with papers in the evening. No, he couldn't dispose of Edith's visit without being rude. And wasn't it, after all, he asked himself with a sudden access of bitterness, even more Edith's library than his own?

Mrs. Lloyd entered as he put the question to himself. She paused for an instant, framed in the tall doorway, with an unconscious grace that few portrait-painters could have reproduced. She was slender and dark—altogether a lovely figure if her husband had chanced to have an eye for her. In spite of her two children—and her two husbands—there was a look of clear-skinned virginal freshness about her that women seldom keep to their thirtieth year. She did not stop to pose at the door: merely hesitated for one moment, then glided silently into the room. Edith Lloyd's carriage was famous in the circle where she was known. It was envied—and sometimes badly copied—by the women, and mentioned with respectful admiration by the men.

"Bored, my dear?" she asked, coming up to Lloyd and touching his arm gently.

"No. Why?"

"I thought you looked so. Perhaps we ought to have gone to the Dawsons', after all." She laughed.

"Oh, bother the Dawsons! We didn't want to go; and you found a perfectly good excuse, didn't you?"

"Yes. I said we thought their food bad, their house worse, and their manners worst of all."

Lloyd smiled with his lips, though his eyes did not clear. Edith was amusing, of course. When one was with her, it was easy to forget the trouble between them. "Polite but firm, I conclude," he said.

"As polite as was necessary, and no end firm," she amended. "I took three poor excuses and made one perfectly good one out of them. But I'm sorry I was so clever if you really wished to go."

"I didn't. I'd rather die of starvation than dine with the Dawsons oftener than once in six months."

"But you *are* bored." Edith Lloyd clasped her hands behind her and confronted her husband solemnly.

"No, I'm not." He clung obstinately to the assertion, though he wondered the while whether it was good tactics. Perhaps it would have been wiser to admit boredom at once to save discussion. Edith seemed singularly assertive tonight.

"Something or other is the matter," she declared with conviction. "Something has been the matter for weeks, darling." Her voice took on a new color as the term of endearment passed her lips. "I'm afraid you've been working too hard at those horrid mills. Shan't we pack up and go South for a change?"

Lloyd looked at her accusingly. She ought to have known that he couldn't drop his business like that, especially now, when he had laid all his plans to develop the mills to their fullest capacity. He had explained everything to her as in duty bound, and he got no consideration at all. "You can take the children and go if you want to," he said sulkily. "I couldn't possibly leave."

Her forehead puckered. "Surely you can if you need to. Your health is more important than anything else."

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"My health's all right," he answered grimly. It made him angry to have Edith assume that she could pack him up, just as if he were one of her trunks, when he had work to do. Away from home, more respect was paid him. "I have to earn my living," he added.

A look of pain came into Edith Lloyd's dark eyes: a look he did not see. With parted, eager lips she came nearer him and stretched out a timid hand. "Why, David dear," she said, "you don't have to slave, do you? We've lots of money, really."

"You have." He couldn't help uttering the words, though he should have known how unfair a thrust they were. It was too much to have the difference in their conditions touched on just now, no matter how gently, when he was raw with the sense of it.

"It doesn't matter whose the money is." Her hand touched him, but he drew away. "It's ours to use. There's no need for you to get pulled down with overwork. Can't you possibly leave the mills for a month or six weeks?"

"No, I can't; and I wouldn't if I could." He was maddened by her insistence. His sensitiveness made him indifferent to any pain except his own; his mind, for the moment, was like an inflamed wound. The torment of it excluded every other thought. "Don't I accept enough from you, as it is," he went on, "without neglecting my work? I'm not a lap-dog."

Her eyes widened. Her husband had been morose of late, had looked overstrained and far from well; but he had never in word or act been unkind. It was dreadful, and it hurt. She could not understand, and in her amazement she was terrified. Lloyd had been very careful hitherto not to betray the unrest that had been coming closer and closer to the surface of his mind. Now that the turbid waters had broken forth, he was incapable of realizing the effect of his words. The nerves that ordinarily would have made him acutely aware of any suffering endured by Edith did not react: they seemed paralyzed. He looked at his wife almost as if she had been a stranger, and a rather repugnant stranger at that.

"David!" she gasped.

"Well, I'm not," he reiterated sullenly, cherishing the metaphor of the thing he was not. "In order to keep up my end, I've got to work."

"But you don't have to keep up your end—not when you're ill, you poor boy." Edith Lloyd was more and more troubled, but she was growing less afraid. Nothing but the approach of illness could explain David's strange unreasonableness, and that roused her pity.

Yet she could scarcely have chosen a more unfortunate phrase by which to express her protest. It was absurd of him to mind, but he was goaded into fury by the words. "I don't choose to be utterly dependent," he said, holding himself a little in check simply because he was getting so very angry. "You mean to be generous, Edith, but you don't understand at all. I suppose it's natural; I suppose you can't realize. Anyhow, I'm sick of it."

Tears came into Mrs. Lloyd's eyes, and she grew very white; but she stood her ground, trying to be reasonable, trying not to care. "No, I'm afraid I don't understand," she returned quietly. "You're not dependent on me at all, as a matter of fact. The salary you get from the mills is enough, of itself, to keep all of us going. I can't see——"

"You can't see that I'm dependent on you," he interrupted, "when even my salary is paid by a company in which you own most of the stock?" The last restraints were being swept away by the flood of his wrath. He no longer cared how wildly he struck. "Don't I live in your house, and drive your cars, and ride your horses? I've been your plaything ever since I married you. And now you try to take me away from my work for the sake of a whim! Am I allowed to spend a cent of my income except on gewgaws and the clothes I wear?"

"But why should you—why should you, David?"

"Only for the sake of keeping a little self-respect, I suppose. And you say you don't understand that."

Mrs. Lloyd was openly weeping now; but she stiffened as if she had been struck, and her black eyes flashed. "I never said anything remotely resembling

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that, and I never thought it. You're very unreasonable, David; you are, indeed. I don't see how self-respect comes into it. We have the money. Why can't we go on living this way? All your—all the money you make will go to little Agatha, won't it?"

"I dare say it would if I were willing to go on like this. As it happens, I'm not. There's no use in crying, Edith. I'm not unreasonable, but I'm very tired of being a mere hanger-on. That's all. If you want to go South with the children, you'd better go. I've other things to do. Don't cry, I beg of you."

It was a poor attempt at dignity that he clutched at, and it accomplished nothing, even towards bolstering up his pride. That he did not see, any more than he saw the flush that swept his wife's face. Although his eyes were full upon her, his own were too curtained by misery and anger to mark any change in her features. He was even a good deal surprised when she turned suddenly to leave the room. She was still dabbing at her eyes a little. He hadn't started the unpleasantness, he reflected in self-defense, but he was glad to have the talk at an end.

"I can't think what is the matter, David," Edith Lloyd flung at him over her shoulder, as she went. "You're very ungrateful, anyhow."

Ungrateful! Only that was needed to complete the break between them. If Edith felt it proper for him to regard her as a benefactor, her fine protestations weren't worth much. He was confirmed in his worst suspicions. The situation had become intolerable. It had been intolerable from the start, no doubt, but it could not be borne now that he had grown conscious of it. He had been a fool; they had both been fools; but he would have no more of it. He would find a way out. He had never quarrelled seriously with Edith before, and he had all the dislike of heroics that is inbred in his kind. But to be called ungrateful when he was trying his best to escape from a false position! When he wished to escape from the necessity of being grateful at all! His resentment focussed itself upon his wife. As she disappeared through the doorway, he scowled at her instead of space.

When she had gone, he threw himself into a chair and tried to discover just where the interview left him. He was fagged after a hard day at the office. Edith was right about that, though she exaggerated absurdly in supposing that he needed a holiday. He hated to think tonight, but he must see the thing clear before he slept. His anger dropped suddenly as soon as he began to put the case to himself, and he felt listless. He had to force himself, in order to go on thinking at all. He was very sorry that Edith had made a scene. It was all her fault. For his part, he could have discussed the situation quite calmly except for her tears and her exhibition of temper. He hadn't realized that she was capable of behaving so badly, but then he hadn't realized how completely she regarded him as her slave. Well: he would see. One ought never to be drawn into an argument with a woman.

For the moment, he admitted, it would have been more convenient to go on living as they had been living—largely on Edith's income. The capital he had accumulated wasn't much compared with her fortune—or Jack's, rather; and he had uses for all he could make. With his income free, and if he had good luck, he would be a rich man on his own account after a few years. The idea had been that little Agatha would be provided for in that way. But he couldn't sacrifice his self-respect any longer, especially since Edith had confirmed his suspicions as to her attitude. He would insist hereafter on paying at least his share of family expenses. If necessary, he would have to use a high hand in the matter.

Edith must accept the changed situation as best she could. Her irritation would pass, naturally. Possibly he himself had been a little hasty, and he must be kind to her. He wouldn't forgive her too easily for her rotten thrust at him as she went out; but he wouldn't, on the other hand, be too stiff when she came to make up the quarrel. The longer he thought about it, the more clearly he saw that what had seemed a serious break between them needn't be anything more than a passing storm. It might even lead to a better understanding. He was perfectly calm now, and he was sure that he

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had been altogether in the right, even though he hadn't, perhaps, managed their talk very tactfully.

By the time he had smoked a cigar to the end and was ready to go to bed, he was more at peace than he had been for a long while. It had done him good to get the matter aired. Nevertheless, he felt disinclined to kiss his wife good-night. If she happened to be awake, there would inevitably be more conversation, which he didn't desire. So he went to bed very quietly, neglecting altogether the invitation to peace that was offered by the half-open door between their rooms.

When he woke in the morning, the door was closed. Edith had breakfasted, indeed, before he got down-stairs. This was a variation from their usual habits that troubled him a little. In the light of a sunny day, he was merciful. He would have been ready to face his wife in a conciliatory spirit over coffee and toast, even though he felt very tired and irritable; and he was sorry that she wasn't on hand to make the proper overtures. Jack danced in, bringing his habitual atmosphere of comic opera; and Agatha came more decorously, led by a nurse. Both children went out to play, but Edith did not appear. It made him uneasy; it seemed almost as if she were deliberately avoiding him, which was wrong of her. She should have known that the way to play the game was to be on hand, ready with words of reconciliation if they found it possible to make up their differences briefly, but in any case ready to gloss over their disagreement before the household. It was rather sneaking of her to keep out of sight and sound like this.

He decided that he couldn't decently ask for her or go to look for her. She knew that he had to start for his office at quarter to nine, and had no time for sentiment before working hours. If she chose to sulk, she must take the consequences.

So, without seeing Edith or leaving any message for her, he took the light car from the garage and drove away, not many minutes behind his daily schedule. The cold air freshened him. Through force of habit, he began to think of business as soon as he left the house; and he was quite ready, by the time he had reached the mills, to take up the reins of government.

As it happened, he had two or three questions of some importance to settle that morning, and he was engulfed so completely by the tide of affairs that he had no leisure to think of his wife and children till the midday pause. Even then, he found no space to worry about difficulties at home or to brood upon his private wrongs, for he had to take a valuable and restive customer to lunch at his club. He told his secretary to telephone to his house that he would not come home until the late afternoon, and thought little more about it. To be sure, he had an irritating sense, while he plied his commercial acquaintance with argument and food, that something was going wrong with him; but he gave himself up to the matter in hand with such concentrated zeal that he was not very greatly disturbed. It was about Edith, of course. It was something he must set right when he got home. But never mind now. Anderson must buy fifty thousand at the very least; he mustn't be allowed to slip away after the sales department had brought him so nearly to scratch.

In the middle of the afternoon, Lloyd sat in his quiet office, greatly pleased with himself and with the turn things had taken. He was assured that the mills would be kept running for the next twelve months at a pace they had never known before. The directors would be pleased, and they might well be. Bob Haskins—poor Bob, who was dead—had never done business on such a scale as this. He would make his hesitating board authorize at once the enlargement of the plant that he had been considering for a year. He would begin work on it as soon as the weather permitted.

In upon these happy meditations broke a messenger-boy, who had somehow forced himself past the barriers of the outer office. He had been told to surrender the note he carried into the hands of no one save Mr. Lloyd, and with dashing Irish gallantry he had accomplished the feat. The note was timely, David Lloyd thought, as he opened it. Edith had made up her mind to beg his pardon before he reached home. It was very decent of her, and very pretty; especially

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gratifying, since the word came on top of his happy stroke of business. But when he read the note, his face fell.

Instead of asking forgiveness, or proposing an armistice, or doing any of the possible things she might have done, his wife said that she was going away. The note was brief, but it contained a variety of information: she was taking his advice and going South with the children and a nurse; she was leaving directions that all household bills and the like be turned over to him for payment; she had made no plans about coming back; she hoped he would be happy in his independence; she was taking the train at 3.35 and giving the servants the impression that he was to meet her at the station. It was all very businesslike and by no means unfriendly in tone. Except for the dig about the bills, it was altogether considerate of his feelings, while the arrangements by which a meeting was evaded saved both of them from immediate gossip.

David Lloyd crumpled the note and thrust it, unconsidered, into a pocket. He looked at his watch. It was exactly 3.40. The message had been nicely timed to prevent action. There was nothing he could do—nothing whatever. Since Edith had chosen to make a fool of herself and of him, and had worked out her plan so carefully, he was powerless. He could follow her, of course; but he couldn't in decency bring her back for a few weeks to come—not until her absence explained itself plausibly as a sudden flight from midwinter snows. Moreover, he couldn't be sure that she would come back to him at once or at all. The note sounded as if she meant not to come back. She was sufficiently independent of him; much too independent to follow his commands or yield to his entreaties if she was really determined on a break.

The blow was incredible in its swiftness. Lloyd rose unsteadily, with a vague sense that he must act. Then he sank down into his chair. He could do nothing whatever, now or later, except stay on in Edith's house and manage Edith's business, until she chose to divorce him on some trumped-up excuse or other—desertion, probably! That must be what she contemplated. Indeed, she must have been preparing to make the move for some time. That conclusion forced itself upon him. She couldn't possibly have gone away on account of anything so trivial as their dispute of the previous evening. Such desperate matters as flight, with divorce as its goal, weren't decided upon in a moment. She would never have gone simply and solely because he had once lost his temper while downcast about his position. She must have been awaiting the occasion that his outbreak gave her.

One thing was certain; one thing he could do. He would fight for the custody of the children if it came to a fight in the courts. Edith needn't think she could deceive him, and desert him, and still keep her children. At least, she couldn't have Agatha. Jack—of course Jack she *could* have, hang it! He wished the boy had been his—he wished—oh God!

For a few minutes his head whirled in a tumult of longing and jealousy and anger that was too incoherent to be recorded. He went down into bottomless abysses of rage and brought up with him unspeakable suspicions and primeval curses. He dropped his cultivated inhibitions and lost consciousness of himself as anything more than a seething caldron of emotion. He slipped back into savagery and experienced, for a little time, the ugly feelings of countless dead generations.

After a quarter-hour he came to himself, spent and rather horrified. Wonderingly he resumed his self-command, for he was not sure what had happened to him and had no wish to know. With white face and tight lips, he turned to the routine work that was still to be accomplished before evening, and despatched it without permitting his thoughts to wander.

The hardest moment came when he reached home. The smiling maid who let him in asked if Mrs. Lloyd had got safely off, and had to be told that she had. That twisted the knife in his wound. The situation seemed intolerable, an absurd fantasy of unreason. Was Edith really gone? Why had she gone? There was no sense in any of it, though it was actuality. Of that he became profoundly aware from the feeling of quiet emptiness

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that pervaded the house. He tried to act as though nothing were amiss, and he succeeded well enough outwardly, but he was depressed as he had never been before.

Later he attempted to persuade himself that he was exaggerating the significance of Edith's flight; that she had gone in a burst of temper and would soon be ready to come back to him. But he got little comfort from the notion. Edith wasn't easily roused to anger, and she had had no real provocation. The causes of her flight must go back of their miserable quarrel, the evening before, back to antipathies and resolutions that he couldn't fathom. Now that he was calmer, he was convinced that he could not reasonably be jealous of any man living; but he wondered—wondered in the dark hours before he slept—whether Bob Haskins (Bob Haskins, who was dead) was equally innocent.

After some days, during which he did his work like an intelligent automaton, and had no word of Edith, he became convinced that his wife had somehow drifted away from him—though quite inexcusably—and would not come back to him at all. While he had been chafing under the yoke of his economic dependence, she had perhaps returned to her earlier love. In that case, she must have been glad of any excuse to withdraw, though he had to admit that up to the very last she had kept the outward semblance of affection quite wonderfully. Just how the matter stood he could not tell; but he suffered from his retrospective jealousy more acutely than from any other of the ills he had to bear.

At the end of a fortnight, he was beaten to his knees by passion and uncertainty and loneliness. Besides, he realized now that he was weary in mind and body, and needed a rest. His wife had been right about that. It had become increasingly difficult, day by day, to keep his brain at its tasks. He would willingly have written to Edith, begging her to come back on any terms she chose to make, only he hadn't her address. He would have gone to find her if he hadn't seen the folly of attempting a search through several states for an errant wife. He thought of setting some detective agency on her trail, but he couldn't stoop to that. If she wished to disappear for the time being, she must be allowed to do so. It was unspeakable of her, but it couldn't be helped. He was tamed; he was cured of any longing for personal freedom; he was willing to be Edith's slave forever. At the same time, his anger did not wholly evaporate. Altogether, he was in a state of mind as pitiable as it was illogical.

It was almost three weeks after Edith Lloyd's departure, however, before anything happened. Then, when her husband had quite given over hope that anything would happen until a suit for divorce was entered, the stroke came with dramatic suddenness. Edith telegraphed.

Lloyd was in his office when the message came. An hour later, he was aboard the afternoon express, headed southward. Haggard with anxiety and physically exhausted by his wild rush to catch the train, he shut the door of his compartment and leaned back against the cushions. His hand trembled like an old man's as he took out the telegram to study it. It had been sent from Aiken.

"Jack ill. Please come if you can. Send money anyhow. Sorry for mess.

"EDITH."

That was all, but it needed elucidation. Jack's illness, whatever it was, poor lad! might have brought Edith to her senses. But why was she asking him for money? And what about the mess, for which she was sorry? What did she mean by that? Half a dozen interpretations of the words were equally plausible. Edith might at least have taken the trouble, he thought bitterly, to say whether Jack's illness was a mere childish ailment or a serious matter. Indeed, after the hot excitement of his departure, a revulsion of feeling shook Lloyd. He was agonized lest Jack might be dying, and he realized, more completely than ever before, that he loved the boy as he would love a son of his own flesh and blood; but he grew hot with anger against Edith again. He persuaded himself that, except on the child's account, he would have disregarded the summons and let his wife work out her problems for herself. It was cool of her to appeal to him as soon as she got into trouble, after

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casting him off as she had done. If only little Jack weren't perhaps dying!

He relented towards Edith, however, after a little, when his imagination pictured her, distraught and desperate, beside the bed of the sick boy—who was her own flesh and blood, after all, even though not his. And the wholly inexplicable difficulty about money softened him. She was heedless about such things, it was true, and needed to be cared for. She might have made some absurd mistake, and have been frightened by it.

To the drum-beat of the revolving wheels, through the evening and the night, he tried to understand the errand on which he was going; and tried to understand the state of his own feelings, but with little success. Everything was in a hopeless tangle that might or might not be straightened out when he reached Aiken. He did his best to sleep, but he could not; and he watched the moonlit landscape flit by the window, through the long hours, until dawn grew white upon the ragged forests of the Carolinas.

When he got out of the train at Aiken, he had no choice but to make his way to the chief hotel in the place and trust to luck that he should find Edith and the children there. He was fevered by the night and almost light-headed with weariness. Even the objects he touched seemed to lack substance, and everything he saw, to be the pallid setting of a dream.

"Mrs. Lloyd was hoping you might get through by this train," said a cheerful clerk at the desk, as Lloyd wrote his name in the register. "I'm glad the little boy is so much better."

"Is he? Thanks. That's good news," Lloyd mumbled, turning to follow a bell-boy up-stairs.

He dreaded meeting his wife, for he couldn't guess what the encounter would be like. His own feelings were too mixed to give him a proper cue; and what Edith was up to was beyond him. If the clerk reported her aright, she had certainly been counting on him to come without delay, which was cheeky of her, to say the least. And his anxiety about Jack had been uncalled for, it appeared.

The door of a sunlit room opened to him. He shut it quickly behind him as he stepped in: no grinning bell-boy should be a witness of the scene. Edith Lloyd stood quietly waiting for him. She looked tired and anxious, but she held herself very straight and put on a smile of welcome as she advanced to greet him.

"Oh, David, you have come!" she cried. "I'm so glad and so grateful!"

Out of sheer habit and awkwardness, he took her outstretched hands and kissed her mechanically.

"How is Jack?" he asked. "They tell me he is better. Has he been very ill? Your telegram, you know——"

"Oh—my telegram!" Edith Lloyd flushed. "I'm sorry if you were frightened, but I was dreadfully frightened, too. Jack was very sick, poor boy! It was gastritis again, you see, but worse than the other attack. He's ever so much better to-day, and will be quite all right now, I feel sure. The doctor sent a good nurse. She's with him now, but he's asleep."

"I'm glad he's better. Naturally I was frightened. You told me nothing." Lloyd spoke with dry emphasis. Worn out as he was, he felt almost more hurt than relieved to find that at least a portion of his alarm had been unnecessary. Edith had probably exaggerated the danger, and she had let him come the long journey in the grip of needless fear.

"I know." Edith looked at him anxiously. "It was very thoughtless of me, David. Of course you were terribly worried, and you shouldn't have been when you were so tired. I'm afraid you didn't sleep at all."

"I couldn't sleep much." He was stiff with her. "That doesn't matter, however."

"But it does matter," she answered. "You must go to bed and rest, or I shall have two sick people on my hands."

He couldn't understand why she should concern herself with his health, after running away from him and concealing her whereabouts for three weeks. As a candidate for the divorce-court, she had no business to be advising him like that; and he resented her interference. "I shall give you no trouble, I assure you," he said. "Since I'm not needed here, I can sleep very well on the train to-night."

"You won't go back right away!" she cried in alarm.

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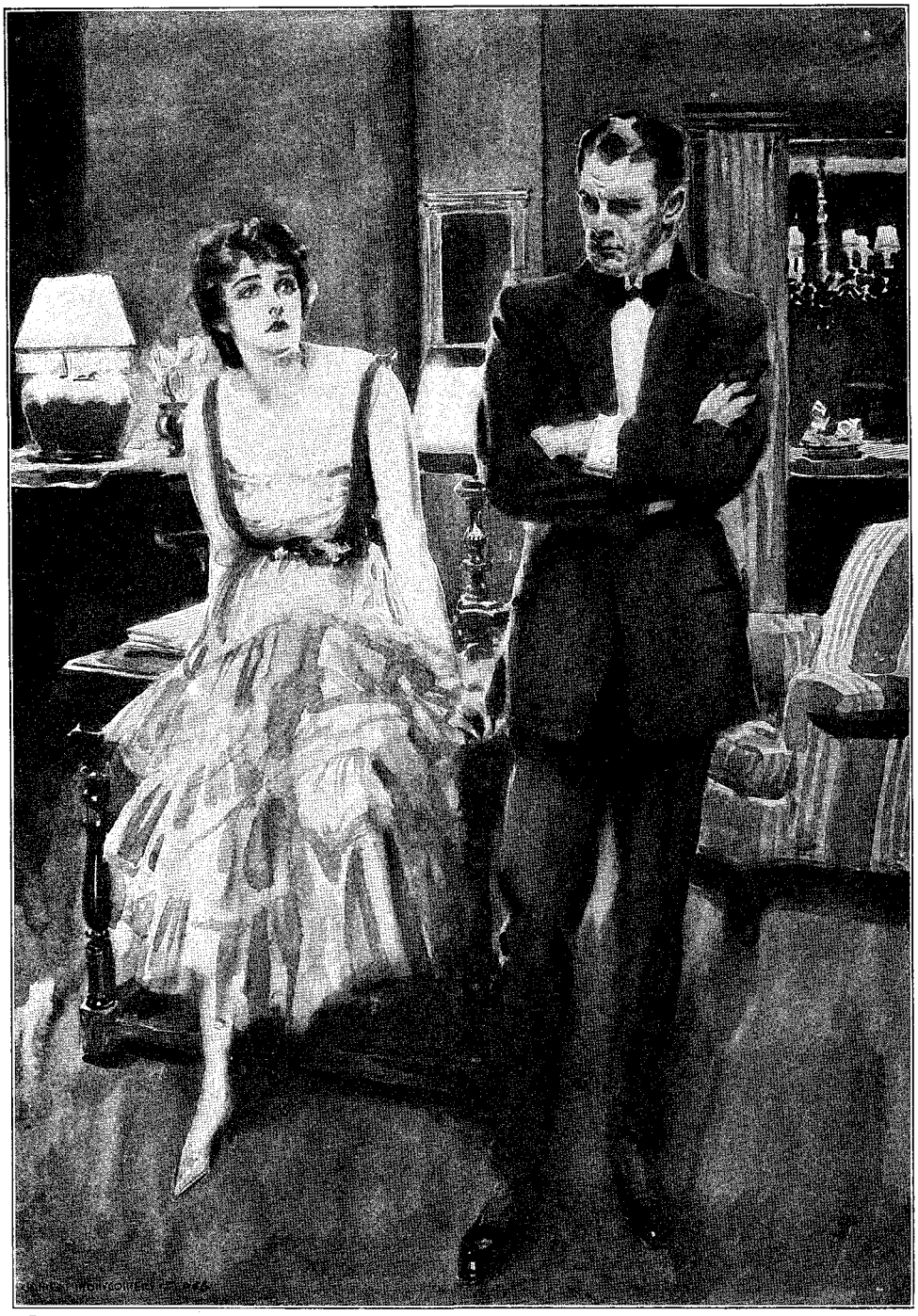

*Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.*

"Don't I accept enough from you, as it is, . . . without neglecting my work?"—Page 27.



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"I think I may as well." He was dazed, but he caught at the plan as the only way that offered out of an awkward situation. What his wife was up to he couldn't think: she acted as though they could ignore their break and take up their life together without explanation. "There seems to be no reason why I should stay," he added. "What's the trouble about money, by the way?"

Edith Lloyd blushed crimson and hung her head like a child. "That was too—too silly of me," she stammered. "I have to throw myself on your mercy, David. You see, I got word from the bank at home that I had overdrawn my account, and I didn't know what to do. I had to telegraph to you. It never happened to me before."

Lloyd frowned in perplexity. "Your account overdrawn? Impossible, Edith." The habit of business took control of him and made him forget, for the moment, the terms on which he stood with her. "Unless you've been squandering thousands down here, it's incredible. Anyhow, the people at the bank had no business to bother you about it. I'll look into it at once. Are you perfectly sure the notice was intended for you?"

"It was properly addressed. There's no doubt about that, but I thought I had a lot of money. I haven't spent more than a few hundreds since—since I left—left home. I know I haven't."

He did not notice her hesitations. "They should have come to me," he said irritably. "I can't understand it."

"They wouldn't have known that I wasn't there, would they?" she asked. "The note from the bank was forwarded, of course."

"You mean you left word?" Lloyd cursed his stupidity. Of course she would have had her letters forwarded.

"At the post-office, yes. I told them I wanted to save you the trouble."

"Then I might—at any time—" He was reflecting that a little plain sense should have made him observe that no letters were coming for her. He ought to have realized what she had done. He might have written, any day.

"Why, so you might! It hadn't occurred to me that I left such a plain clue." A faint smile began to trickle along her lips. "But I didn't suppose you'd wish to write. I was afraid you'd be too much relieved."

"Relieved! What do you think I'm made of, Edith?" Lloyd was incensed. "Does a man like to have his wife clear out with the children, and not even leave her address?"

"I saddled you with Jack," she replied evasively. "With Agatha, too, for that matter. Only Jack——"

"I'm as fond of Jack as I am of Agatha," he interrupted. He felt that Edith was wantonly perverse. "I don't care if I haven't any claim on him, as you so politely suggest. It's outrageous of you, at this time of day, to take that tack."

"If you're going to scold me, David, I think I'll sit down. I'm a little tired." Mrs. Lloyd spoke with the meekness of a second Griselda.

Her husband looked at her for a moment without answering. She did seem very much exhausted; she sank down on a convenient and ugly sofa with a listlessness that was very different from her ordinary alert grace of movement. Perhaps his alarm—and hers—about Jack, hadn't been so much exaggerated, after all. Poor girl! No doubt she had put through some very bad days; and possibly she had minded the separation from him more than she had anticipated. He felt sorry for her, particularly as she had herself to blame for all the trouble. He himself had been suffering horribly; and he was worn out with it, as she had been quick to see.

"I've no desire to scold you," he went on, beginning to walk about the room nervously. He was more moved by the devastated state of the family as a whole—including himself—than he cared to acknowledge. At the same time, he couldn't get over the notion that she was more loyal to the memory of Bob Haskins than to him. Otherwise, why should she have run away as she had done? "I've only this to say," he proceeded. "You're a free agent—and Heaven knows you can be as independent of me as you like—unless you happen to count marriage vows as binding. If you wish to desert me, I can't prevent your doing so. I do think, though, that it would have been better manners to leave an address."

"I would, again, if you'd be better satisfied." Edith Lloyd's lurking smile

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*Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.*

"But what about that money?" Lloyd asked, straightening up.—Page 36.



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became more pronounced, in spite of the weariness that was expressed by every line of her inert figure. "Above everything, one must be careful of one's manners."

Lloyd turned in his nervous stride and glanced at her suspiciously. It would be absurd of them to drift into a discussion of manners when there was nothing ahead but divorce. Their eyes met for an instant, then his were turned away. "It isn't a question of manners, but of something more important," he declared severely. "You run away with the children, and hide; then, just as soon as you get into a hole, you send for me in hot haste. What do you call that?"

"Very naughty, I'm afraid. But I only did it for your good, David. You said you were sick of me. I ought to have told you where I'd gone; I acknowledge that."

"I didn't say I was sick of you. How can you, Edith? I may have said I was sick of the situation, and I was."

"So was I. You were working yourself to death, and all the time bothering because I took it for granted that we might just as well live on Jack's money as Agatha's. Isn't that true? I've thought it all out since I came down here."

"I suppose it has some truth," said Lloyd reluctantly. He was unwilling to admit the complete accuracy of the diagnosis, but he couldn't deny the logic of the statement.

"Well, it isn't quite true that I came away altogether for your good, David dear," she went on. "I was angry, and I didn't understand. I've learned a lot of things since, and I've missed you—oh, most dreadfully. I couldn't do it again, even for you. I telegraphed partly because Jack had frightened me—poor boy!—and partly because I couldn't stand it without you any longer. And I was penniless besides," she ended ruefully. "I couldn't go home."

David Lloyd stood before her, perplexed. His mistrust and soreness of heart had suddenly vanished. He couldn't remain suspicious of poor dead Bob Haskins in the presence of a living Edith; but he did not quite know what to say. Then their eyes met again. The alchemy of contact had accomplished its work. Without a word, he dropped to her side and clasped her in his arms.

"Will you really forgive me?" she asked after a moment.

"Forgive you! Will you forgive me, dearest? I've been a fool and a beast, and I've been well paid for it."

"And will you take me home as soon as Jack is well?"

"No, I won't—not till all of us have had a good holiday. I've changed my mind about several matters. Besides, I've got the mills where they can run on their own impetus for a bit. I'll telegraph this afternoon."

"It's rather funny. I mean, don't you think it's rather funny—all of it together?" Edith ventured.

Still clasped in one another's arms, they shook with laughter.

"But what about that money?" Lloyd asked, straightening up. "That's the absurdest thing that has happened."

"I can't imagine. But it isn't a joke, David. I ought to have money doled out to me, dollar by dollar. I'm not to be trusted with a bank-account." Mrs. Lloyd was very penitent. "There wouldn't be any way for me to lose it, would there?"

"Let me think," he answered her. "If the money isn't really in the bank, you must somehow have failed to put it in. Are you sure you deposited your quarterly cheque from the mills? You had one, you know, about a month ago."

"Oh, David!" Edith Lloyd hid her face on his shoulder in confusion. "I believe that must be the trouble. I remember now. I was intending to deposit it, and I must have left it in my desk when I came away. I entered it in my chequebook, and then forgot. Wasn't it dreadful of me!"

"The cheque won't spoil." Lloyd laughed again. It was singularly easy to laugh. "Don't bother about it. I'll straighten things out. When am I to see the children, do you suppose?"

"Oh, my dear, I didn't think to tell you. Agatha is out with Jane, but she'll be in soon now. Jane has been very good about poor Jack. I think he'll wake before long, and he'll be uproariously glad to see you, even if he is rather weak."

There was a gentle knock on the door of the adjoining room. Lloyd went to open it. The trained nurse had come to say that Jack was calling insistently for his father.

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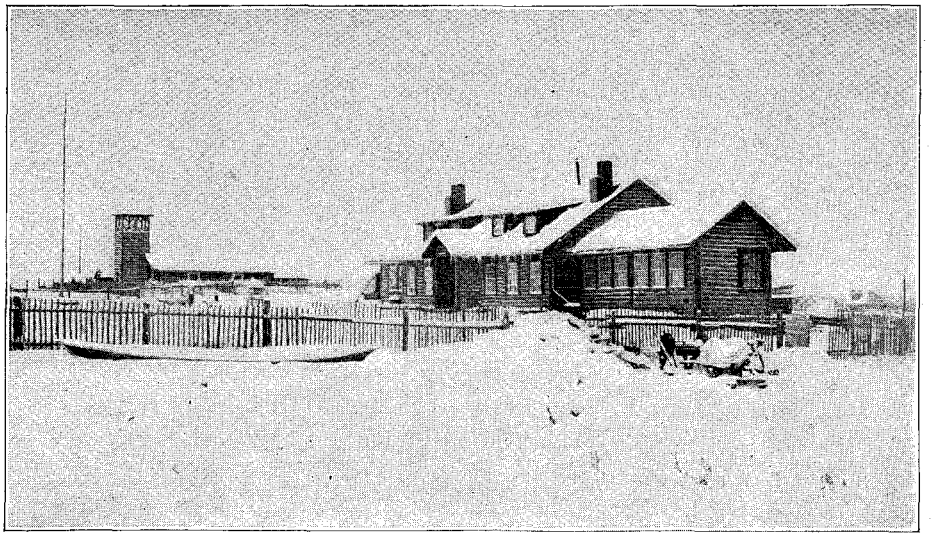

St. Stephen's Church and Hospital, Fort Yukon.

# THE ARCTIC HOSPITAL

By Hudson Stuck, D.D., F.R.G.S.

Archdeacon of the Yukon; Author of "Voyages on the Yukon," "Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog-Sled," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

I WISH very heartily that I were not at liberty to use the title set at the head of this paper; that I were compelled to say "An Arctic Hospital" instead of "The Arctic Hospital"; but so far as I know (and I think I know all the way), there is not on the American continent north of the arctic circle any institution for the care of the sick save St. Stephen's Hospital at Fort Yukon. So far as America is concerned it is "The Arctic Hospital."

There is an unfinished building at the village of Kotzebue, on the sound of that name, intended for a hospital, but no physician and no nurse. There is a physician at Point Barrow, the most northerly point of Alaska, 500 miles north of Kotzebue, but he has no place in which to take care of his sick and no nurse. I went his rounds with him one day last winter and saw a number of patients who should have been in a hospital, and I am glad to learn that there is a probability that this sore need will be supplied next summer by the Presbyterian Church, which maintains the mission and the physician there. There is, I am told, sometimes a physician at the Northwest Mounted Police post at Herschel Island, on the Canadian arctic coast, 400 or 500 miles to the east of Point Barrow, but there was none last winter, nor had been since the war began, and there is no building on the island for the care of the sick.

To-day St. Stephen's Hospital at Fort Yukon is the only place where medical and nursing care may be had in all the "arctic sixth" of North America.

The Yukon River, pursuing a remarkable course through the very midst of the great peninsula of Alaska, reaches its most northerly point at Fort Yukon, a mile or two within the arctic circle, and immediately thereafter makes the great bend by which its hitherto main northwesterly direction is changed to a main southwesterly direction for the 1,200 miles it has yet to flow to Bering Sea. At this point it receives, from the northeast, its



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important tributary, the Porcupine, with 500 miles of navigable length, and a little lower down the Chandalár comes in from the northwest. Many other streams, each with its complement of native inhabitants, join with the Yukon or with one of these large tributaries in this neighborhood, so that Fort Yukon has long been a centre for mission and for trading purposes, and may be described as the native metropolis of these parts—of the great central basin of the interior known as the "Yukon Flats."

On the Yukon River itself, 350 miles up-stream from Fort Yukon, is Dawson, the capital of the Yukon Territory, with a hospital; and 350 miles down-stream is Fort Gibbon, with its post surgeon and hospital; but the former is in Canada and will not receive Alaskan Indians, and the latter is a military hospital and will not receive Indians at all.

St. Stephen's Hospital is primarily a part of a plan to provide medical care for the natives of interior Alaska, long neglected in this respect by the government of the United States, and owes its establishment to the efforts of Bishop Rowe and his clergy, and its support to the missionary society of the Episcopal Church.

Ever since the Territory came under American rule the medical needs of the natives have been urged upon the government. The reports of the earliest governors of Alaska beg for prompt consideration of the matter; the report of the last governor returns energetically to the charge. Says Governor Strong (Report of 1917): "Without medical relief all other plans for the natives are necessarily futile. While the service now rendered in the few places mentioned is efficient and valuable, the total results are meagre when compared with the total native population."

The recent reading of a long file of governors' reports and educational reports and special agents' reports leads to a question whether the government printers are not those chiefly benefited by the preparation and publication of such documents. For all the effect produced by them they might as well have been corked up in bottles and year by year cast solemnly into the sea; they would have had as much influence in the bellies of sharks and whales as in their respective pigeonholes at Washington. Thirty years ago the same needs were urged, the same glaring faults and incongruities of administration were pointed out, the same suggestions for improvement were made, "most earnestly and respectfully," as appear in the reports to-day.

The few places referred to by Governor Strong where medical aid to the natives is furnished by the government are mostly on the coasts; for the whole of the interior a makeshift hospital at Nulato is the only government provision, unless the supplying of some drugs and bandages and liniments to school-teachers without any medical training be counted; and Nulato is upward of 500 miles from Fort Yukon. What has been gained from Congress for the care of the natives has been gained by the ceaseless importunities of the Bureau of Education. Last year the bureau succeeded in securing an appropriation of $50,000, instead of the $25,000 previously appropriated for medical relief, but the present appropriation would have to be multiplied a number of times to enable the bureau to cope with the conditions.

So the hospital at Fort Yukon, which itself cost $25,000, and has a maximum accommodation of 20 beds, is part of a plan to supply the deficiencies of the government. It receives and cares for sick or injured natives regardless of any consideration except the needs of the individual case; it even sends for them and brings them in by a dog team in the winter and a launch in the summer, if there be no other ready means of their coming. It does not care whether they be Alaskan or Canadian Indians (an often impossible distinction amongst people some of whom shift their residence back and forth across the international boundary as freely as they did before that line was drawn). If they be in need of medical attention, they are welcome to the best we can give, without any charge whatever.

But while primarily a native hospital, it does not refuse white patients—how could it when there is nowhere else to go? It reserves a room for them, and in the three years in which it has been in operation has received a number from far and near. The first patient of any kind, be-

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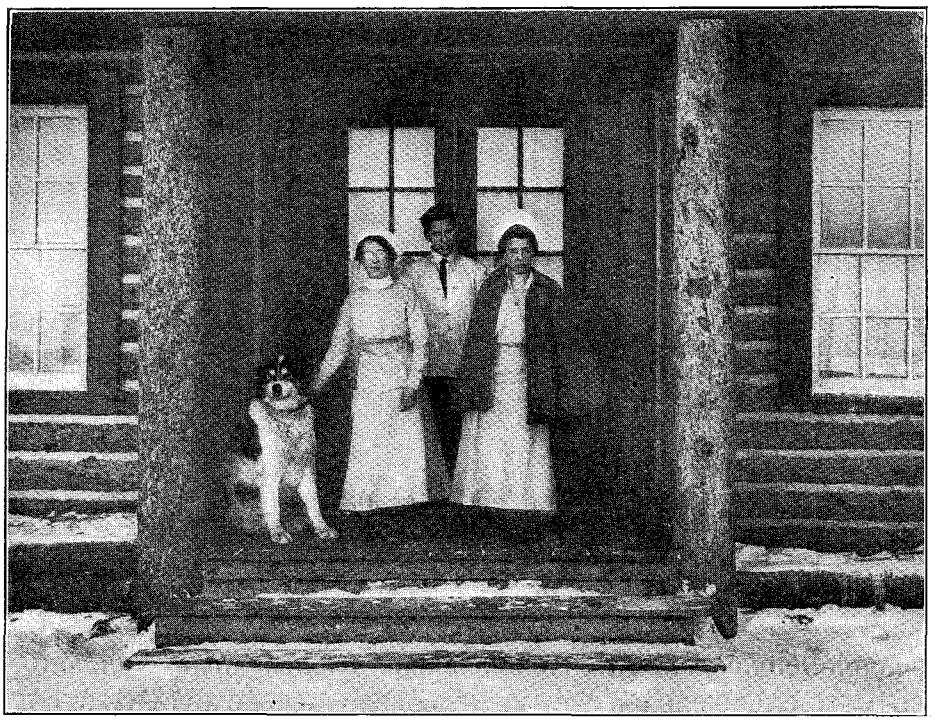
fore the hospital was really open, was an old-timer of the Yukon who had frozen both his feet severely, a case that called for long detention and much tedious, careful surgery. The second white patient that I recall was a very striking case, a woman whose head was nearly cut off by falling against a revolving saw; fortunately, despite the fearful lacerations of her neck, the great blood-vessels were not severed, and, to the astonishment of every one, she recovered. I shall never forget the ghastly sight as she was borne to the hospital on a door; she looked as Mary Queen of Scots might have looked had the executioner fumbled his blow and a reprieve arrived before another could be given—her gray hair all dabbled in her blood. Early last spring an explorer, suffering from complications following a long siege of typhoid fever, was hauled 400 miles or so by a dog-sled from the arctic coast, and when he was entirely recovered he told me that he believed he would have died had he not come here; though I think his restoration to health was due as much to the long journey in the open air as to the treatment at the hospital. Last summer a woman taken suddenly ill on a steamboat was brought ashore on a stretcher, and the captain said: "Thank God for this hospital; I thought she would have died on my boat."

Nine-tenths of the work done by the hospital is, however, native work; and just as soon as one begins to talk about native hospital work, tuberculosis thrusts up its ugly head, above all accidents, above all diseases whatever, for it is the scourge of Alaska just as it is the scourge of our great cities. Of the 90 deaths recorded since our resident physician, Doctor Grafton Burke, came to Fort Yukon, 46 are set down as due to tuberculosis in some form or other, with suspicion of the same in other cases, so that we may say that there are more deaths from tuberculosis than from all other causes put together.

Whether or not this disease were known



The professional staff.

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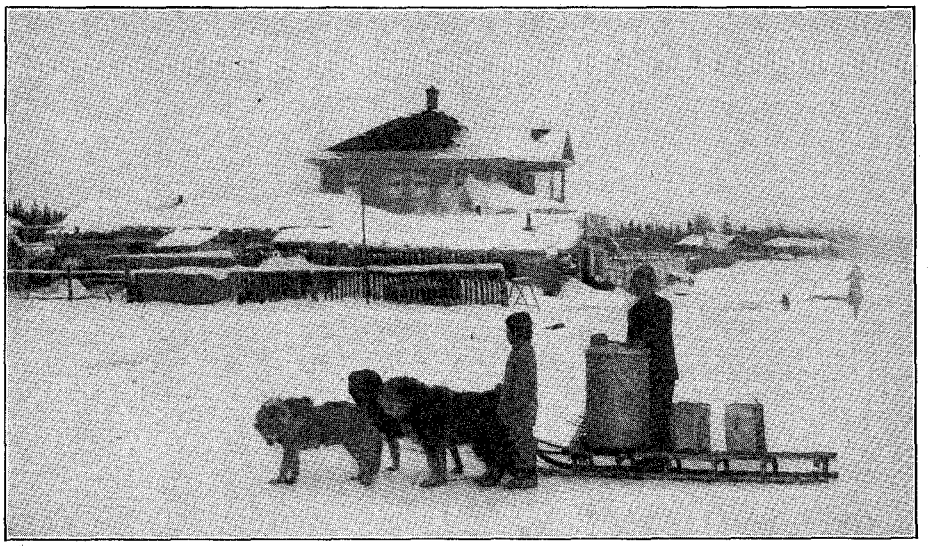

The water-wagon, St. Stephen's Hospital, Fort Yukon.

before the white man came to the country seems uncertain, physicians with experience amongst the natives, and even the oldest natives themselves, holding contrary opinions; but it is certain that if the disease be indigenous its ravages have greatly increased since the white man's coming; for which there is sufficient explanation in the change of habits which intercourse with the whites has brought about.

Tuberculosis in the arctic regions is fostered and is checked by the same causes that foster or check it elsewhere; and a people of wandering tent-dwellers changed by the introduction of edge-tools into a people of more stationary log-cabin dwellers, a people of fur-wearers changed by the constantly increasing market for pelts and the introduction of manufactured clothing into a people, in the main, of cotton-wearers, present as favorable conditions for the growth and dissemination of this disease as do those who have migrated from the sunny vineyards of Sicily to the slums of New York.

Resumption of the primitive Indian conditions of life, however desirable it might be from an exclusively hygienic point of view, is out of the question; the influences against it are entirely too strong. The remedy must be sought in improving the new conditions rather than in a return to the old. That improvement goes on, slowly but surely; the cabins become more commodious and better ventilated; personal habits more cleanly; the rules of health more generally known and observed. If there be any way in which such improvement may come other than slowly and gradually, those who are working for the Yukon Indians have not discovered it. It is only in theory, I think, that such things are done out of hand.

Meanwhile the hospital performs a function of very great value to the upbuilding of the general health in receiving cases of incipient tuberculosis and subjecting them to a régime of recuperation such as cannot be carried out save in an institution of this sort. Children who give early warning of pulmonary lesion, children with broken-down and suppurating neck-glands—that common and offensive evidence amongst Indians of tuberculous invasion—improve often into perfect health; and there are already a number whose lives have thus been saved. One of our two wards is set aside for such cases, and at the present writing has five children in it.

There are great and special difficulties in conducting a hospital in the arctic regions. It is, of course, well understood by those read in geography, though not



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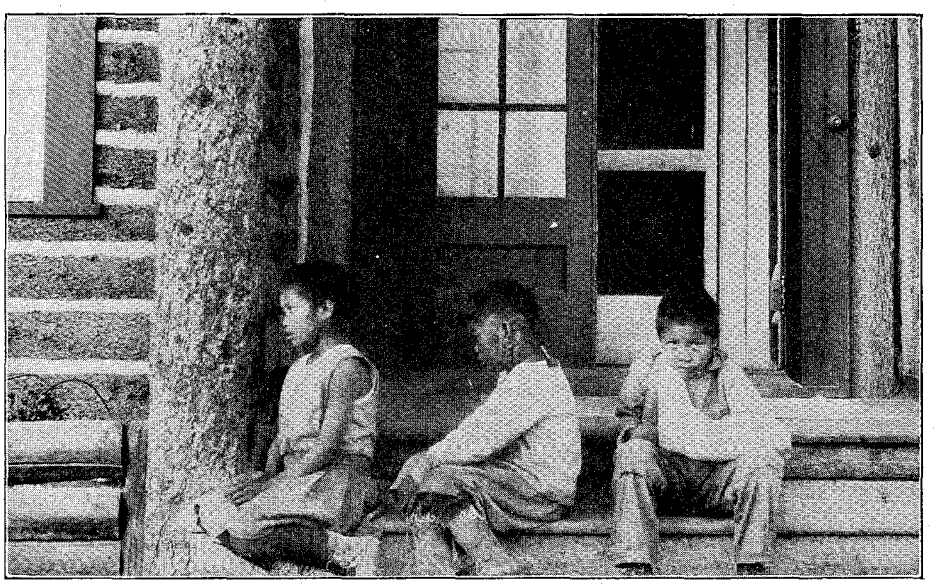
yet, I think, in general, that the extremes of the world's cold are to be found in continental interiors such as Alaska and Siberia, and not in the marine climates of the shores of the most northerly lands. A greater degree of cold is recorded every winter at Fort Yukon than any that Admiral Peary encountered on his journey to the north pole. The lowest temperature I can find in the account of that journey is −59 F., while at Fort Yukon a temperature of −68 is not uncommon, and I have myself recorded a temperature of −72 in the Yukon Flats. Temperatures fluctuating between −50 and −60 sometimes last for weeks at a time. A plus temperature in December or January is a very rare thing, and is sometimes entirely lacking in the months of November and February also.

The difficulty, obvious enough, of the proper steady heating of a large building under such climatic conditions, with wood as the only fuel, is not the greatest one; the water-supply is more onerous and painful. Hospitals require much water, and the supply cannot be stinted without detriment. Moreover, this hospital is lit by an acetylene-gas plant, which, in the dead of winter, consumes 250 gallons a week. Where every drop of water must be obtained by breaking open afresh a hole in the river ice (which attains a thickness of from 4 to 6 feet during the winter), dipping it out into a tank on a sled drawn by dogs, hauling it up a steep bank and to the hospital door, and then carrying it in buckets to the various receptacles throughout the building, the provision of this prime necessary becomes the heaviest daily task in the conduct of the institution, and has no counterpart at all in hospitals "outside."

So onerous and painful did it become that almost any expense that could be compassed seemed justified in an attempt to remove it, doubtful of success though the attempt might be.

At first we tried for a well. With a prospecting boiler and steam-points we sank 130 feet through frozen sand and gravel without any success. That is, I think, the deepest hole ever sunk in the Yukon Flats (which is not a mining region), though elsewhere in Alaska holes have been sunk more than 300 feet without getting through the frozen ground, and since we struck no "thawed streak" and therefore no water, it seemed useless going any farther. Then we tried another plan. From a level in this shaft below the lowest water in the river we drove a tunnel, by the same means, right out to the river, tapping its bed, a dis-



Tuberculous children exposed to sunshine.

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Christmas in the Children's Ward, St. Stephen's Hospital.

tance of 170 feet. The first tunnel was too small and froze up; so we thawed it out with the steam-points and enlarged it. Now we have plenty of water in our shaft, and since it has stood nearly through one winter without freezing up, we begin to be reasonably sure of its permanence. But, strange to say, though the free connection of the water in our shaft with its source of supply is proved by its rising and falling as the river rises and falls, the water is so heavily impregnated with alkaline salts as to be of little general use.

One would hardly believe that the soft, excellent water of the river could be so changed in character by passing through a short tunnel, and one can only suppose a layer of some very soluble mineral salts to lie along its walls or under the bed of the river.

So the dog-sled with its galvanized-iron tank still goes down to the river and brings up water from beneath the ice for cooking and drinking and laundry, and there seems little prospect that our winter supply of portable water can be secured in any other way, though the tunnel may scour out and its water improve in course of time. The well is worth what it has cost, for bathing and scrubbing and acetylene water, but it is a great disappointment that it falls so far short of the relief it was expected to provide.

Fairly well equipped in a general way though St. Stephen's Hospital is, further provision must be made if it is to work most efficiently for its tuberculous patients. The treatment by fresh air and sunshine which yields such good results elsewhere is equally valuable here, but again the climate interposes special difficulties. In the summer there is continuous sunshine, but there is also such a plague of mosquitoes and flies that much of the time it is impossible to expose any part of the body outdoors without nets and veils; in the spring and fall there are many bright days, but they are commonly attended by a keen wind that equally forbids exposure.

What is needed is a "solarium," a chamber of glass sashes completely screened from insects, in which advantage may be taken of all the sun of the year; in which children may be exposed naked



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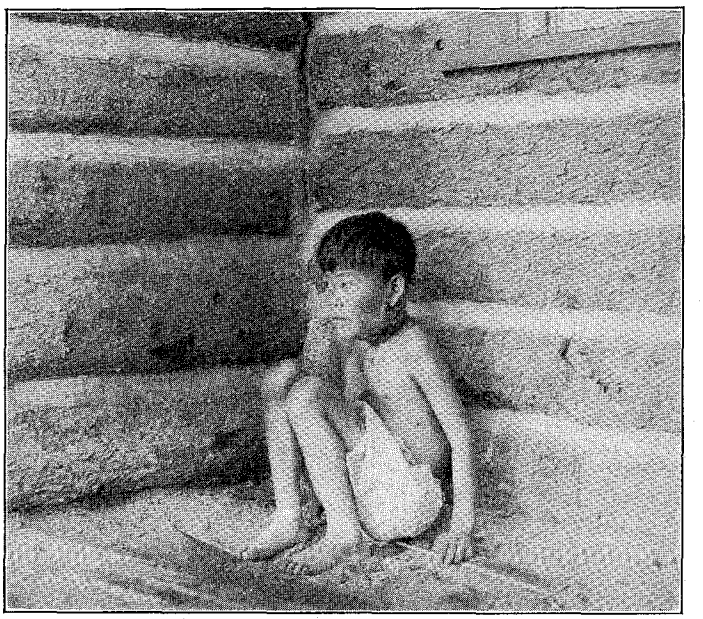
to its germ-destroying and invigorating rays. Such an addition would be of great help in the most hopeful part of our medical work, the abortion of incipient consumption and the restoration of invaded glands. In these last-mentioned cases it is sometimes wonderful to see the contracting and closing of open neck-sores, the gradual overspreading of the places with new, healthy flesh and skin, under no other treatment than prolonged exposure to direct sunshine.

The cementing of the basement, now merely an excavation in the earth, so that it may be utilized for laundry purposes, is also much needed, proper hospital economy in these parts demanding that all possible activities be gathered under the one roof. And the problem of drainage is only temporarily solved by a cesspool which it is very difficult to keep open in winter.



It is rarely that we are able to expose children thus even in summer; the mosquitoes accompany the perpetual sunshine. The hospital needs a glass chamber where such exposures may be made.

As it stands, however, St. Stephen's Hospital has already brought new hope to those who are laboring for the survival of the Yukon Indians, and now that the cessation of the war will allow the staffing with physician and nurses of the sister institution already built and equipped at Tanana, 350 miles farther down the river, that has awaited its staff these three years past, we shall attack the problem of disease amongst the natives of the middle river with some prospect of coping with it.

Here is an immense country, inhabited from immemorial times by a vigorous, self-supporting native people; a country that is never likely, *me judice*, so far as much the greater part of its whole area is concerned, to have any other inhabitants. There is no doubt that it once supported a much larger population than it does to-day, and there is no doubt that it could support to-day a much larger Indian population than it does. It is still a fine Indian country and it shows no sign of even a tendency to become anything else. If any notion has been entertained of white men pressing upon the Indian lands of Alaska as they pressed upon the Indian lands of our Western States, let it be dismissed at once as utterly without foundation.

Of late years there has been much extravagant stuff written about Alaska. Fifty years ago the country was laughed at as "Seward's Folly," and a general impression obtained that it was a land of permanent ice and snow. Now it is glowingly described as "the world's treasure-house of mineral wealth and agricultural possibility"; and there is as much truth in the one extreme as in the other. The favorite term for its mineral wealth to-day is "incalculable," and I have no quarrel with the term; where there are no figures there can be no calculation, and save as regards gold, the mineral resources of the interior are virtually unknown. Its swamps and scrubby

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woodlands and tundra are spoken of as "millions of acres waiting for the plough," and I do not take exception to that phrase either; they are undeniably waiting.

Setting aside the mineral wealth which is doubtless great (though probably entirely non-existent in the region of the Yukon Flats), the agricultural possibilities of the interior are in reality very slight compared with its vast area, and those who are really familiar with the interior know that its main resources are never likely to be other than they are now—fur and game and fish. But fur and game and fish are precisely the resources that make a fine Indian country.

Is there any sense in permitting a country to be deprived of the only inhabitants it is ever likely to have? In all the wide region north of the Yukon, and in much else of its interior area, a prolonged winter of rigorous inclement weather, an intractable soil, forbid to any sober eye the settlement of the country with farms and ranches, forbid its occupation by white men unless they are willing to live as Indians live,. to become, economically, Indians. Speaking broadly, all the white men who live north of the Yukon, save a handful here and there engaged in the temporary occupation of placer-gold mining, are married to Indian women; and the number is very small.

I can see no economic threat to the survival of the natives of the interior unless the iniquity of salmon canneries be permitted at the mouth of the Yukon, for the fish that annually come up this great river constitute the staff of life of man and of man's indispensable servant, the dog. In the course of generations it might be possible that our icthyophagous, carnivorous Indians could be trained to live upon turnips, as the fish-canners and their friends so considerately suggest they should do, but I have grave doubts about the dog. And certainly, to-day, to intercept and capture the migrating salmon will bring starvation to man and beast, just as surely as intercepting and capturing the railway-trains that carry flour to New York would bring starvation to the metropolis.

Last summer a beginning was made; a cannery was permitted at Andreafsky, just above the junction of most of the delta mouths, and almost all the king-salmon caught here in the Yukon Flats bore marks of the nets from which they had managed to escape a thousand miles away. Another season the nets will be stouter or of finer mesh, and should this wicked thing still be tolerated, despite all our protests, a race of self-supporting and inoffensive people, scattered over some hundreds of thousands of square miles, will be sacrificed.

I was struck last summer by the spectacle of our Indian people contributing to the relief of the starving Armenians, themselves dismayed at the meagre catch of net-marked salmon, and at the threat of starvation which those net-marks told them, plainly enough, hung over their own heads.

The only other threat to the survival of the race, now that intoxicating liquor is excluded from the Territory, is the threat of disease—of the white man's diseases, smallpox and diphtheria and measles, and now influenza—and, above all, tuberculosis. The influenza epidemic has not yet reached the interior, thank God, but we are not without apprehension of what next summer's navigation may bring. The tuberculosis threat we believe we can avert; and are actively engaged in that aversion, and desire only more power to our hands along the lines we are pursuing. Already we have reason to believe that the corner is turned.

I may, perhaps, hardly call our Indians a "bold peasantry," and certainly they are not "their country's pride"; their country is quite indifferent to them; their country will spend $50,000,000 on a railway, but cuts down every year the modest sums asked by the Bureau of Education for their medical care. Such as they are, however, a docile, gentle, industrious, intelligent, and, along their own lines, enterprising folk, I am convinced that "once destroyed" their place "can never be supplied"; and surely an inhabited wilderness is better worth any country's while than an uninhabited one. Goldsmith's hackneyed lines apply just as cogently to the Alaskan Indians to-day as they did to his Munster crofters of nearly two centuries ago.

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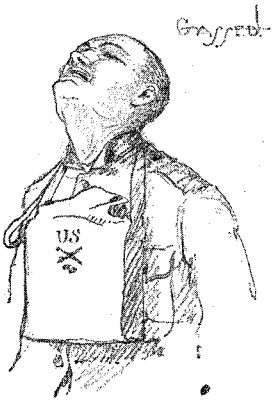
# WITH THE RAINBOW DIVISION ON THE OURCQ

Portrait in a gas-mask.




Gassed artilleryman.

"The last long mile."

## LEAVES FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF LIEUTENANT CHARLES BASKERVILLE, JR.

Of the 166th Infantry, 42d Division

IN these random impressions of a member of a combat organization we observe the ungarnished drudgery and lack of war-glamour in the infantry. The battle on the slopes by the River Ourcq when the 42d Division defeated the picked troops of the Prussian Guard is an historic event of the American participation in the war.

These sketches of the fighting during this engagement were done by Lieutenant Baskerville while in the base hospital suffering from the wounds he had received on this occasion.



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The enemy artillery-fire did damage to the troops waiting to attack in the Forêt de Fère.

Dragging the wounded in through an area filled with gas thrown over in shells.

Sitting on the muddy banks of the Ourcq some protection from the "straffing" by low-flying enemy planes was gained by the over-all mud color of the troops.

Whenever the attack was held up, it became necessary to "dig in" with bayonets and helmet brims, as shovels were not carried by all the men.



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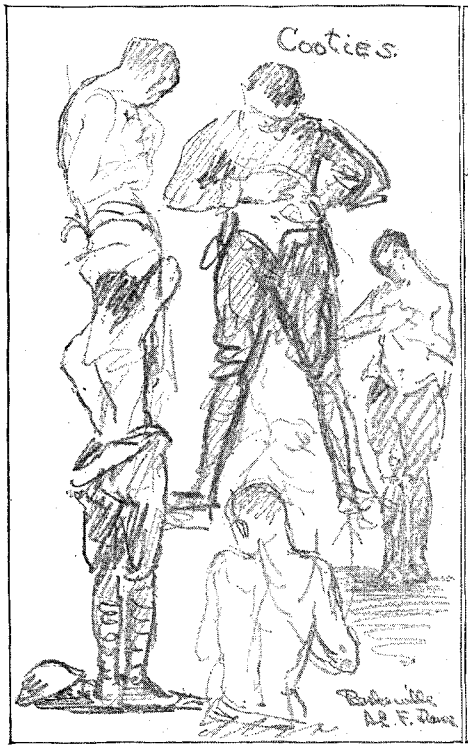
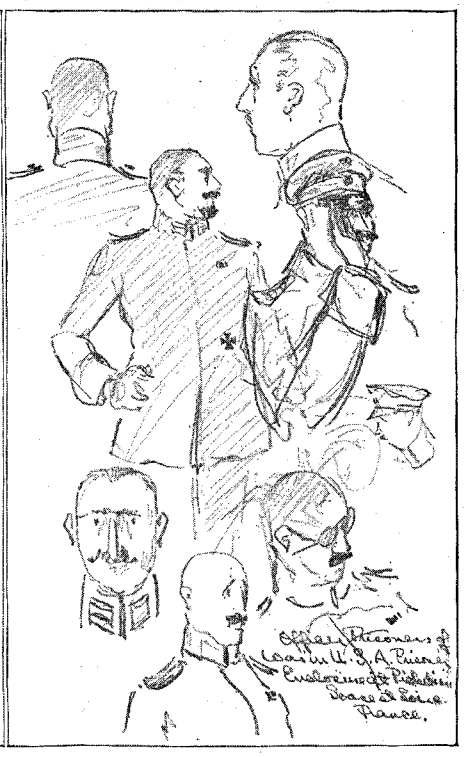
Boche machine-gunners.

"Mopping up" is done by the second assault line and consists of capturing or killing all the enemy passed over in the haste of the attack.




Cootie-hunts take place every time the doughboys halt on a hike to rest.



Prussian officer prisoners at the American Prisoner of War Enclosure at Richelieu.



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*Drawn by Frank Tenney Johnson.*

"And say, far as that goes, you had me guessing too. I was wondering—"—Page 52.



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# THE HUNTING OF BUD HOWLAND

By Calvin H. Luther

Illustration by Frank Tenney Johnson

THE train for Seven Palms had come and gone, five sombreros waving farewell to me from the windows. It had roared out upon us, a fuming dragon, from the shimmer of a mirage, and now already had become a creeping lizard, black against the sage slopes of Stark Mountain—a thing worth seeing, especially to one who had been for weeks away from the miracles of civilization. I would wait for the north-bound train, soon due to pass; wait to see the lizard become a dragon, and the dragon plunge ravening into the mirage. Then for my horse, now drooping in the barred shadows of the cattle-pens, and the long trail westward.

There had been a raven to watch; there had been pillars and palls of smoke—but now there was nothing but sand, sage, cactus, and the pallid sky. The roar and echo of the train had long since fallen to a rustle, and finally to a special kind of silence. . . . Odd, to be so suddenly alone; odd, but not yet unpleasant.

I sat down in the sand and looked at the sand, thinking over that hunting trip. There had been game enough, good fellowship of a sort, and a pleasant tang of adventure—to visit an unmapped region with unknown companions. But, after all, it had been tame and profitless. There had been no thrills, no flashes of fear or moments of exaltation; I had learned nothing new about nature or the thing called human nature. For me hereafter, I resolved, the hammer and fossil-bag. A new crinoid, now; or a *phacops elegans!*

Just then a shadow moved out from behind the cattle-pens, and jolting along after it a bow-legged, sand-colored man, with a long nose and drooping mustache.

"Hank!" I cried. "What in the name of thunder?"

"Thought I wouldn't bother you, at first," he explained, calmly seating himself. "Reckoned you'd be going right soon." He turned his mild blue eyes upon me. "What are you-all waiting for?" he asked.

"Just to see the up-train go by," I answered, still in a maze. "But— But say— You were with the others on the train; I saw you! How in the world——"

"Changed my mind, sort of," he answered, his lean hand waving aside the topic as of no importance. "I've got a little hoss over to Pedro's, nine miles from here. Thought maybe you'd edge over there with me—let me canter along on foot; and then we could go up-country together. That is, if you ain't particular."

"Fine!" I cried. "We'll start now."

"Might as well," he said, rubbing his square jaw; but he made no move to rise. "Sure you ain't particular?"

"Oh, come along!" I shouted, already half-way to the horse. "I'm pleased to death!"

"Well, I can stand considerable more of you, on a pinch," he returned, following along. "But the rest of that outfit—" He spat.

"Where's your pack? I'll carry it."

"Pack's on the train; I'm foot-loose, I am," he smiled up at me. "Nothing to tote but this 'ere," and he touched the holster of his forty-five. "I'll keep hold of that, if you ain't particular."

So men still carried revolvers, the holsters unbuckled and in reach of the hand!

That two-hour walk to Pedro's was hot and hard enough. It should have been measured by degrees, with a thermometer, as I suggested to Hank; or in shovelsful, as he said, ploughing along by my stirrup. He would not change with me, though, but jolted steadily, patiently forward, his red face glistening with perspiration, dust marking out the wrinkles of his neck and jaw, hat tilted against the sun. Once or twice he nodded significantly at my canteen; but he would not drink. We weren't there yet, he cautioned; and you never could tell. . . . So, mile upon mile we fought it out, saying little and thinking less. Then—a leafless cotton-



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wood, the green of pepper-trees and palmettos, a rude corral, and as we rounded the shoulder of a hillock, the cool gray of an adobe ranch-house with a piratical figure in the doorway. We were at Pedro's.

"But why didn't you go on with the others?" I demanded an hour afterward as we lay at ease in the shade. "It's no use telling me you changed your mind. That's—that's——"

"That's bunk, says you." Hank was refilling his pipe. "Well, you're right. I didn't change my mind, leastways not then. Had it changed all the time, you might say. I felt the same as you did, only I judged it would be right wise to keep along with 'em for a ways—anyhow until they'd got started for Seven Palms. And they're started, all right; plumb tired out, lying all over that smoking-car. I just made as if I was going to wave to you from the platform, and the rest was easy. Swung off on the far side and got behind that runway. They ain't missed me yet, probably." He paused, a faint, sheepish grin on his face. "You had me locoed, though. I'd figured on getting away by myself; but it was too gosh-awful hot to wait on you. I had to come out."

"You might just as well be talking Navajo, for all I can make of it," I broke out, impatiently. "They were your friends, weren't they? Well, then, why did you——"

"My friends?" he echoed, with a queer combination of scowl and grin. "I never see 'em afore, not till we-all met at the hotel in Seven Palms. I just fell in with the rest of you when that big Morris wanted to go hunting. I hadn't no special plans."

"But what do you mean by saying you felt the same as I did?" I insisted. "I didn't care about seeing any of them again—that is, except you; but that's all I felt."

"Sure, that's all," he assented, nodding placidly. "We ain't neither of us much on the talk, you and me," he added, with a shrewd look.

I sat up, facing him.

"See here, Hank, talk straight. What's wrong with those fellows?"

"They're all right, I guess, according to their lights. Live and let live," he answered with utmost contentment, eyes on the curling smoke from his pipe. "Only, I'm telling you I don't want to be mixed up in it any more than you do."

"Mixed up in what?" I cried. I had left off smoking and was giving my whole attention to this enigma.

"In the trial," he said calmly. "I don't aim to be no witness."

"Trial—witness!" I could only stare at him, my thoughts going in circles.

There had been five of us on the porch of the Eagle Hotel in Seven Palms. All were ordinary men, with no hint of melodrama in manner, dress, or character. The landlord had proposed a hunting trip—to get us out of his wife's way during the house-cleaning, he admitted; and we had all jumped at the chance. On the third day out we had overtaken another man, a lone hunter, who had remained with us to the end, going on to Seven Palms with the landlord and the two cowboys. We had killed some deer; there had been some fancy target-shooting—the best I ever saw—and that was all. No accidents, no quarrels, nothing. The trip had been so uneventful that I had felt disappointed and a little aggrieved. Yet it was now becoming clear to me, clearer with every moment, that the fault had not been with the country or my companions, but with myself. Something worth while had been going on—only I had been too dull to know it.

But how was I to get at the truth? Direct questioning would not carry me far with the placid, cautious man stretched out beside me. I must use a lighter touch than that.

So I chuckled as if to myself.

"A mighty queer business," I murmured.

"Yes?" Hank returned, half opening his eyes.

"I didn't suppose you had caught on at all," I said easily. "I wasn't wise at first, myself."

"So you wasn't," he observed, watching me narrowly. "I seen you wasn't."

"How do you suppose it will come out?" I asked, with a meditative air.

"Holy snakes!" cursed Hank softly, almost in sorrow.

"Glad I wasn't mixed up in it myself," I concluded airily.

"Snakes!" he shouted, pounding his knee with his sombrero. "He's aiming to pump me, the perfessor is!" He ad-

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dressed the universe at large. "Ain't he a young wonder, now, aiming to rope and brand me like that, so easy and natural? Makes a fellow want to cry, that does!" And suddenly he roared with laughter.

There was nothing to do but laugh with him, and the noise we made was enough to bring Pedro to the doorway, his white teeth showing in a sympathetic grin. But I gave up: nothing was to be gotten out of this man against his will. So we idled away the early afternoon, smoking, drinking from the capacious olla, dozing and waking under the pepper-berries. Once I heard him mutter sadly:

"Never sensed a thing—and he calls himself a perfessor!"

Toward sunset, when we were half-way up the pass, his pinto leading, he turned in the saddle.

"Might as well have it out now, if you ain't particular. We've got shut of Pedro, and it's nice and quiet up here."

So I drew up beside him and we travelled slowly upward together.

"That there Hyatt now, for instance," he commenced. "What for a man would you say he was?"

I admitted that I hadn't liked his looks, nor the way he had attached himself to our party.

"Caught up with him, didn't we? Sure we did." Hank grunted. "Only I'd seen him before that, 'way behind us. Don't you remember how I had your spy-glasses out, looking for sheep? Yes, I'd seen him the afternoon before, 'way back by the ford on Whetstone Creek. He was hustling some, I'm telling you; working up and down the creek, looking for our trail. And next day we caught up with him, all right and proper, natural as life!" Hank smiled at me. "Some climbing—to work round in front of us like that, there in the canyons! And what for did he do it, I ask you?"

I could only shake my head.

"Then, first off, he baptized himself with this 'ere Hyatt-name. I didn't say nothing. It was a nice enough name and nobody else was wanting to use it. But shucks!" Hank tugged at his great mustache.

"He was pretty friendly, too, he was," he continued. "Told us about everything and his aunt's relations. Real confiding. And wasn't he terrible interested in us boys, though, specially in them two cow-punchers and me—our names, and where we come from! Maybe you noticed: we three was about of a height, same color, same gen'l style. Made this Hyatt-man kind of thoughtful, that did; set him on edge, you may say. He put in a good deal of time studying the three of us, specially when he thought nobody was watching him. . . . Didn't see none of it, I suppose?" he questioned, shifting in the saddle.

"Now that you speak of it—" I began; but he went on without pause.

"So there he was, looking things over. And what was he doing it for? says you. What had he pushed clear over into the Limping Injun country for, right in the hot weather? says you. Why, he was looking for Bud Howland."

"Howland!" I was amazed.

Hank gave a quick glance at the chaparral about us.

"There ain't no call to speak loud," he remarked with calmness. "Don't neither of us aim to get mixed up in it."

I nodded, anxious only to have him proceed. But when he spoke again it was with a change of tone, a change of glance, and without the trace of a smile.

"I didn't have to be cute, though, to catch on like that. I'd seen the cuss once, at a rodeo in San Blas; a man pointed him out to me acrost the ring. Name was Belden, deputy sheriff; chuck-walla kind of man, a lizard. And I'd heard—one of the boys was telling me—that Belden was out looking for Bud Howland." He nodded, now genial as ever. "So there you are. I'd suspicioned him on several counts—and knowed all about him, anyway. Makes you think of the way Billy Memphis knowed that old man Vogel wouldn't drive off and leave him, time he wanted to stop off at the store. 'I know you won't whip up and leave me to hoof it all them miles. I trust you,' he says. 'And, besides, I've just took the lynch-pin out of your wagon!'"

I laughed, but not too loudly. I found myself, for some reason, very anxious not to set in motion the echoes of the pass.

"Made it sort of onconvenient," Hank resumed, "three of us looking so much alike. So what does he do, the second night, but get out his little newspaper.

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Wanted you to read it out loud, didn't he, because the rest of us hadn't much schooling? Well, I guess! And that paper—I could see the heading all the time—told about how Twisty Simmons was killed and they was looking all through the desert for Bud Howland—everything. Belden was aiming to watch our faces while you was reading. But you missed fire on him, darned if you didn't! Read most everything else in the paper, but not that piece. You ought to have seen him look you over later along!"

I hadn't noticed it.

"He wasn't loving you much," Hank murmured with enjoyment. "He wasn't quite clear why you done it, either. And say, far as that goes, you had me guessing too. I was wondering—" He checked himself, glancing sideways at me. "Anyhow, a little after that, you notice, I opens up the paper and reads the little piece myself—out good and loud, so's to give him his fair chance. That took his mind off me to some extent, though he wasn't full satisfied yet, of course.

"Well, says you, what other cards did this 'ere coyote have? Why, that little trick about the shooting-match. Howland, he can shoot some; maybe you've heard that." I nodded. "So Belden starts for to brag. Claims he can outshoot any man west of the Missoury with a rifle; and when it comes to a little gun—oh, my! He reckoned that Bud Howland, whichever one of us was him, couldn't stand for that line of talk. He'd have to set in to the game. It wasn't no use, though; nobody chipped in, not at first. But that fellow as called himself Bob Thrall, he got stirred up after a while, and they drew us all into the muss before it was over. You remember?"

"What a jackass I was," I burst out, "not to have seen through it!"

"You was thinking about your rocks, I guess," Hank rejoined tolerantly, getting out his pipe.

"Go on!" I urged, forgetting to keep my voice down.

"No call to yell," he cautioned. "We ain't so far apart." He surveyed the chaparral and the dimpled hillsides with some thoroughness, then took up the reins and went on with the tale.

"So we put out some deer-meat and waited for the coyotes. And next morning we tried it out: one hundred yards, standing shot at the heart, and the coyotes running. We picked out our animiles, you give the yell, and when they was fair travelling we all fired to onct. Mine was the middle one: I lamed it. Belden got his in the back-bone. And that Thrall man, he missed."

"That didn't help much, did it?" I observed.

"Belden thought it did," said Hank, with a wider smile than usual. "The way he figgered, Howland—if he was there—would either make a centre shot or a clean miss, according to whether he'd tumbled to what was going on or not. Now, I was out of it: just a fair hit, not good or bad. That put it up to Thrall. See?"

I nodded. That was plain enough.

"But Belden wasn't quite satisfied, though he stuck to Thrall from then on like mountain-fever. So he got up that trick about the canteen." Hank smote the saddle-horn. "Darned if it wasn't cute, that little scheme. I almost liked him for it! Come down the cliff leaving his canteen hung on a piñon-tree 'way up to the top. Just breaking camp, we was; no time to go round, and too steep to climb straight up. Got to shoot her down, says Belden; got to cut that there limb, he says. But he dassent try it himself, not hardly—not if there's any one can shoot better'n he can. Might plug the canteen instead of the limb, and then where'd he be for water the rest of the trip? Darned fancy scheme, when you get down to it!"

Hank turned about, an impressive forefinger in the air.

"And wasn't it pretty? Thrall up and shoots off the limb comfortable as you please! Belden gives a kind of sigh, mops his face—and that's all there was to that!"

"But he didn't—" I could hardly sit my horse for amazement. "But why didn't Belden do anything, then; arrest the man?"

"Wrong side of the State line," he explained patiently. "Had to get his man up beyond Seven Palms. And, besides, he knew by the way Thrall shot that he wasn't suspecting anything; and it was a good sight easier to travel back with him free like that than to lug him through forty miles of chaparral, with a lot of strangers to interfere."

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"Of course," I muttered.

"So there you are"—and Hank Lane closed the story with a wide fling of the hand. He looked searchingly ahead, rising in the stirrups. "Good place to camp just over the ridge, if you ain't particular."

I nodded assent, though I had one more question.

"Is Thrall the man he's after? Is he Bud Howland?"

"Not any," said Hank with disgust. "That Thrall, he sticks out his chin and squints sideways at you like a regular devil, but that's as far as he goes. They'll give him a night's lodging at San Blas, and then pay his fare home again. He ain't nobody special."

"That's what I thought," I rejoined as our horses carefully worked their way toward a cluster of pines. "Thrall isn't man enough to pass for Howland, if what the papers say is true."

Hank eyed me for a moment without speaking; eyed me up and down quite thoroughly, though it was too dark for me to be sure of his expression. He dismounted, however, without making any further remark.

We camped that night in the shelter of great trees, with cool winds blowing and the sound of running water for company. Such bacon and coffee; such stars! Why must hours like those so rarely come, so quickly pass? All that was good in me—that had been shrivelled by the sun and overlaid by the dust of the desert—came pulsing to my heart, came warm to my lips.

"Hank," I said, and reached over to touch him. "Hank, I wish we didn't have to part."

He stirred.

"I've been thinking the same for quite a while back," he said. "I guyed you some at first, though; you've got funny ways—kind of funny." He laid his hand on my knee and we sat there quietly for a time. Then, abruptly, he asked:

"How did you come to dodge that piece in the paper about Howland and Twisty Simmons?"

"I don't know," was my answer. "Guess I'd heard enough about it."

"Struck you kind of onpleasant, maybe."

"That's it." I sat up. "They tell me, Hank, that Twisty Simmons was the kind of man that ought to have been killed, anyway, on general principles. A bully or a sneak—whichever promised the best returns—and crooked as a ram's horn; that's the reputation he had. But Howland, he was a real man, hard-working and peaceable. No one has a word to say against him. He shot Simmons, they tell me, for jumping his claim, or something like that."

"It was this way, I understand," said Hank slowly. "Simmons was aiming to sell his little claim up by Mile-and-a-Half to old Miss Parrish. She sent a man up to look it over. Well, Simmons he packed gold-dust into his tobacco, and kept a-rolling cigareets and flicking the ashes into the pan while the man was washing up the samples. So they got color every time, no matter where they washed. And old Miss Parrish, she bought Twisty out—took all the money she had." Hank drew a long breath. "She's awful homely, Miss Parrish is, but— Well, Howland, you see, he punched cattle a good many years for her father, in the old days.

"Twisty got drunk," he continued after a pause, "and bragged about what he'd done. Then Miss Parrish heard about it and sent word up in the mountains that Bud was to come down and get her money back for her. So he done it. He's like you said, a peaceable man; but he knowed Twisty Simmons, and so he brought his gun along."

Suddenly Hank rose to his feet and fell to pacing up and down.

"Don't you think for a minute that Howland would act any different if he had to do it over. Twisty wouldn't come through—just wouldn't. Flung a knife, he did, like a half-breed. Then Howland— Well, they mixed up; and afterward Howland took the money, what was left of it, over to Miss Parrish. Since then he's herded with the coyotes—everybody out after him."

"Simmons was a fool, then, besides all the rest!" I cried. "Why, they say Bud Howland is a wonder with any kind of gun. A sure shot!"

"They say so," muttered Hank, sitting down once more.

"If Howland had been with us he'd have shot down that canteen with a revolver, like as not!" I felt a kind of ex-

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citement as I saw more and more clearly how near I had come to having a part in living drama.

"He could have done it with a revolver, easy," said Hank, looking up at the stars.

"And if he had been there to shoot at the coyote, he would have dropped it in its tracks; he would have blown the heart out of it!"

"Not much he wouldn't!" Hank protested, rising upon his elbow. "He would have—he would have——"

He lay down again.

"What would he have done?" I persisted, eager to thrash out the topic.

No answer.

Suddenly my breath left me. Things whirled. I could only sit there in the half-light, gaping, one hand outstretched in a gesture that would never be finished.

"I know what Bud Howland would have done," I said at length, trying to control my voice.

"What would he have done?" I could hardly hear him.

"He would have made only a fair shot, not good or bad, just as you did." I waited. "Wouldn't he?"

There was a long silence; then—

"It's been kind of lonesome for me lately," he muttered, "till I met up with you."

I leaned toward him.

"What are you reaching out for, perfessor?"

"For your hand, Bud Howland," I cried. "For your hand!"

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# MR. BOYLE

## By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY ALONZO KIMBALL

IN a big room in the basement of a big building a handful of grave-faced lads worked. They worked with a vigor, an intensity, a whole-heartedness which, summed up and stood on end and rammed into a cannon or converted into water-power or concentrated on the White House, would have driven a South American revolution or run large factories or handled the nation tidily for a month. There was no lack of earnestness or responsibility in the office of the *Law Record* on this night or on any night.

No more was there lack of brains. These were the picked men of the law school of a great university, the board of editors of a review whose large reputation it was theirs to guard and to enlarge. They guarded it and tried to enlarge it every night of their young lives, till about one of the morning, with all their might and main. An informed observer looking into the pleasant, spacious office at such a time would have been seized, likely, with a prophetic interest in the faces bent, in the light of electric "rubbernecks," over ponderous volumes, over sheets upon sheets of big, thin paper. That sallow lad with the square jaw and the burning, dark eyes, around whose swivel chair were piled up calfskin tomes—was one regarding a future chief justice of the Supreme Court, inspecting his rather unattractive countenance? The boy with the thin, carved features and sandy hair and historic name—would he come to be as celebrated, perhaps, as his grandfather? And the roly-poly youth, beaming and dimpling even as he dived into "Wigmore on Evidence"—was Fate keeping the dignity of a judge's gown in reserve for his easy curves?

The observer of hypothesis would have reflected that all of these had proved themselves, as far as twenty-three years may be proved, to have brains and character, before they reached this holy of holies of the *Record* office, the most envied honor of the course. All of them had surrendered eagerly society and diverse

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diversions to slave at this job for the spare time of their days and for half of their nights. Only fresh strength in its prime could stand the strain on top of the necessary law-school work, and to stand it even thus one must cut out sternly dinners and dances and the pleasure of one's kind.

Such a company it was who sat working, scattered at desks about the large room, absorbed, responsible, yet each alive boy under it all, at twelve-thirty of a night in May. The room was quiet. A storm of wind and rain and thunder had raged earlier and died down and left the earth steeped in a sullen hush. The boys bent each over his desk, rustled papers, at intervals dropped law-books or turned leaves; a hum of low voices arose from a corner where one editor read proof to another. Except for such small sounds, there was no sound at all. Into this midnight monotone came then an interruption which made the busy workers stir and lift their heads as one man. It was the shuffling of feet down the tiled floor of the dark corridor outside the office—feet shuffling not listlessly, but as of mirth intent, in the rhythm of a jig. The older editors smiled and went on with their work; the new board, beginning work today, peered.

"What the dickens?" asked Cass Emory.

And with that there was another sound, a man's voice singing in an undertone, tentative yet clear enough for every word to be understood, as the sliding, dancing feet progressed down the hall.

> "Two little maids in blue!
> O-oh—two little maids in blue!
> Two little, two little, two little maids!
> O-o-oh! two little maids in blue!"

The brogue rolled like an anthem; one listened for every syllable. As one looked through the open door a lantern, coincident with voice and shuffling, cast fantastic lights in unreasonable leaps up and down the wall. The old board, seven of them, were grinning at the astonishment of the new men. This apparition was not unknown to the elder lords of the *Law Record*.

"It's Mr. Boyle, the night-watchman," Holloway Byrd, editor in chief, explained to whom it might concern.

The apparition was present. He stood in the doorway, a robust Irishman of fifty, fresh-colored, blue-eyed, grizzled and curly of hair, bursting with good-will to men.

"Good evenin', me distinguished fri'nds," he greeted the roomful in deep, sweet tones. And immediately there was a yell in chorus which proved these wise young Daniels to be, as stated above, alive boys.

"Good evening, Mr. Boyle," they shouted, slamming down law-books, shoving away papers, glad, like boys, of an interruption in the grind. The new men joined in the diapason—"Good evening, Mr. Boyle."

Mr. Boyle beamed. "An' how are th' young shtatesmen to-noight?" he inquired cordially, and at once was scrutinizing heavy law-books on the desk nearest. He selected one, the largest in size, and, opening it reverently, gazed into its depths. "Th' law is a fear-rful shtudy. Th' law is an exthry-ardin'ry shtudy," said Mr. Boyle. "An' don't yez iver git toird of shtudyin' th' law?"

"You bet your life we do," responded Bob Esterbrook with a mighty yawn and a stretching of arms. "I'm dead tired now. Seems about three-thirty. I think that clock's stopped, Mr. Boyle. Why don't you keep your clocks going?"

"Me distinguished fri'nd," answered Mr. Boyle with dignity, "'tis twelve years Oi've wor-rked in me prisint profishin, an' in all thim years not wan clock of the for-rty-sivin in the b'ildin's in me charge is oncest shtopped. Thot's what."

"I was joking, Mr. Boyle," explained Esterbrook hurriedly and went on: "We have some new friends on the board to-night, you see. Allow me to present them." With a hand on the shoulder of Cass Emory, small and round and rosy, "This is Mr. Abraham Lincoln, Jr.," he stated.

"Is thot so?" Mr. Boyle answered with courtesy, with readiness. "Shure an' I see th' family loikeness, sor-r."

"And that gentleman is Mr. Theodore Roosevelt," Esterbrook continued. "The tall, handsome one is Prince Oon Kakon, of Greece."

Mr. Boyle was not abashed. He looked the strangers in the eye with friendliness.

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"'Tis foine names yez have," he answered politely, and finished unexpectedly with: "But fer all thot yez are no better thin any other min." And a vague question which had more than once suggested itself to the board of the *Law Record* rose in their minds again—were they "kidding" Mr. Boyle or was he "kidding" them? They were never quite sure.

However, he was returning now to his law-book, and they dropped back one after another to desks and work. He stood in the centre of the room, a humble figure, yet quite assured, quite dignified in his simplicity, and read aloud to himself in an undertone. "Um-um-umity-um-um"—it was a manner of humming and buzzing in the rich voice with now and then a word distinct. It did not annoy anybody in that room; Mr. Boyle was the child of the *Law Record* and this was one of his games. Suddenly the book was laid—bang—on the nearest desk.

"'Tis not so," announced Mr. Boyle.

"What's up?" asked Alan Huntington.

"Th' book says," answered Mr. Boyle, "thot mon and woife is wan per-rson."

"That's so in law," announced Huntington. Huntington loved argument like cake. "The law says they are one person. And you know, *lex non curat de minimis*," he added with solemnity.

Mr. Boyle was staggered. "Th' law is a fear-rful shtudy; th' law is an exthry-ardin'ry shtudy," he muttered, and returned to the charge. "But mon and woife is two per-rsons; if th' law says they're not"—he brought down his fist on Huntington's desk—"thin, dom ut, th' law's unconstitooshional."

The echoes of the *Record* office waked then to attend to such shouts and squeals and howls and thumps of joy as even they had seldom experienced. Dick Battle, book-review editor, caught the editor in chief by the waist, and a dance flowed across the open spaces which the Castles could not duplicate. Mr. Boyle regarded the two intently as they whirled and waved long legs; he regarded Dick as, after Byrd shook loose, he went on a moment with a *pas seul*. Dick Battle had been described by a young woman of his own Georgia city as "Phœbus Apollo with his eyes strictly on the horses." He was six feet two, and the glory and dream of a divinity were in his eyes even when they regarded beefsteak. Also he carried, apparently, the responsibility of him who "drives the horses of the sun." Discouragingly impersonal to admiring young women he was. Yet human, the present *pas seul* showed him to be human.

"A foine young mon," pronounced Mr. Boyle, "a very foine young mon, but—" He tapped his head pityingly.

Which once more raised the roof. Mr. Boyle was making hits to-night. Dick threw his big shout of laughter into the chorus at his own expense with joyful whole-heartedness.

Then, "What about your history, Mr. Boyle?" he demanded, harking back in self-defense; "don't you find that you and your wife are one person?"

A sheepish grin dawned over the expanse of the Irishman's face and he shook his head slowly. "No, *sor-r*," said Mr. Boyle, and there was a quality in the two syllables which once more set laughter ringing.

"Does she bullyrag you? Tell us about it?" suggested Dick, glad to distract attention from his own late conspicuousness.

"Tell it short," Holloway Byrd added, glancing at his pile of papers. "We ought to get to work."

"'Tis a foine old gyurl, me woife," stated Mr. Boyle; and then, impersonally, shaking a solemn finger at the group listening to him, watching him; shaking the knotty finger slowly, pausing to prepare an atmosphere for his climax, he bent to them and hissed in a thrilling whisper: "Th' old gyurl's a soofragette."

"Good for her," Holloway Byrd responded, but the board was divided.

"Too bad, old man," and "Don't you stand for it, Mr. Boyle," some of them said, and Dick Battle, the late joyful dancer, stood with hands in his pockets, frowning.

"Ther-r's wor-rse," the Irishman went on, and the irresistible smile of him had them all smiling, even Battle, the Georgian. "Oi'm a soofragette meself," announced Mr. Boyle.

A running fire of laughter and cheers burst at that. "Oh, come now," Huntington adjured him. "You don't really believe in that stuff? Why, women

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haven't the brains to vote, have they, now?"

"Yez know Timmy Slaggin, what sells shoe-shtrings?" Huntington admitted that he knew Timmy. "Him wid th' rid nose? He's dhrunk whin things go well—he's wake in the upper shtory whin he ain't dhrunk. You know him?"

"Yes, I know him," said Huntington. "What about him?" And the others listened, expecting an anecdote of Timmy. "What about him?" Huntington asked.

"He votes," said Mr. Boyle.

There was a moment's silence as the simple argument sank in. Then Dick Battle spoke. "It's not that the women aren't good enough," he shot out in the impulsive manner that was characteristic and winning. "It's that they're too good. We don't want them messing in the mud of politics. It's bromide, but woman's sphere *is* home—by George, it is! Isn't it, Mr. Boyle?" He put it to the root of the argument.

Mr. Boyle scratched his curly head. "Be jabers, they're foine on th' home job," he acknowledged. "Oi've an idee they'd shtick to their homes and families aven if they got th' vote," he added, and hesitated, and the group of clever lads waited, attentive. "Th' law is an exthryardin'ry shtudy," Mr. Boyle went on. "An' doos th' law provide thot all wimmin widout homes can git thim by applyin' to the anti-soofragette association?" he demanded.

"You antis go back to work," Holloway Byrd advised. "You're getting the worst of it. And we had all better pitch in now," he spoke. One after another the boys dropped into the swinging seats before their desks and bent their heads over books and papers, and Dick Battle, looking up as he faced the open door, saw the light and shadow of a lantern spring high and low, bright and dark across the ceiling and walls of the long corridor, and heard the rich burring of Mr. Boyle's voice as he sang in an undertone till he turned the corner something cheerful and indefinite about

"'Two little maids in blue
Tra-la-la—Tra-la-la.'"

Next evening Battle left the *Record* office for an hour or two, early. As he hurried across the campus under starlight he brought up suddenly. "Me distinguished fri'nd," spoke a voice.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Boyle," smiled Dick. "Good evening."

"Good evenin', me distinguished fri'nd," answered Mr. Boyle, and went on promptly, evidently laboring under some excitement: "Yez see thim shtars up there?" he demanded.

"I do," acknowledged Dick.

"Do yez know," stated Mr. Boyle heatedly, "they've the owdacity to tell me they kin measure the distince to thim shtars."

"No?" Dick considered. After the reflections of the night before on his mental balance he hesitated to indorse mad astronomers; with a useful platitude he hurried on.

For he wanted to get somewhere. He had managed an hour off, and he did not wish to waste any of it. Though he had not known the girl long, he faced already the fact that he would rather be with her anywhere than with any one else anywhere else. There was something about her, there was a charm, there was an intangible, thrilling interest, there was—which is always, without exception, the case. If half the race had been through the experience the other half would be forever ignorant of it, for there is no way of telling that adventure. It is likely that all adventures which involve depths of living are similarly inarticulate. Dick Battle, swinging across the campus to the dean's house, did not generalize; his inner vision was concentrated. He saw a picture of a lighted room, of books and firelight, of a girl in white—and he walked faster.

"Do you want to hear Mr. Boyle's latest?" he asked when the dream had come true and he sat there and saw her, her dress a blue of rosy white, the fair head a manner of halo against long lines of friendly volumes, while the fire crackled in an undertone and the voice which seemed to be so exactly the sweetest voice in the world tossed words at him which rippled like running water. Extraordinary how everything about this girl was the most attractive of its kind! "Do you want to hear?" Dick inquired, talking surface talk while his heart burned within him.

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She did, and he told the tale of his encounter a few minutes back and of the "owdacity" of people who thought they could measure the stars. "He was in great form last night," Dick went on. "He attacked the law as 'unconstitooshional' and announced himself a suffragette. He's a keen old bird," Dick acknowledged. "He got in one or two pretty clever hits at antisuffrage."

"That's not so hard," stated the perfect person in the white dress.

"What?" Dick was not sure he had heard aright.

"Why, of course, half my friends are antis; it's right to be an anti if you see it that way, but—the arguments are mostly on our side, aren't they?"

"Our side?" repeated Dick.

The girl went on serenely, not noticing that she scattered bombs as she went. "It's hard for the antis. They believe in their creed—at least some of them do—lots of them simply take to cover behind make-believe consciences. Either way it's not soul-stirring to have for a war-cry 'Don't let's!' Is it? No cause rouses enthusiasm that way—do you think? It's a negative suggestion, and that's psychologically weak, by the text-books. I've been reading William James and such, you see."

Dick was speechless. The years of his life, the inheritance of his forefathers, the traditions of his caste rose and formed half of a mixture which would not combine. The other half was this girl, the girl without a fault. He was Southern of the South; he had met few people in the North; his bred-in-the-bone feeling as to women had not been modified; never for a moment did he allow that such had a right to walk about on our earth, much less to climb mountains if they saw fit, instead of standing on pedestals. His mental skeleton had grown to fit an ideal; he had found the ideal, the one woman; he had learned rather promptly to worship at her feet, and behold, as he knelt before the pedestal of the goddess, the goddess hopped down and proceeded happily about the common or garden ground. The mental skeleton of the knight was wrenched. He sat dumb in his suffering. The violet eyes widened.

"Why, you didn't know I was a suffragist," she discovered. "You're—the other side—" She hesitated to call him an "anti." "You're—displeased with me?"

That gentle manner of putting it thrilled Dick. That he should be "displeased" with The Only Girl in the World! That she should state it so meekly, so adorably! Come! He had misunderstood. This was a joke. He laughed. "You gave me a beastly jolt," he said. "I thought you were in earnest. For one awful moment I believed you were—a suffragette."

"I like the other word better," the girl said gravely. "I am that—a suffragist."

Once more the world went wrong altogether. The order of things was off the track and bumped hideously; the bumps were painful. Again Dick pulled himself together. One must steer goddesses at times. It is not a woman's business to think clearly, to reason. A man must sometimes sweep away, even for a goddess, cobwebs of the mind. This time he did not laugh. "You see," he began, "I don't believe you've quite thought this thing out. To begin with, do you really, in your heart, want to vote?"

The girl considered him; there was no shrinking from his masculine judgments visible; there was no offended pride either; simply she considered him. "Why, no," she spoke at length. "I don't care about it."

"Ah!" The universe was on the track again. "I knew you weren't that sort."

"But I am," she asserted with an alluring fashion of assertion, with eyebrows lifted and a laugh in her eyes and the music voice trailing into a rising inflection as if one should say: "Didn't you know it?" It was the prettiest statement of a position in the world, and yet, Dick knew, it was firm. The everlasting hills not firmer.

"But you said you didn't want to vote."

"Why, no. I don't. Not for myself. I have everything I want—all the good things that heart can desire. But it isn't only I. It's all the women in the world. It's justice. It isn't just the vote—that's a trifling matter, in a way. But Sir Oliver Lodge says that to withhold it arbitrarily is an insult and galls out of proportion. It does. It's that, don't you see. It's why

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should one set of people set limits to another set of people. It's taking my life, my education, and freedom as a privilege, not as a common right. It's being kept in a lower class, with inevitable hardships—" The girl stopped for breath.

"Hardships!" repeated Dick. "What hardships in this country, I'd like to know?"

"Plenty." The girl caught his words. "Isn't a woman's opinion on any serious question discounted before she speaks? Isn't 'womanish' a term of reproach? Isn't a man insulted to be told his intellect or his character or his style of writing is like a woman's? Isn't a woman supposed to be flattered, on the contrary, to be told that her brain or manner of doing things is like a man's? Aren't women treated by their men, generally speaking, with affectionate contempt? Do women get equal pay for equal work in the callings where they have pegged their way into recognition—teaching, stenography, clerkships? No, they don't. You know it. Also, if any man—any voter—wants a place, other things being equal, that vote settles his preferment for it over a woman. The woman stands aside, sometimes gives up her livelihood, because a person who can vote, and who's therefore more important, wants it."

Dick was distressed. All this seemed empiric. He had seen such statements in print; he had even read them and put them down to one-sided reasoning. Doubtless, if one went into it, there were facts which more than balanced apparent injustice. Besides, this applied to working women—not to goddesses. Why should a tall girl in a white gown, with golden hair and a voice like running water—why should she care about or know sordidness? Was not every man on earth ready to stand between her and hardship? It was unfitting, it revolted him to hear this talk in those tones. Suddenly he caught the note of laughter in the tones which his soul adored. "A lecture on suffrage!" she spoke. "I never did it before, did I?"

"Never," said Dick; and then, thoughtfully: "There's a thing I'd like to say. We think a lot of the family in the South. I've grown up to consider the family a unit. Father and mother and children parts of one institution, all with different functions. The mother's affair is the most beautiful: to keep the home, the hearth fire, the heart of life to them all. The rough jobs like voting and breadwinning—those are the man's. What about that?"

The girl's eyes flashed to his. "You're nice," she said. "You don't try to pooh-pooh things—but, then, few people do nowadays. Suffrage has fought its way to serious consideration. I'll tell you what I think about the family as a unit, Mr. Battle. It isn't a unit and never can be again; also, it is so much a unit that no changes can shake its oneness. It can't be a unit again because history won't go backward. A married woman has individual interests now—charities, clubs, studies, amusements. Often they're identical with her husband's, often not. That just happens. She has opinions, too. The husband doesn't play golf to cover the amusements of the family, so why should he vote to cover the opinions of the family? The missis may agree with him about the next President or not; they should be able to differ peaceably, as they would about tennis and golf or church or the books they read. Shouldn't they?" asked the girl. "Anyhow, it's so. A woman is a person these days and not only a fender for the fire—sacred fire though it is—of course it is."

"Oh!" murmured Dick.

"And the other way around; the family is forever a unit. Do you know any woman who isn't crazy about her house and her children? If you do, isn't she a freak? Don't worry, Mr. Battle, the eternal feminine is on the planet to stay, and knowing a bit isn't going to unsettle her. It doesn't take you more than three hours a year to do your voting, does it? Well, three hours a year won't spoil the housekeeping of any family. And don't be afraid we'll talk about the legislature and stocks all the time. We'll frivol the better for a little ballast in our heads."

She tossed up a hand. "There's something else to the family-unit point—what about the thousands of old maids?" With that she threw back her fair head. "I'm ashamed," she cried, "to deliver a lecture to a helpless guest. And a Southerner, tied and bound by chivalry!"

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Thoughtfully, half an hour later, Dick Battle swung through wind and rain across the campus and in among the big buildings. He considered several things, among them his mother, that typical woman of the South, made of charm, of gentleness, of spirit. He could imagine her doing difficult things as Southern women of one more generation back did them: defending house and children with firearms, riding battle-fields with messages, putting through men's jobs on deserted plantations. But he could not imagine her voting. A vision rose of her, slender and young still, and a *grande dame* to her finger-tips——

"Vote—you, dear? Never," Dick muttered to himself as he turned into Brent Hall, to the *Record* office.

He took his place among the rest, already silent and busy in the large room, and he tried to throw off a preoccupation of two personalities which met and clashed in his upset mind, his mother and the girl. What would his mother, born and bred in a country of strong prejudices, say when she knew that he had given his heart to—a suffragist? Would she ever be reconciled? What would life be if he must give up one of the two, his mother or——?

He shook off the thought and turned to his work. And with that, down the long, still corridor outside progressed a rhythm of shuffling feet; a flash of Mr. Boyle's lantern shot a gleam ahead in the darkness and the burr of his voice, like honey and locusts, followed.

> "'Oi've seen th' weddin' an' th' wake,
> Th' patron an' th' fair,'"

sang Mr. Boyle, approaching with heavy weight dancing down the tiles, and the *Law Record* board lifted heads and smiled in unison at the advent of their nightly intermission. The mellow bass rose unhurriedly:

> "'Oi've seen th' weddin' an' th' wake,
> Th' patron an' th' fair;
> Th' shtuff they take,
> Th' fun they make,
> Th' heads they break
> Down there.
> Wid a loud haloo
> An' a whirlabaloo
> An' a thunderin' clear th' way
> Fer dear ol' Ireland, gay ol' Ireland,
> Ireland, byes, hooray.'"

The last three lines were across the threshold and the end was swamped in applause mixed with the slamming of lawbooks.

"Good evenin', me distinguished fri'nds," Mr. Boyle saluted the board as the noise quieted. "An' how are the young shtatesmen this evenin'?" Mr. Boyle's greetings were not varied.

"First class, Mr. Boyle." Holloway Byrd spoke for his team. "How are you? What sort of a night are you providing for us to go out into when we get through?"

Mr. Boyle shook his head. "'Tis not what Oi'd wish for the loikes of yez," he grieved. "'Tis sich a noight as wud make two noights if noights was scarce," he stated. "But, there now, shure we can't ordher an' disordher th' firmamint as we plazes," and a shout of joy at two *bons mots* in one breath encouraged him to further words. "An' how's th' law doin' the noight?" he inquired. "Are yez holdin' it down shtrong?"

"Otherwise. The law's got us by the neck this evening," the recent-decisions editor contributed, and the board agreed.

"Shure 'tis a feerful shtudy th' law —'tis an exthry-ardin'ry shtudy," Mr. Boyle proffered with sympathy if not originality. "An' have yez rid all thim books this evenin'?" he inquired, gazing at perhaps thirty fat blond tomes littering the place. "An' now"—he picked up a calf volume, "Cook on Corporations"—"does this be th' law— 'Blanks and Late — Late — um-m — Ambi — ambibigar-rters,'" read Mr. Boyle sonorously. "A dockymint—yis, sor-r. Thot's thrue. A dockymint. Oi've seen thim—dockymints!—may be void f'r intrins-sick indefin-um-m-m—of ter-rms—ter-rums" —landing hard on an easy word—"or-r it may be, though defineite, impossible—impossible, take notice, yez—t' enforce exthra-tin-sickly — eh? — because there ar-re no objects existing upon which its ter-rms may operate? T—tt," grieved Mr. Boyle.

The boys waited, hoping for a comment.

"There, there," spoke Mr. Boyle soothingly as if to quiet the bad temper of "Cook on Corporations." "'Tis a pity, onnyhow, 'tis fearful, th' law. An' to

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think 'tis thot sort yez have to be makin' your livin' out of, glory be to God," Mr. Boyle concluded reverently. Whether the reverence accrued to deity or the law did not appear. "An' the fakes yez do have to be supportin'!" he went on reflectively. "Poor byes! To be trainin' in a coorse of false shtatemints."

"Now, what's this attack for?" Alan Huntington demanded. "Law is to uphold light and truth, not falsehood; don't you know that? And, '*Lex non curat de minimis*,' anyhow," he flung out magnificently.

Mr. Boyle clucked. "Whisht! 'Tis a pity to shpake black curses to wan thot wishes yez well. An' a foine young man like yez. I mishdoubt 'tis not thrue, onnyhow," he decided with his twinkling smile.

"Not true—'*Lex non curat*'? It's the truest thing in history. '*Lex non curat unum damnum*' is even truer. What's stricken your confidence in the majesty of the law to-night, Mr. Boyle?"

"Me confidence, is ut? Well, thin, 'tis a thing, and Oi've been considerin' ut. 'Tis what I was afther readin' last noight in wan of thim books itself—thot man an' woife is wan per-rson. Domn! 'Tis not th' fact," and Mr. Boyle's powerful fist came whack on "Thomas on Negligence," lying on Alan Huntington's desk.

"Oh, that riled you, didn't it?" spoke Huntington. "But you don't really believe in women's rights and hysterics at the polls and ladies in the legislature, do you?"

Mr. Boyle bent earnestly toward the young man and shook a threatening finger. "What's thot—th' legislachure?" he demanded.

"The legislature?" Huntington was startled by the sudden conundrum. But he was quick-witted and his answer was prompt. "The legislature is a representative body elected by the people of the State."

"An' be th' wimmin people?" came back.

Huntington smiled a sarcastic smile which narrowed his black, brilliant eyes and made his slightly hard young mouth look older. "Well, no. In law, criminals, lunatics, and women are not people," he admitted, and watched the janitor's intense face.

"Uh!" Mr. Boyle considered, laboring with his untaught brain against these young princes of intellect. And then: "Thim legislachures, do they be legislatin' for pure love of their fellow min?"

"No, no." Everybody was listening to the dialogue, wondering what Mr. Boyle was getting at. "No," said young Huntington. "They're paid salaries, of course?"

"An' by whom?"

"Why, by the people." Huntington was bored—one wasted time talking to this old duffer too long.

"An' be the wimmin people, thin?" brought out Mr. Boyle, and shook a big finger triumphantly. "'Tis no need to ask, whin there's payin' or wor-rk to do. Wimmin are the people for thim things. 'Tis the droll wurrold," commented Mr. Boyle, and the board vigorously upheld the victory of the pickaxe against the forty-two-centimetre gun.

"He's got you, Huntington, he's got you fair," Cass Emory shouted. Flushed with success, Mr. Boyle went on.

"'Tis droll, argifyin'. Oi've heard two ways about ut, an' Oi've read two ways about ut on more than siveral p'ints, an', however you go at ut, 'tis proved thot wimmin won't do. 'Tis said they're too foine an' honor-rable to be p'luted wid th' votin'; 'tis also said they've no sinse of honor whativer and couldn't be thrusted wid a vote. 'Tis said they'd all vote whot way their min voted; 'tis also said they'd vote against their min an' make roits into families; 'tis said they'd not take any intris' in votin'; 'tis fear-red thot all th' day long they'd be votin' and votin' an' interruptin' their homes. Niver in me loife have I hear-rd so many reasons on so many sides of a thrubble, an' all ag'inst it. Yez can't be sint to jail f'r ut—'tis no crime exactly, bein' a woman, but 'tis a dishgrace," finished Mr. Boyle, and flashed a blue glance over the roomful of lads and plunged it like a sword into the black look of Alan Huntington.

"Bless your soul, Mr. Boyle," Byrd, editor in chief, spoke, "they'd have you on the stump at a large salary if they heard you talk down at the Woman's National Suffrage Headquarters. What's

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set you on the trail so hot-footed? It's as if you had personal reasons for seeing the cause through."

Mr. Boyle's face of sunshine set into grimness. "'Tis reason Oi have, and 'tis personal reason, sor-r. An' Oi'm hopin' t' see th' cause through, as yez said. Shure Oi am 'twill be in your day an' moine. An' whot Michael Boyle is able t' do t' help—'twill be done."

There was stillness a moment in the big room; one felt the power of a personality in earnest. Then Huntington the scoffer spoke casually.

"I suppose you're going to march in the parade Saturday?" he asked, smiling.

Mr. Boyle did not smile. "Oi am," he answered seriously. "An' me woife. An'—an' maybe—me gyur-rl." He was aware suddenly that the note was pitched in a minor key; instantly he was restless; instantly his Irish tact shifted the tone. "'Tis a ralief t' me," he stated cheerfully, "thot yez niver gits toird shtudyin' th' law. F'r shure," said Mr. Boyle, "there's a lot of ut to shtudy, an' 'tis a fear-rful shtudy—an' exthry-ardin'ry shtudy—an' I must now be windin' me clocks." With a shuffle of light feet he broke into music.

"'Oi've seen th' weddin' and th' wake,
Th' patron an' th' fair,'"

sang Mr. Boyle, and passed out singing it; far down the corridor, as he turned a corner, they heard him change merrily to the perfect inconsequence of

"'Two little maids in blue
Tra-la-la—Tra-la-la!'"

And the *Law Record* board lifted up its heart to a rarefied atmosphere of pure reason through a stratum of atmosphere left clear and pleasant by Mr. Boyle's amiable exit.

All but Richard Battle. Do what he would, he could not sustain himself on accustomed heights. He could not shake off a sense that incompatible facts were his affair to adjust. The girl whom he had loved that first day only a month ago, whom he had loved more, with all that was in him, including his judgment, each time he had seen her since that day; the girl who seemed to him everything which he had dreamed of a girl one day being; the girl whom he had thought, with a deep-going joy, was the sort whom his mother would love, too—this girl was one fact. The other fact which he tried to adjust with her and could not was that she was a suffragist. A suffragette he had called it, because that word carries a man's contempt better than the simpler one. A suffragette! He knew his mother's prejudices. He knew the sentiment in the old Southern city. He knew his own dislike of the sort of woman that word had always described to him. Yet he was a lawyer. What was that which Alan had said a few minutes back: "The law is made to uphold light and truth." If he were mistaken, if this cause which was flooding the country should be carrying those things, light and truth? What then? How might he honestly stand on a foundation of prejudice if that ocean—light and truth—swept over him? But was it truth and light—the cause? He had not found answers ready to the rushing sentences of the girl that evening; but he was not convinced; he could not yet believe that women—most women—objected to being held in tutelage, kindly tutelage. Was it true that to vote—three or four times a year, as the girl had said—would not automatically change the gracious womenfolk whom he loved into strange masculine monsters? Had the time arrived in civilization when a woman who was a graduate of a serious university course, like the girl, should be considered as competent to know about governments as a stable-boy?

Playing havoc with the rule against perpetuities, these upheaving questions split in varying cleavages through the virgin soil of Richard Battle's mind. Virgin soil, for never before had that mind given an inch of room to anything but whole-souled repugnance toward the entire business. And forever the image of his mother, of her surprise, her high-bred amazement at his doubts, came like a refrain. Whatever might happen, there was that finished personality, eternally on the side of conservatism, to be reckoned with. Yet one might not be dishonest. If this thing was so, if by some unbelievable logic this creed which revolted him meant justice, might one resist? Must not one follow justice if the skies fell? Could one, possibly, help to do

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wrong as the girl had said wrong was done toward women working against odds, working for lower pay than men for equal work with men? Could that be so? The thought hurt the chivalrous boy like a toothache.

"I've got to stop. I'll get in an extra hour to-morrow," he confided to Holloway Byrd, and took his hat and swung out.

He veered to a room lying beyond the corridor on his way. It was dark; something stirred. Dick had an electric flashlight. Mr. Boyle. Mr. Boyle, in one of the row of chairs set against the wall, drooped in lax lines, lifting a face of dreary hopelessness to the sudden glare.

"You!" Dick spoke. And the Irishman made an instant effort to be as he was expected to be.

"Shure an' 'tis me distinguished fri'nd. Av coorse," he stated. "'Tis airly yez be leavin'. Oi wasn't expictin' yez. Maybe Oi was dhrappin' aff to shlape a wink whilst I was waitin' to shut oop th' place after yez."

"I'm going early, yes," Dick agreed. He looked at the man's face in the concentrated little circle of light. As he looked a tear rolled off Mr. Boyle's cheek and dropped into darkness. "Good Lord!" Dick said. Then: "Mr. Boyle—you're in trouble. Can I do anything?"

The Irishman's upper lip, stiff and dark with many years' shaving, twisted in vain effort at control; a throb of sympathy caught the boy. Poor old chap! Poor old Mr. Boyle! So full of deviltry five minutes back for their benefit, and all the time some wolf gnawing! He dropped into a chair and put his hand on a heaving shoulder.

"Mr. Boyle! I'm sorry. I am, for a fact. Can't I do something? You're a mighty good friend of all of us. If it's anything I can tackle I'll see it through with a whoop. I don't want to—butt in, but do let a fellow help."

Mr. Boyle slewed about an elderly, lined face marked with tears. "'Tis not pickled Oi am," he explained. And then: "'Tis none of me business wor-ritin' th' yoong shtatesman," he brought out brokenly, and tried to pull himself together. But the touch of the lad's hand had perhaps been too much for his self-control. He dropped his grizzled head into his hands and gulped sobs which mastered him.

The boy patted his shoulder and spoke futile words: "There, old chap," and "We'll fix 'em—don't you worry," and "It'll come all right."

The man got his voice, an uncertain voice but yet speech. "Oi beg y'r pardon, sor-r. 'Tis mortal shamed Oi am—but yez come on me suddin loike." A heavy sob shook him. "'Tis me gyur-rl," spoke Mr. Boyle waveringly, and gazed at Dick through bleared eyes.

"Your girl? Your daughter?" inquired Dick.

"Uh-huh!" Mr. Boyle nodded. "Just. 'Tis her thot was th' pride av us and the shmart wan av us all, an' 'tis a good eddication f'r common people we do be givin' her, an' her so quick at her books an' wor-rkin' hard an' doin' well. 'Twas th' bright face av her in th' house an' her singin' and crackin' jokes th' minit she'd be home from wor-rk that was joy t' her mother and me. An' now—" The voice broke again.

"Did—did something happen to her?" stammered Dick, afraid to ask.

Mr. Boyle jerked straight and his face was angry as the little cold light flashed across it. "Thim divils bounced her," he announced sternly.

Dick was bewildered. "Bounced her?" he repeated.

"She was head shtenographer to the dishtrict attorney's office," explained Mr. Boyle. "She'd wor-rked oop t' ut in three years, an' thot's quick. An' they'd promised her a big raise t' her sal'ry, thot good at takin' ut down she was. An' along cum a mon—wan o' these here voters," Mr. Boyle explained in detail with scorn, "an' he tuk a shoine to me gyur-rl's job, an' th' dishtrict attorney, he was comin' oop f'r eliction ag'in, an' th' feller was a politician and conthrolled the war-rd, an' so he giv me gyur-rl th' go-by jist loike thot. All her wor-rk for three years gonn f'r nothin'. All her c'reer thot she did be hopin' f'r—gonn," stated Mr. Boyle in a voice of tragedy.

"It was a beastly shame. But she'll get another job just as good, of course." Dick was conscious of a hotness as he said it.

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"'Tis not all," went on Mr. Boyle. "Th' gyur-rl's health was dishtroyed. 'Twas down sick in bed she was f'r wakes, and whilst she was so she lost a chanst av two jobs, an' thot smashed her entoirly. So she tuk th' brownchitis of a bad wet day goin' afther wor-rk, an' 'tis gonn t' her lungs, an' we don't know now if we'll save her at all at all."

Dick, silent, thought rapidly. He put his arm about the man's shoulder as the shaking sentences ended. "Mr. Boyle," he said then, "I see now why you're strong for woman's suffrage, and I don't wonder a bit. But, look here, you keep up your courage; we'll save your girl. I've thought of somebody who—who'll know how. What she needs is hope, I reckon. And—there's somebody I know who—who could put hope into a boiled fish," Dick finished eloquently. "Will you brace up till I can see about it?" he adjured.

And Mr. Boyle, the flash being turned on his tear-stained face, was seen to be smiling tremulously. "I will. 'Tis a good young shtatesman yez are," said Mr. Boyle. "Ye've put hope into me. Good night, sor-r."

Under the doorway of Dick's room lay a letter—his mother's writing. He switched on the lamp on his big oak table and sat down under the green-shaded light to read it.

"My laddie," the letter began, "I have a confession to make which I'm nervous about. You're going to be horribly shocked. Please put down this letter, and walk twice around your big oak table, and think of all the bad things I could possibly do and resign yourself to the worst, and then—have you done it?"

Dick got up, smiling, and marched twice around the table. He dropped into the chair, curious but amused; he read on:

"Dick—I've turned suffragist. SUFFRAGIST! ME. Your conventional, conservative, not so high-brow, not so badly dressed closest relation. I'm afraid of what my clever lad may say, but, Dicky—you can't shake me, whatever you say, for I came to it sorely against my will and, as you know, against my traditions, and I believe in it because I can't help it. I can't see any way around it if I wish to be sincere. I'm not intelligent, like you, boy, and I had only the education which was thought good enough for girls, but Mrs. Elliott Dane has been talking to me, and she's clever. You know she is a clever person. I think that she convinced me by her simplest argument. She said artificial and arbitrary disqualifications were to be distrusted and that a woman's disqualifications were that sort—that no one knows if she's fitted for the franchise or not—simply, men have decided it. That's all. She said every living creature should have an equal chance, a fair share in education, an open entrance to professions, an opportunity for service. The vote, Mrs. Dane says, is a trivial point, but that one class of people should be able to say whether another class shall have it and shall say no is a gratuitous insult; it galls out of proportion to its importance."

"Ah!" Dick spoke aloud. The girl's very words; Mrs. Dane had also been reading Sir Oliver Lodge.

"There are miles of argument, Dicky, but I won't make you read my rehash. When you come home you can talk to Mrs. Dane—and you will like to. You remember how pretty she is? She has been in Paris and wears clothes to make one's mouth water. To see her in her big car with her four radiant boys and her beaming husband—that is rather a suffrage argument in itself. Well, I'm terrified at the thought of your displeasure—terrified but firm. Yes, in my shaking way, absolutely firm. But, Dicky, I hate to think of our disagreeing. Couldn't you look into it and see if you can't consistently be a suffragist, too? I would cry with joy if you could. Emily Bristed's boy told me the other day that if women got the ballot he would never again give his seat in the street-car to a woman. And I said: 'Maybe not, Tommy, but your son will.'

"In any case, I shall be sitting on the front door-step waiting for the postman till I hear from you, so write me a quick letter."

A telephone message in the morning made an engagement for the afternoon with the Only Girl in the World.

"It's a shame to bother you," Dick said when the miracle of being in her

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presence had once more occurred. "But poor old Mr. Boyle—you know Mr. Boyle?"

Certainly she did, the dean's daughter. "He's a dear, and as good as a play," she stated further.

Dick set forth the situation. The violet eyes were misty when he had done.

"I've seen his gyur-rl," she said, "and she's all that he says, winning like her father, and capable, and a pretty thing besides. I think there's a young man in the story," the girl ruminated. "I can't quite remember, but—I think he got hurt and is slowly getting well, and she's working and saving so that they may be married in time. I think that's it, but, however, anyhow," the soft, alive tones went on, "we must look after Mr. Boyle's gyur-rl. Of course. Why, he's the best employee in the college—father said so. Everybody likes him. Why didn't he come to father? There's a place—yes—I know. That's the thing. The secretary of the dean of the School of Mines is going to New York to live—that's the very thing." The girl was on her feet with excitement. "I'll see father in an hour—I'll make him put it through. Call me up—let's see—at eight to-night. I'll know then, and you can tell Mr. Boyle this evening. I'll go and see the girl to-day—now. She won't have brownchitis when I've talked to her. For, as you said, it's just hope she needs."

Dick, radiant, nodded. "I knew you'd be wonderful," and he held out his hand. "I've got to rush to the office and work now," he said. "I sidestepped last night." He stood stock-still and held the little hand. "I must go." He held her hand. Then, a bit nervously, snatching at words to break that heavy-laden pause: "You know—my mother has turned suffragist. And I'm wavering. I'm wondering—" He stopped.

"What?" the girl gasped. "Not you? You Southerner; you mediævalist?"

"Well," the boy deliberated, "I've been shaken up in about three ways. I'm on the fence. Almost I'm persuaded——"

She interrupted: "You mustn't until you are persuaded quite, not almost. There's one real argument against us, you know—expediency. Be sure what you think about that. Suffrage will let in a lot of votes, and the majority won't be intelligent any more than the majority of men's. It will increase the ignorant vote. There's no question. It may muddle politics a bit."

Dick laughed. "How do you answer that?"

"I don't answer it," said the girl. "It's the only unanswerable point the antis have—and they make so little of it. The ethical stuff is so much—punk. They know it is. They don't believe it themselves—unsexing women—neglecting the home—burdening us with responsibility—nobody believes all that; they try to put it across, but it doesn't go. It goes less and less. Expediency—that's the real argument. And to me"—she searched for words—"to me it's the argument of short vision and timid minds. Whenever did progress mean certainty? If you climb mountains don't you risk holes? But you climb. Humanity climbs—and risks. Living in feather beds isn't profitable for nations or individuals. Right is bigger than expediency; society has quickened its step to sharper changes in the music than this. Also"—she smiled—"also statistics show that women *en masse* are better educated than men. More conservative, too, and rather more moral. I don't believe there will be any howling mob rushing to the polls. But even if"—she repeated—"even anyhow, it's fair. A great step isn't made without taking some chances in the footing—You *must* go to the office," she threw at him vehemently. Then: "To-morrow afternoon's the parade. Will you be somewhere to see me march?"

"Suppose you'd let me march with you," suggested the boy.

"*No.* Don't be impulsive. Take time."

"Time!" Dick nodded at the clock. "Look at the time. No, don't look. It doesn't matter. I'm going." And he went.

Long before the hour of the suffrage parade crowds gathered up the avenue. Dick placed himself early on a desirable curbstone by a notable lamp-post. She might see him; it was worth while to stand two hours for one violet glance. He pictured how the lashes would lift, how a welcome would flash from under; was it



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not worth while to stand for two hours by a lamp-post?

After a while far down the highway lifted intermittent music; there came the rise and fall of marching figures, figures in white, a slow-flowing white river with banners. After the band a troop of riders led the parade, and among these, Dick knew, rode the girl. There she was. As luck would have it she was on the near edge of the line; she was about to pass within six feet. Young Phœbus Apollo, unconscious of his height and his beauty, oblivious to smiling strangers who regarded him, pressed forward. She was coming; she was here; she was past. Sitting her horse squarely, looking neither to right nor left, gazing out forward as if into a future, she rode past and did not see him. A pang of disappointment, and then the boy realized that this was as it should be. Just so rapt, so concentrated he would have her. "I like it that way," he murmured and fell back against his lamp-post.

The crowds filled every inch of sidewalk for miles up and down the great street; the procession swept on. There was something in the sight which caught at the boy's pulse. No aggressive, pseudo-masculine mob this, no assemblage of flightiness seeking for sensation. Line after line swam forward rhythmically, ordered waves of a sea, rising and falling with the lift and tread of marching feet—women's feet. Company after company of grave, bright faces, looking forward as the girl's, each with the significance of no uncertain purpose, they came on. Sections carried banners, and the warm breeze of the May day fluttered the gold of some of the banners and the white and green and purple of others over the white-clad host; bands came up at intervals and played triumphantly, and the music passed as the first notes of the next band floated from the distance. There was about it all an atmosphere of sober jubilancy, the assured joy of a multitude of people who were paying a price for an object. All sorts and conditions of women passed. There were ladies of easy carriage whose plain white gowns were cut by expensive tailors; next such an one many a time trudged a woman whose coarse white blouse and skirt had probably been washed and ironed by her own hands for the day. And the two smiled at each other sisterly as they fell into step together.

"The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under the skin."

Nothing brings out that fundamental fact more than suffrage. Next Dick on the sidewalk stood an elderly woman in poor clothes whose face was carved by life into a mask of tragedy. Her bonnet, with a bunch of worn violets, was tied under her chin after a fashion which women of sixty or seventy do not follow in America. There was an air of England about the woman, and suddenly she spoke in unmistakable British tones, so agitated at the sight of the marching thousands that speak she must.

"To think that I should live to see it!" she said, and clinched a hand to her heart.

Dick smiled down at her; a thickset man wheeled about. He lifted his hat, noting the poverty and the ladyhood of her.

"Madam," the man said, "you'll live, I think, to see more than this."

"Do you believe it?" the woman gasped. Then: "I've gone through—much. I'm English. They took my children from me—my husband. He had the legal right. I had done no wrong, but we quarrelled—over this." She tossed her hand toward the ranks. "Men are harder in England. It killed me. I have been—dead ever since." Then eagerly: "You think women here will get the vote?"

"Ah, madam," the man smiled, "look for yourself. Will American men resist this—dignity of appeal? This is no hysterics. Our women must have what they judge right. Look at the faces of the crowd—see how sympathy is with the marchers."

Dick looked then, as the two talked. The women in the dense mass on the sidewalk bent forward, eager, as if learning a thrilling lesson; the men regarded equally intently, with varying expressions. Some were wide-eyed and some were sympathetic, some set and disapproving; here and there one saw a thoughtful man's face drawn together and keen eyes watch-

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ing, weighing; often a man looked bewildered, dizzy with the mental impetus, perhaps, of this swinging multitude.

And suddenly Dick seemed to see, through the ordered, flowing ocean, a host of other women, the unhappy ones of the centuries, uncounted millions who had lived and died since ever the world began without the thing these were marching for—freedom. His mind flashed back and back: there were girls of Oriental countries bought and sold like cattle for their beauty, said to have no souls; there were Indian women, drudges and slaves to savages; there were little souls drowned at birth for the sin of being born women; there were women of mediæval Europe spending their lives sewing tapestry; there were women of to-day, slaves as much as any, pampered and jewel-laden and tied by conventions, and women of to-day kicked and beaten and degraded; his mind conjured an army of ghosts seeping noiselessly up through the ranks of these Americans who marched always past him, their silent appeal, full of hope, overflowing the sunny May air.

With that the parade was halted to allow accumulated trolley-cars to cross it at the street above. And behold here were the "Martyrs," the men who had thrown their weight to help womankind in its battle. Here was the contingent of his own university, capped and gowned and stately, the president at the head, the dean—her father—at his side. And there was Holloway Byrd, leading the law students, and Cass Emory, and Jerome Lewis—Dick was aware of a pang that he, too, was not of that company. For he knew now—he knew. He believed, and his faith had made him whole. And at the thought a voice called his name, a voice with a rich burr.

"Misther Battle — me distinguished fri'nd," the voice called. The halt had brought Mr. Boyle to a standstill exactly in front of Dick's lamp-post. "Come along in," Mr. Boyle adjured him. "Arrah, dhrap in and do y'r shtep f'r freedom whilst th' shteppin's good. Shure, 'tis sorry y'll be later whin th' scrimmige is wan and y're not in ut. Come in, thin, me son," adjured Mr. Boyle.

Phœbus Apollo sprang forward as if his horses had bolted; he dropped into line beside Mr. Boyle just as the column started on.

"'Two little maids in blue,
Tra-la-la,
Two little maids in blue—'

'Tis glad Oi am yez come in, me young shtatesman," chanted Mr. Boyle happily under his breath as they kept time across the car-tracks. "Th' lady gineral sint wor-rd along we was t' remimber we're mar-rchin' f'r a cause an' t' look naither t' th' roight nor naither t' th' lift," Mr. Boyle set forth further through his teeth, his eyes straight ahead, his lips spitting out the commandment with as small movement as possible. Somewhere back, near, a band struck up "Onward Christian Soldiers."

"Marching for a cause," Dick whispered.

That was the meaning of the earnest, straight-gazing eyes, from Her eyes all the way back through the thousands on thousands of swinging women. Suddenly the boy seemed to feel his mother's hand slip into his—a proud and honest and sweet spirit was beside him. And far ahead, up the great avenue, he knew that the Only Girl in the World, on her horse, between the lines of packed, still faces, rode in the van, starry-eyed, marching for a cause.

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# POETRY

## By Grace Denio Litchfield

An olden Harp, to rarest music strung,
Midway betwixt our world and Heaven is hung,
Beyond the reach of Earth's short-statured men.
But the gods, descending, touch it now and then.

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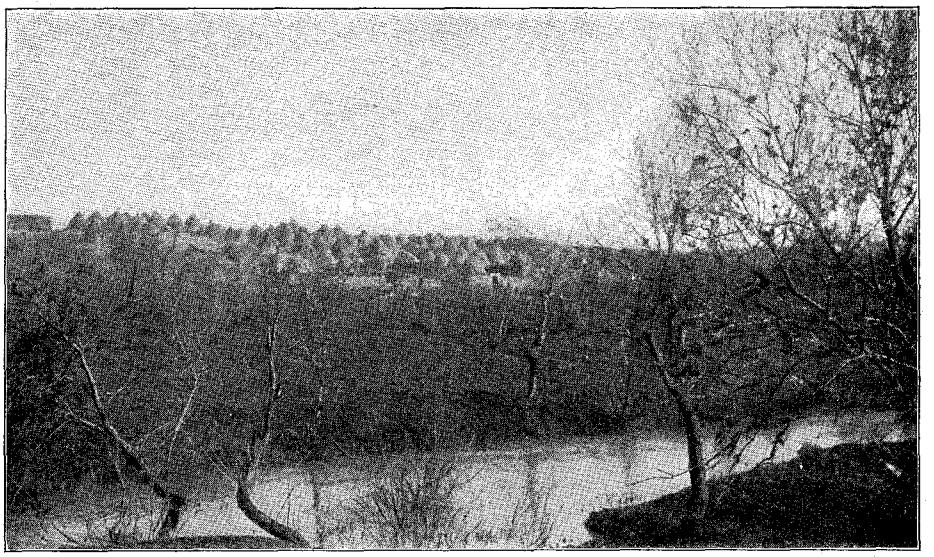

Village near Aleppo with conical huts.

# THE BERLIN TO BAGDAD LINE

## IN THE PATHS OF CYRUS'S "TEN THOUSAND," ST. PAUL, AND THE CRUSADERS

BY JOHN H. FINLEY
Red Cross Commissioner to Palestine

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN Virgil in his First Eclogue made Tityrus, reclining in plenteous prosperity beneath his beech-wood-tree, remark to Meliboeus (who had been driven like a Belgian by war into exile) that certain impossible things—such as the grazing of stags in the skies—would come to pass before he would forget the face of his patron who had kept him out of war's disasters, he included among these impossibilities the reaching of the river Tigris by the Germans. That poetical illustration of the inconceivable came near in the year 1918 to discrediting Virgil's profession of allegiance to the dust of his patron Cæsar Augustus. How near, one may discover who travels in 1919 by the "Bagdad Road" out beyond the Euphrates toward ancient Nineveh; for this road, since the beginning of the war, had burrowed its way through the Taurus Mountains, crept farther along the edge of the Syrian desert, and awaited only a favoring lull in the Western battle or a Teuton victory to leap to that farthest of the four rivers into which the stream divided that ran through the Garden of Eden.

As it is, Virgil's figure of speech, used two thousand years ago, is as happily pertinent to-day for illustrating an impossibility of forgetting as ever it was in the time of Cæsar Augustus.

I first saw this iron path (of one who aspired to be William the Great) at Aleppo, the ancient Berea, the place where the empire-paths of Cyrus the Great and Alexander the Great crossed each other, though a half century apart. It was there, said Xenophon in that immortal text-book (which an infinitesimal per cent of the boys and girls now read in high school —Xenophon's *Anabasis*), that Cyrus's



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"Ten Thousand" came to a river "a hundred feet broad, stocked with tame fish which the Syrians regard as gods and will not suffer to be injured—and so, too, the pigeons of the place." (I was told that there are still "innumerable carp" in that vicinity, to this day held sacred.) The villages thereabout in the time of the Anabasis belonged to Parysatis, the mother of Cyrus, "as part of her girdle money." And the villages thereabout today, with their conical huts, such as I saw nowhere else, look at a distance like the ornaments on a girdle, though of course Xenophon used the illustration with another import.

From this place I travelled one gray February morning to the Euphrates, a few more parasangs by the Bagdad train, slow as it was, than Cyrus's men marched thence (*enteuthen exelaunei*) in "five stages." But instead of taking Cyrus's short course to the river (and that of Alexander the Great), the road, to avoid the desert beyond, since it could not follow the Euphrates, turns northward and crosses the river some fifty miles higher up than Cyrus's famous fording (where "no man was wetted above the chest"—the river "manifestly retiring before the face of Cyrus like a courtier bowing to this future king"). The iron bridge of the iron path asks no obeisance. It is indifferent to the floods of this turbid stream, and permanently holds the fords where Nebuchadnezzar stopped the advance of Pharaoh Necho.

But Nebuchadnezzar and Necho are now names only. East Indians, picturesque, dignified, and detached, even in khaki, guard both sides of the Euphrates. Turks, who have exchanged their flowing robes for shabby European working clothes, drive the wheezy engines, made in Magdeburg or Essen, which crawl across the bridge and back two or three times a week, leaking at every pore. And young, lithe, quiet English officers, who know both the West and the East, try to keep things in order until the Peace Congress around a remote table decides what is to be done with the territory for which mankind has fought off and on for about six thousand years.

What with the steel bridge, the water-tank, and the "round house," the Bagdad station at Jerablus (or Carchemish, if you prefer its most ancient-known name,) might, except for the figure of the East Indian soldier against the flat landscape, be a Chicago and Rock Island station along some low-banked stretch of the Illinois River. I well remember how that Middle Western stream seemed in my boyhood to run out of or through Paradise. It required some effort of the imagination, however, as well as faith in the infallibility of the Scriptures, to think of the Euphrates as having any memory of the Garden of Eden. (Yet I know that many an Appalachian or Rocky Mountain American has to make the same effort touching the Illinois River.)

. . . . . .

Certain it is, at any rate, that Abraham lived in this region. Indeed, the city toward which I was journeying called itself his birthplace, though its name was Urfa and not Ur (and known as Edessa, in the Middle Ages, the farthest city held by the Crusaders under the lordship of Baldwin). Whatever archæological doubt there may be as to Abraham's having been born there, Haran, where he lived for many years with his father Terah, was not farther away from where I was than Poughkeepsie is from Albany. So, I was in the country that was Abraham's home, before his migration, at the age of seventy-five and in the year 1921 B. C. (according to Ussher), into the Land of Promise. By a singular and unplanned coincidence it was Abraham Lincoln's birthday, the 12th of February, in the year 1919 A. D.

I had intended to walk about thirty miles beyond the station Arab-Punar at which the train stopped, there being no troops as yet to guard the stations farther east. (The track is laid, however, to and perhaps beyond Nisibin.) But I was advised that my going to give the proposed relief (in the city where over twenty years ago a thousand Armenians who had taken refuge in a church "were suffocated by the smoke of burning carpets and mats previously soaked in petroleum," and where new sufferings were being inflicted) would probably invite the further persecution of those I wished to help, and so, sending by stealth to them

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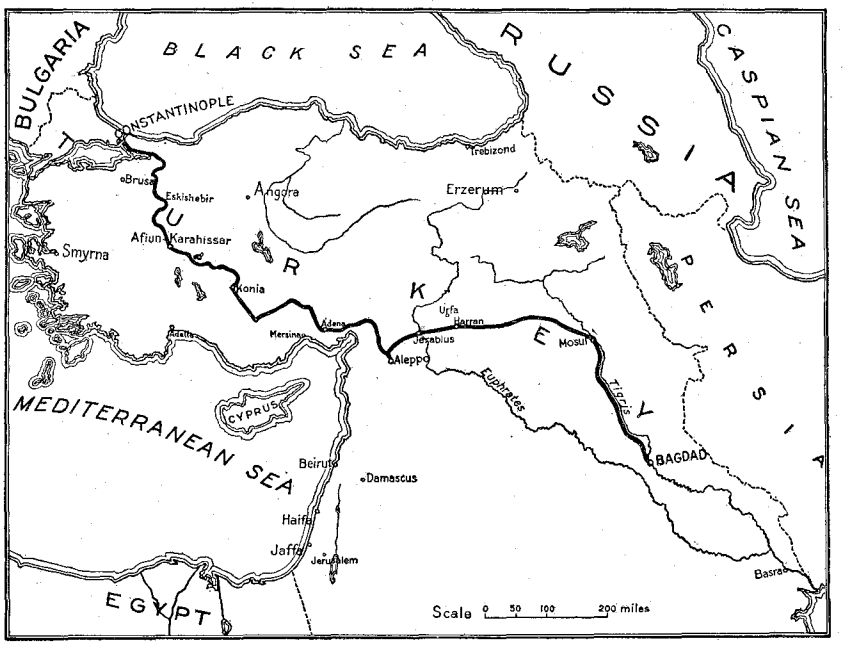
the gold I was carrying, I awaited the turning about and departure of my train, whose passengers on this return trip were largely demobilized Turkish soldiers to be distributed along the way between this point and Constantinople, nearly a thousand miles away—and with no prospect of a Fifth Avenue reception when they reached their several desolate destinations.

I had an hour or two of leisure to celebrate the birthday of my country's turned eastward, as the unblinking eyes of the Sphinx which had never beheld a Western sky. Yet even there, one could not safely generalize. It was not far from there that I saw a woman caring for twenty or thirty of her young sister Armenians rescued from a worse slavery than that from which Lincoln had emancipated millions. I found that she could speak English—of the American accent—and that she had been taught (and not




The projected line of the Bagdad Railroad from Constantinople to Bagdad, part of which is already in operation.

"Abraham" at this farthermost post of the army of Allenby, the Deliverer of Palestine, and in sight of Saruj which Baldwin had captured and then taken to himself an Armenian wife. Except for the "confusion of tongues" which had come upon the race somewhere out between those rivers, where the unfinished Tower of Babel must have stood crumbling for centuries, I should undoubtedly have tried to assemble the natives and tell them about Lincoln, such was my habit in the States. It was inconceivable to me at home in America that there was any part of the world that had not heard of him. But there, I was ready to believe, they had not. Their faces were only our tongue but our ideals) by a young American woman whose father must have heard the Lincoln-Douglas debate by the side of the old prairie college buildings where I was her classmate. So perhaps some of the miserably clad, emaciated, weary soldiers whom I saw scrambling into the open trucks (where they were to ride unprotected during the cold nights) had after all heard of another Abraham than theirs. Certainly there was a dim fame among the cities (based on the unselfish lives of American teachers, missionaries, doctors, and nurses) of a people who had a disinterested interest in other peoples, strange as that might seem. Their Grand Mufti, who had studied in

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Engine of train, Bagdad Road, in Taurus Mountains. (The America Near East Commission Special.)

Egypt, had even given expression to this rumor in a letter of Calvinistic flavor, which I have elsewhere quoted:

"No one can dispute the fact known of God and confirmed by your noble history, O citizens of America, that out of compassion and charity He created you to do good to humanity."

And so, perhaps, the faces of some of these men would have lighted if I had spoken the name of Abraham Lincoln's land.

As it was, I looked off toward the "Old Homeland" of the race, along the steel rails, and especially toward Haran, one of the stations just beyond (where Abraham would have taken the train if there had been a railroad there in his day) with a gratitude that Abraham had in 1921 B. C. migrated from that country, had given the world to the westward, after twenty centuries, the Great Teacher, and after as many generations more, lacking one, had given his name to the great exemplar of the democracy which the Great Teacher taught.

But with this thought went always at even pace another, whether I walked toward Haran or Eden or Ararat—and once I thought I saw that mountain which stands farthest back in history, but I afterward learned that it was still far beyond the snow-covered peaks which I saw spanned for nearly an hour by such a rainbow as Noah must have seen, over those same mountains, if his had been in the morning. The Almighty has kept his rainbow covenant with the nations of men that "seed-time and harvest, winter and summer, cold and heat, day and night shall not cease." But the thought that walked with my grateful one was, that since these sequences have brought little but misery, or at most only the most primitive satisfactions, to those who stayed at home, or became its tenants, we who have benefited by what has come out of that old abandoned farm ought, with the other nations of the civilization which it has started on its way, to see that the mortgage of misery is lifted and the place restored. For it has, in spots at any rate, all its pristine potentialities. (Lord Harcourt said to me a year ago that he had a million acres under cultivation in wheat, farther down the valleys toward the Gulf.)

It is eight or nine hundred miles, as I estimate, from the Euphrates to Constantinople, if one follows the course of



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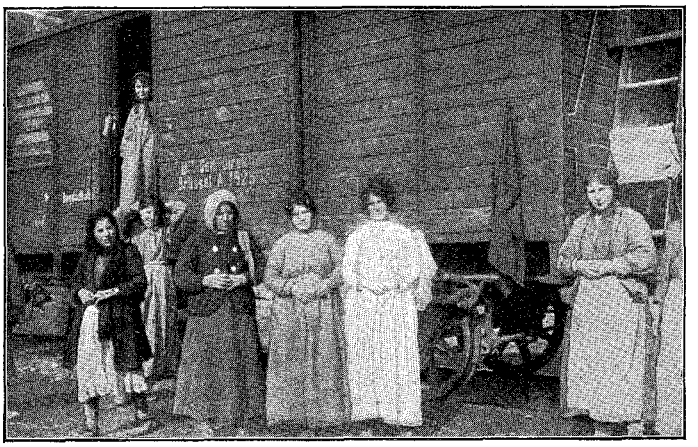
Fuel for the engine. Bagdad Road.

the Bagdad Railroad, whose track is laid a part of the way where the feet of the "Ten Thousand" had marched, where St. Paul had tramped in his first and second missionary journeys, and where Godfrey of Bouillon, Tancred, Baldwin, Raymond, and Bohemond had passed, and Frederick the First had perished.

In my anabasis (if I may give my lonely expedition a name so ambitious and yet so contemned by many a youth) from the Euphrates toward Constantinople I had to make a circuitous journey, as did St. Paul from Damascus. I went first from Aleppo to Damascus, then to Jerusalem, then to Haifa (near old Cæsarea where St. Paul took ship), and then by sea to Beirut and Mersina, on the coast of Asia Minor, a few miles from St. Paul's "home town" Tarsus, which was also the same town as that toward which Jonah sailed from Jaffa, when evading the call to Nineveh. But the reader would, I fear, find this an uncomfortable and perhaps a tiresome trip, even to read of, for I travelled most of the way in freight-cars (of the type known to our soldiers in France, accommodating "45 *hommes* or 8 *chevaux*") on a trawler (which was absolutely the most uncomfortable means of transportation that I have ever endured) and on a British "destroyer" which might very fitly have borne St. Paul's name before he changed it, in the days when he was "breathing out threatenings and slaughter."

There is a shorter and less indirect way, for, speaking generally, there is no direct way from one place to another in that part of the world. (This is possibly the reason why the street in Damascus called "Straight" got its distinguishing name. The railroad track, even on what seemed to be a plain, seldom advanced far in a straight line.) The shorter way leads off to the northwest from Aleppo, over or through the Amanus Mountains, and then down to Adana, a few miles farther inland than Tarsus from Mersina. It was at Adana—after coming in this long circuitous way from over toward Nineveh, after spending a good part of a day on the "destroyer" just off Mersina, unable to land on account of the heavy sea, which, as in the days of Jonah, did



Armenian refugees returning to their homes.

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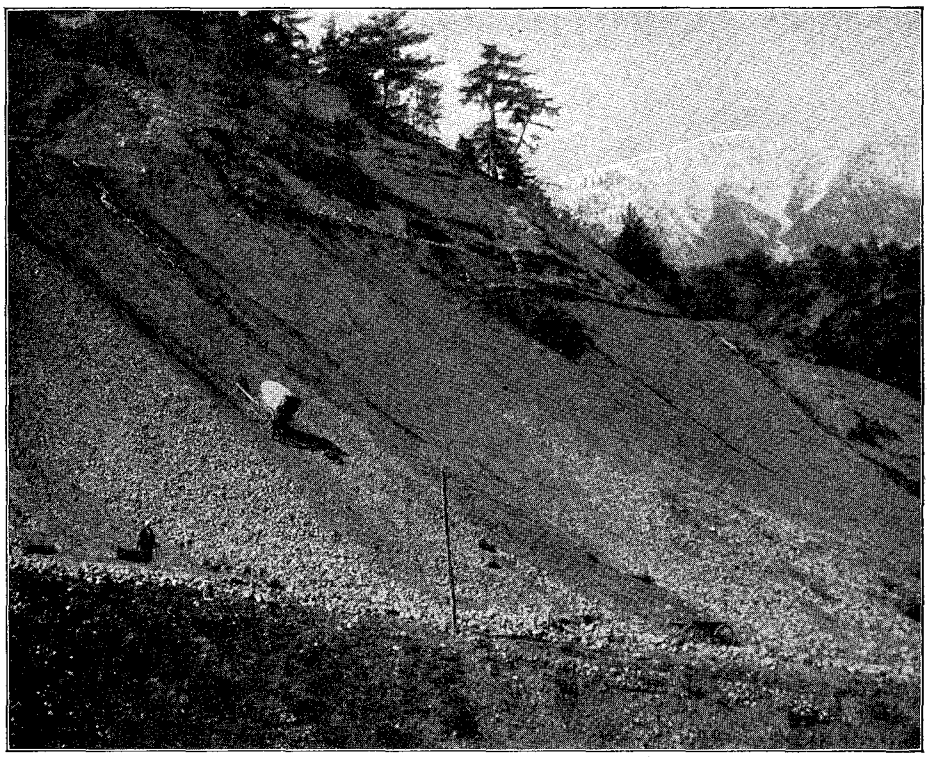
not "cease from her raging," and, after passing through Tarsus at twilight, that I again found myself on this path of hoplite, missionary, and crusader, and late the iron path of boasted empire, the "Bagdad-bahn."

According to Xenophon, when Cyrus descended into this plain, "shut in on all sides by a steep and lofty wall of mountains [now snow-covered] from sea to sea," it produced "sesame plentifully and also panic and millet and barley and wheat." And it still has, if I may infer from the green patches that I saw along the way, that richness of promise. This inference is further supported by the report of a military officer in Adana, that there were thousands and thousands of bushels of wheat in Adana beyond local needs, for which no means of transport could be found. On my return trip (my *katabasis*) from Adana to Aleppo, which was made by a train, temporarily under my care, of trucks (box-cars and flat cars) carrying relief stores for the American Red Cross and the American Commission for Relief in the Near East, there were seven of these small trucks, with a coach attached for a general who was inspecting the signal service. The worn-out engine, fed by wood (and I took my turn in feeding it), could carry no more than these eight small cars; and there is such a train from Adana to Aleppo only three times a week. There is a good road-bed and a track of standard gauge, though I suppose it would not carry as heavy cars and trains as we are accustomed to in America. My conclusion, from observations made during the nineteen days of my anabasis and katabasis, is that the well-intentioned part of the world cannot help that "old home" part of it more effectually than by sending into it locomotives and cars for transport —once the peasants can safely venture into the fields again to sow and reap.



"The Cilician Gates"—closed by a landslide. (Wagon coming from Harsus being let down by hand to lower level.)

And up in a valley of the Taurus Moun-

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Turkish peasant with his boy and girl, beginning to plough and sow in a valley of the Taurus Mountains, a few yards from the Bagdad Road.

tains, but a day's journey from Adana, and at the upper entrance to the famous "Cilician Gates" temporarily closed by a great landslide, I saw the peasants coming out into their fields again, down along the river, near the railroad track, from their huts on the mountainside. Delayed for some hours by a wreck ahead of us, I wandered out into one of these fields, where I saw in the distance three figures. As I came near I found a father and two children; the boy with a plough of a type several thousand years old; the girl assisting the father in filling the sack from which he was sowing millet. This bucolic scene, beautiful beyond any description, the snow-white peaks looking down upon the now peaceful valley in which were the wrecks of many abandoned or captured German cars (I counted a hundred in that very valley) needs only what Turkey did not give, perhaps could not give, to make it one of human happiness and contentment, as well as of physical beauty. It needs only security of life and freedom from rapine and pillage to make it a paradise. Golden eagles were flying in its skies above the black double-headed eagles on the deserted cars.

Even after the way was clear of the wreck, there was not sufficient "personnel" to run the train, and there was further delay which permitted these meditations which I find in my diary, written as I sat on a hilltop with the golden eagles flying over my head, the peaceful valley at my feet, the snow-covered peaks shutting us all away from the rest of the earth:

"Here are men and women on the same earth with me—men and women and especially children, who, born and reared in this rich and historic valley, have not the slightest opportunity to see and enjoy the things which we count most beautiful and precious in life, who are nearer to the animals in their daily living than they are to human beings of the highest order. Should not the world which traces its faith and its democratic ideals through these very valleys, organize its forces of mercy and education to establish here a *world order* for the good, especially of the children? The Red Cross has been an experiment in that universal sharing of the best things. It had its opportunity through the extreme misery of many. Let the Red Cross spirit persuade a world order in which there shall be:



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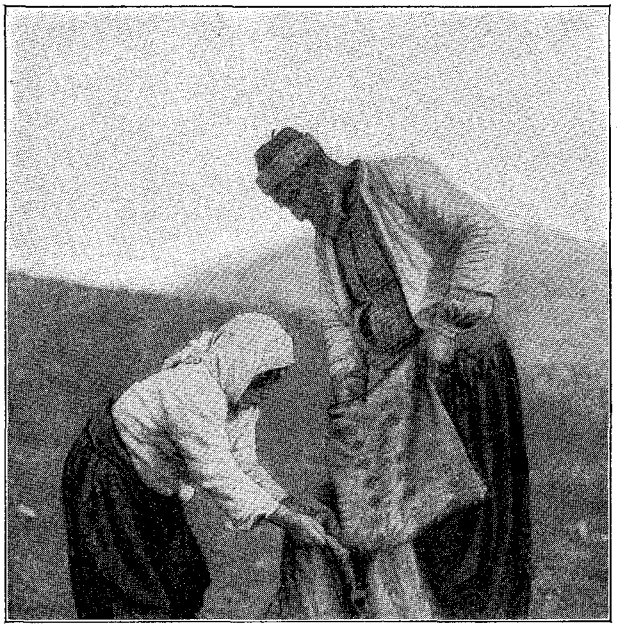
"1. Centres in all the backward lands, where the fundamental elements of a civilized life shall be taught: self-government, science, art and particularly the things of social value (such centres as the colleges at Constantinople, Beirut, Tarsus, Aintab, *et al.*, and the groups of missionaries and doctors, as at Adana, Mersina, and scores of other places).

"2. A world order language to be everyman's second language—call it everyman's language—language of the world league.

"3. World order men and women, administrators, demonstrators, doctors, in every centre, without nationality.

"I do not know what nation is to have the political mandatory for that land and those lands beyond, back to the Garden of Eden. I hope America will not have to take any *political* mandatory, but that she will continue and extend her *moral* mandatory there where she has already sent her first messengers of the democracy of mercy and human brotherhood."



The same peasant and his daughter, as shown on opposite page.

In the region beyond the Taurus Mountains the Hellenes, the Apostles, and the Crusaders passed to and fro, penetrating one another as the images of thoughts in the philosophy of Lucretius. Here, too, passed the dwellers in Cappadocia and Asia and Phrygia and Pamphylia, on their way to the Pentecostal meeting in Jerusalem, where the cloven tongues descended. And just over the hills, to the south and west, one could easily imagine the Apocalyptical angels still hovering over the sites of the churches of Laodicæa the "luke-warm" and Philadelphia of the "open door" and Sardis of the "few in white raiment." In the long interstices of travel, when the engine was getting up steam to go on, one could hear the mediæval Pilgrims-of-the-Day singing as they reached these kindly valleys after the rugged table-lands: "Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands"; and the Pilgrims-of-the-Night carrying on the melody, "Fair is the sunshine, fairer still the moonlight, and all the twinkling, starry host"; or could hear the sound of the rush of Cyrus's Greek warriors (with helmets of brass instead of steel) in review before the Cilician queen who fled in fear. But above all others (save the miserable refugees in the flesh before one's eyes) one was conscious of the presence of St. Paul, who "in weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness," moved where had lived those who invited his immortal Epistle to the Galatians.

I saw one of his spiritual descendants among the living who had been driven from Galatian homes because of the faith of St. Paul to which they clung. I found this frail but indomitable pastor of Iconium returning to his flock, which he was gathering again from their wanderings, crowded with two score of men, women, and children in a box-car, making no complaint of discomfort but concerned only that he should reach his city in time for his Sunday service. (And he arrived at midnight.)

Before another day's and another

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Looking across the Euphrates.

night's intermittent travel, covering less than two hundred miles, I lost the companionship of St. Paul (who went straight on to Troas, and then, following the call of the Macedonian, into Greece) and the voices of Cyrus's men clamoring for their pay. Save that once I crossed the path of the army of Alexander the Great, only the Crusaders were left of the old-time travellers on this world highway upon whose control the fate of the Near East depends.

I had in the autumn of 1918 the good fortune to be where I could see something of the last struggle between the Turk and the Allies of Europe and Asia in the recovery of the Holy Land. Here in the predawn darkness of a March morning of 1919 I came into the city Dorylæum or Eskishehir, where the Crusaders and the Turks had their first pitched battle in 1097—where "two knights of wonderful appearance and clad in shining armor" were seen to "come forth from the mountains on white horses" and deal deadly blows upon the enemy; so that "victory was snatched out of the very jaws of defeat."

Eskishehir had, however, no suggestion of such a romantic and picturesque past as we made our way through a labyrinth of freight-cars in the midst of which I was later flung from my own car against a stand-pipe and came near joining the Crusaders who had perished there nearly a thousand years ago. As it was, I escaped with bruises and was given for my further journey an abandoned German Red Cross "Lazarette" car that had not had a passenger since the armistice.

But with the dawn a sudden storm of snow came upon the place to transfigure it, came as the knights came forth on their white horses from the mountains. And with that memory I made my way toward the straits through which Jason had passed in search of the Golden Fleece.

And with no such perilous adventure beyond, as Jason's, I found it; for in old Byzantium, that is Constantinople, I met Dr. Barton, chairman of the American Commission for Relief in the Near East, who had brought from America that which was as the Golden Fleece, to clothe and feed and heal the exiled, in whose interests, and on behalf of the American Red Cross, I had made this lone expedition. With him and his relief train I traversed eastward the same path (which is another story) and reached Aleppo again after nineteen days and nights of as continuous travel as that part of the world permits.

The Bagdad-bahn! Let it have a new name and a new equipment! "The East and West Road," for here ever "the twain shall meet." Or "The Homeland Road," for over it the nations of Christendom shall carry back to Asia, their old home, what they have traced from its tents and its altars!



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# THE MAKING OF WILLIAM SIMMS

By Dana Burnet

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. WILLIAMS

HIS mother said fondly that he saw everything through colored glasses, and professed to find the marks of them upon his nose. This was a fiction dating from William's early youth, when, to his own intense satisfaction, he had discovered goblins in the clothes-press. At the age of twenty-seven he discovered a princess in a tower, and was moved to amazing adventures.

William should have been a poet, a painter, a singer, a strolling minstrel, or a tramp. He was a clerk in the banking-house of John Parr & Co., Wall Street, New York.

His fellow clerks thought William slightly queer; they did not see the marks of the glasses on his nose. His immediate superiors found him scrupulously industrious, and agreed among themselves that he would go far, if he ever received the impulse to go at all. What William lacked, they said, was ambition.

His mother frequently alluded to this same weakness in his character.

"You're bright enough," she would say, "but you don't seem to get along very fast. I suppose it's because you're so moony. Haven't you any ambition, Will?"

"Plenty of it, mommie. My ambition is to ride to the end of every street-car line, and climb to the top of every sky-scraper in New York——"

"There!" mommie would exclaim, in mild exasperation; "you've been wearing your colored glasses again."

And William, catching her about the waist, would reply:

"Buy *you* a pair, mommie. They're good for the eyes!"

Mother Simms invariably refused this offer. She had not time to be fitted, she said, what with cooking William's supper and darning William's socks. It was her wont to add gently that such occupations composed her happiness.

William said that happiness was expecting the impossible.

The Simms apartment consisted of four rooms and bath. It was located upon the fifth floor of a converted dwelling-house in West Ninth Street. There was no elevator; but as William often remarked with unjustifiable levity, there was an elevated. The tracks of the Sixth Avenue super-



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structure lay just beyond the dining-room windows. This was bad for the plaster; also, fortunately, for the rental. At first the rumble of wheels had interfered with William's sleep, but after some exercise of fancy he had managed to convert the sound into the distant murmur of a waterfall.

"As for the noise," he would say, "I have imagination and mommie has a deaf ear. So we do very nicely."

On Saturday nights he escorted his mother to one of the small Italian restaurants that infested the neighborhood; preferably the kind that lurked behind iron gratings and required some manner of identifying signal to penetrate. Mommie was not overfond of these dinings out. She would have preferred steak and onions at home; but William said it took him travelling.

"I can get a trip to Europe out of this!" said William, sniffing the romantic atmosphere of cigarette-smoke and garlic. So mommie smiled bravely, and surreptitiously swallowed digestive tablets to counteract the cooking. For all that she did not entirely understand him, mommie's world was exclusively William.

At the conclusion of these gastronomical dissipations, William would sally forth upon further adventures. His particular delight was to rove the Avenue upon the upper deck of an omnibus.

He called it "taking passage." In his queer, half-joking, half-serious way he converted the whole affair into the likeness of a sea voyage. "Come on," he would say, grasping mommie's arm. "We'll go cruising the Gold Coast!" Mommie went dutifully enough until the winds of William's ocean began to accentuate her rheumatism. After that she begged off, and while William cruised the Gold Coast, mommie sat playing two-handed whist with a neighborly widow from the floor below.

It was a night in October when William's romance began—a night made wonderful by the fact that to-morrow would be Sunday, and that he need not concern himself with intrusive realities for thirty-six long and golden hours. As he mounted the steps of his swaying galleon, William thrilled with the sheer wonder of his youth and freedom. The work of the office lay hidden beyond the horizon. He was at liberty to pursue the greater work of living, of moulding life to a perfection of enjoyment. He settled down into a front seat, turned up his coat-collar, stuffed his hands into his pockets, and regarded the world through those fictitious glasses which were forever upon his nose. The fact that the chill air had driven his fellow passengers below decks served largely to increase his satisfaction.

The 'bus lumbered hugely along the smooth pavement, through the recurring glamour of the street-lamps, whose beams fell upon the glistening asphalt like moonlight upon water. Under the blunt bows of William's craft, occasional pedestrians dived and darted to safety.

"Porpoises!" said William.

The tall spire of the cathedral loomed up to starboard. A great hotel, shining like a house of stars, passed to port. Beyond it lay the park, like an island in the sea, its naked branches etched against the sky. But William turned his eyes to the Coast of Gold, to the castles of the inconceivably rich, and in particular to one castle that marked the architectural climax of the whole.

This was an enormous house of white stone that occupied, at what cost only Providence and the Sunday newspapers knew, an entire block in that priceless dominion. It combined the aspects of a mediæval ruin with the rambling proclivities of a Florida hotel. Its two wings, surmounted by square towers, were thrust forward to meet the sidewalk line. From tower to tower stretched a Roman arch, beneath which a concrete driveway wandered into the dramatic vista of a formal garden. Massive gates of iron guarded the entrance. As a spectacle the great house was tremendous, overwhelming.

It was the residence of John Parr, the banker.

To William Simms, banker's clerk, the huge edifice seemed a veritable palace of illusion. Unconsciously it had come to stand in the background of his mind, as those painted castles stand upon the stage, casting their charm over the players who adventure in their shadow. William asked no more of it than to provide a setting for his dreams. He never passed

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it but he glanced hopefully at its rosy windows, thinking to see the face of the princess gazing down.

To-night he looked as usual. The 'bus had stopped at the corner, directly beneath a street-lamp, and William had a sense of peering up through dazzling mists of light. Suddenly he rubbed his eyes and stared again. Fortunately, his fellow passengers still remained below decks, else upon its prosaic course, and the picture faded abruptly from view.

That night, for the first time, William Simms failed in his effort to translate the rumble of the elevated into the distant murmur of a waterfall. He lay wide-eyed, beholding a face in the shadow, and trying to reconcile it with a vague smell of boiled onions that permeated the apartment.

"I—I have made a little money recently, and I would like to ask your advice as to the investment of it."—Page 83.

his actions might have caused some suspicion, not to say alarm. He gripped the 'bus rail and leaned far out across it, seeking to pierce the radiant mists that enveloped him.

At an illumined window in the square tower a young woman's face appeared, wistful and alluring. William's hand jerked upward in an involuntary gesture. The young woman's eyes seemed to turn in his direction; seemed almost to meet his gaze. For a moment he sat spellbound.

Then the 'bus lurched heavily forward

Every evening now, at a certain hour, William went cruising the Gold Coast, much to mommie's secret relief. But it was not until the next Saturday night that he saw his princess again. She stood at the window as before, looking down, and William's heart leaped at the sight of her. The third Saturday he thought that she recognized him. There was a certain consciousness in her pose. The fourth Saturday, stirred by a desperate adventurous spirit, he deliberately removed his hat. That left him tingling for a week. The fifth Saturday the princess smiled!

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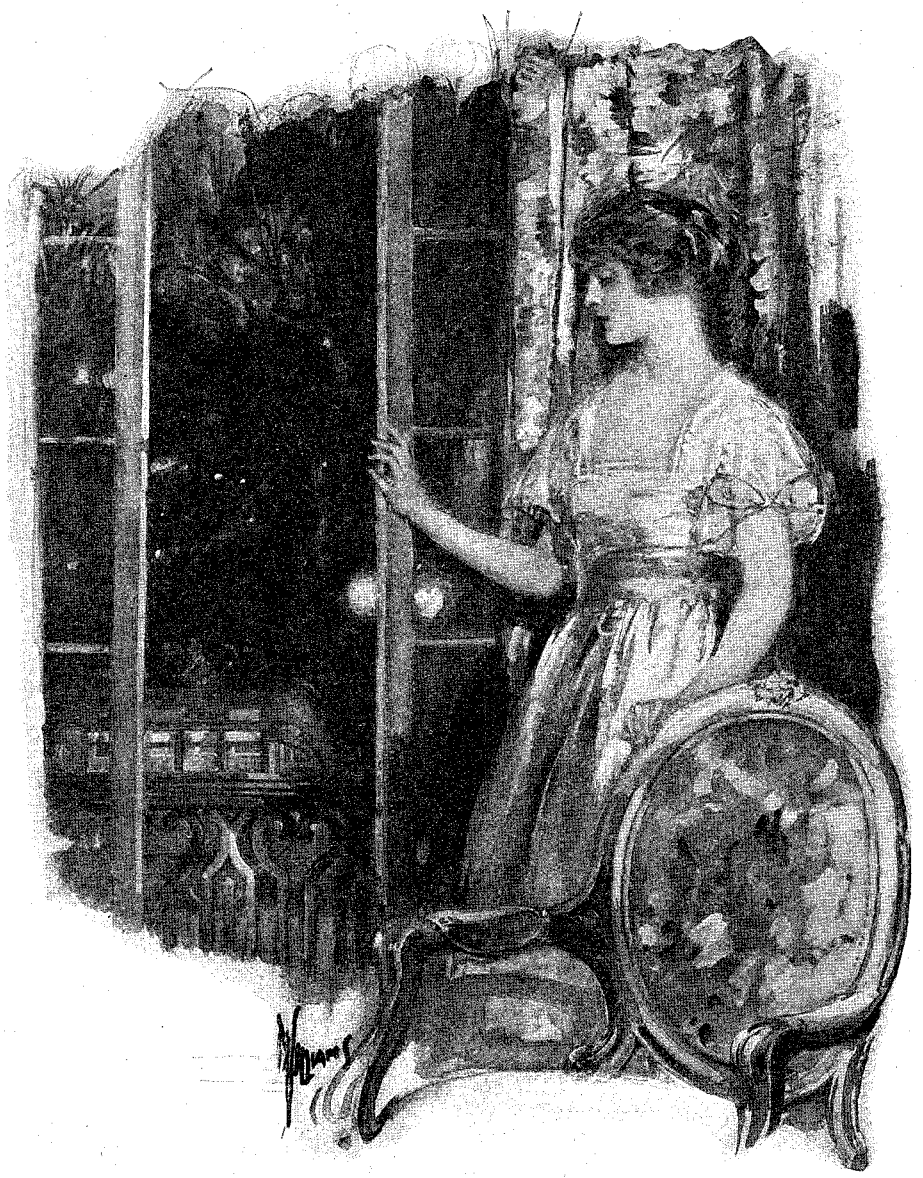

"Every Saturday night I waited for you to go by. I even thought you might find a way—"—Page 85.

William locked that smile into the secret chamber of his soul, and began to study the banking business from the ground up.

"I do believe William is growing ambitious," said mommie to the friendly widow. "I hope so," she added, longingly. "It would be the making of him."

The making of William proceeded apace. In a few months' time he worked his way from the anonymous clerical herd to a position upon the outskirts of John Parr's private office. Occasionally he was summoned into the shrine itself, and spoke indelible words to the deity thereof, so that his purpose flamed within him. Nor was the subconscious mind of John Parr wholly oblivious to the quiet, efficient young clerk who daily brought him letters to sign. The subconscious mind



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of a banker may be unsuspectingly human.

The summer of 1915 was a most remarkable summer. The great war had been in progress for a year, and in that time the world had adjusted itself to the gigantic business of murder. By a mere whim of geography, America found herself in a position to profit materially by the catastrophe. From a state of financial demoralization, the stock-market rose spasmodically to the heights of the million-share day. All through the country manufacturers were consecrating their establishments overnight to the service of Mars. There was much talk about prosperity, and the logical expansion of trade; but below and beneath it all was that desperately built scaffolding of war. Soon the infection spread to stocks of all sorts and conditions. Wall Street plunged into an orgy of legitimatized gambling, and there was a great shearing of lambs, and some fattening of the flock.

William Simms was one of those who fattened.

He began in a small way, with fear and trembling, putting such money as mommie had saved from his meagre salary into stocks that he thought would appreciate. In his innocence he bought outright, and so was saved from disaster when the stocks slumped, as they did. But the epidemic of prosperity raged on, and the golden bubble grew in proportions. William's stocks were dragged upward with the rising market, and William experienced the peculiar intoxication of riches won by chance. Before the 1st of September he had made ten thousand dollars!

The changes wrought within his bank-book were no more startling than the changes wrought within his soul. No longer had mommie cause to complain about the colored glasses. He had brushed the dreams from his eyes, and had set out to win a princess by the only method that seemed practicable, the method that his world invariably employed to gain the objects of its heart's desire.

William Simms was an American, and a modern. He was therefore heir to the tradition that money is the key to happiness. This tradition he had rejected with the somewhat unthinking but splendid defiance of the young man who holds happiness to be a matter of adventure and not of purchase. He had been quite confident of his ability to succeed without success, to live without giving hostages to fortune. But now, suddenly, there had arisen upon the horizons of his universe a definite goal to which he would attain. Had he remained true to his first youthful defiance, he would have ridden straight against those towers of stone, and possibly would have made himself ridiculous in the process. But there is not one man in ten thousand who can resist the moulding power of his age. For the most part, we are the creatures of our centuries, caught and shaped from our environments as those strange figures of the desert are shaped by the blowing wind.

Yet the acquisition of his new-found wealth did not blind William to his original purpose regarding it. Every Saturday night, through all weathers, he took passage upon his 'bus. Nor did the princess fail him in a single instance, though the heat lay heavy upon the land, and the thermometer rose to plebeian altitudes. Her presence at the window grew more strange, more inexplicable as time went on. William knew of his own knowledge that John Parr's domestic establishment had been transferred to the banker's country estate in Long Island. Each week he expected to find the princess flown, but, though the rest of the huge house slept in darkness, there was always a light at that one window. Gradually the realization was forced upon William Simms that she waited there for him! He clasped his thought to his heart, and was filled with a new exaltation. The mere lifting of his hat as he passed her tower became a religious rite, and her answering smile a sacred reward. He had his hours of madness, usually in the dead of night, when he planned impossible sallies against her stronghold; but with morning would come the sanity that mocks at dreams, the governing sobriety that leads a man to don the garments of his kind, knot his cravat in imitation of his fellows, and forget romance for the morning paper. He who pauses to shave his beard will not go adventuring that day.

Curiously enough, it was William's innocence of finance, rather than any genius



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for it, that was responsible for his ultimate achievement. One September morning he entered the banker's office upon a routine errand. He had been there but a moment when Mr. Parr was called to the telephone. Instead of dismissing the clerk, the great man directed the operator to transfer the call to his private wire, and, rising, went into the adjoining chamber —a small, sound-proof vault profanely known as the holy of holies. As he got up from his chair, the tail of his coat swept a letter from the desk.

William stooped to recover it. Mr. Parr's back was turned; hence he did not observe the action of his clerk. Nor, indeed, was there anything unusual in that action. William replaced the letter as he would have replaced any other, but in so doing his eye fell upon certain brief sentences which impressed themselves quite automatically upon his brain. In proof of William's innocence it must be said that these sentences held no particular significance for him at the time.

But that night, as he sat reading his evening paper, William came upon a paragraph which shed considerable light upon the letter. The paragraph was as follows: "Wall Street is greatly interested in rumors of a big steel merger which is said to involve several of the largest plants in the country. The Amalgamated people are reported to be backing the deal, but no confirmation of the rumor could be obtained this afternoon. John Parr, of Parr & Co., who in case of a merger would probably be called upon to float the bonds, refused to discuss the story. The rumor reached the Stock Exchange too late to affect prices——"

William put down his paper and, leaving mommie to the conversational clutches of the widow from below stairs, retired to his own room to think. He sat down upon the edge of the bed, took his head in his hands, and strove to visualize the sentences he had seen that afternoon. Slowly and in precious fragments they came back to him:

*Plans—completed. The merger—an accomplished fact. Need not impress upon you the necessity for absolute secrecy—present time. Deny all rumors.*

Even then William did not realize the full value of this chance information. As has been said, he had no genius for finance. His mind worked laboriously, almost painfully in matters of that nature. But though his thoughts in the present crisis were not brilliant, they were logical.

After an hour of concentrated effort, William arrived at the simple conclusion that if Amalgamated Steel were to absorb its competitors in order to control trade, the stock of the Amalgamated company would be greatly enhanced in value. He decided to buy steel—on a margin.

The events of the next two weeks are a matter of financial history. The great steel merger was announced on a Tuesday. Amalgamated was then selling around ninety-eight. Before closing time on Saturday it had gone to two hundred and fifty. The following week it touched six hundred dollars a share, and William Simms directed his broker to sell.

In twelve days he had made approximately half a million dollars.

Mommie was in the kitchen preparing a frugal supper of steak and onions when William burst in upon her with the news. He had run all the distance from the subway and up five flights of stairs, so that his breath was only sufficient for the main fact of the matter.

"We're rich, mommie! We're rich!"

"Oh, Will, what has happened?"

"The market," gasped William. "Six hundred a share—may go higher—but I sold. Couldn't stand the strain. Steel, you know, mommie. *Steel!*"

"Steal!" faltered mommie. "Oh, Will, how could you——"

"No, no, mommie! You don't understand. It's all—honest enough. Gad! If I could only—get my breath—to tell you——"

"Take a glass of water, Will. And do try to collect yourself. You've frightened me out of a year's growth."

"Never mind, mommie. You'll get it back again. Seashore—Hot Springs—Florida—anything you like. We're rich, I tell you."

Some moments later, his breath restored, William told mommie in detail of his astounding success. Mommie listened in a daze, her gentle eyes fixed adoringly upon William's animated countenance.

"What are you going to do with it all?" she asked finally, in a tone of awe.

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"I don't know. Invest it, I suppose."

"Why don't you go to Mr. Parr, William, and ask his advice? I'm sure he'd be pleased."

"Yes," said William, with a droll wink. "He'd probably take me into partnership. Why—what's the matter, mommie?"

"The steak!" cried mommie. "It'll be burned to a crisp."

William waved his hand.

"We can afford it," said he.

The next morning, despite the fact that he had scoffed at mommie's suggestion, William actually did present his case to Mr. Parr. He had gone into the banker's office with a sheaf of letters requiring the latter's signature. When this small business was concluded, William said:

"I would like to speak to you for a moment, sir, if you will permit me."

"Well?" snapped the banker.

"I—I have made a little money recently, and I would like to ask your advice as to the investment of it."

The great man glanced up impatiently. His gray eyes, peering out beneath their shaggy white brows, held a choleric gleam. But something in William's ingenuous smile aroused his curiosity.

"How much have you made?"

"About half a million dollars," said William.

"The devil you have!"

"Yes, sir."

"Young man! Have you been playing the market?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you buy?"

"Steel," said William.

"Steel!"

"Yes, sir."

"What made you do that?"

"I saw an article in a newspaper that said there was to be a merger——"

"That was only a rumor!"

"Yes, sir. But it seemed logical."

"Logical!"

"Yes, sir."

"Good God!" said the banker. "Logical!"

He studied William for a moment in silence, his small eyes as bright as flame. Then he said abruptly:

"Your name is Simms, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come back in half an hour," said the banker, "and I'll talk to you. In the meantime, young man, don't buy any more stocks. Above all, don't buy any more newspapers."

"No, sir," said William.

"Logical!" muttered the banker, as the door closed behind William's youthful form. "God bless my soul!"

It must not be supposed that William was made junior partner of the firm that afternoon. The most that he received, in fact, was a caustic lecture upon the folly of buying stocks that seemed logical. But the lecture occupied one hour of John Parr's time, which in itself was highly significant. William went home in a mood almost hilarious. Not only had the banker promised to assist him with his investments, but also to keep an eye upon him in the future. Vaguely he felt that he was drawing nearer to his goal.

"You have made a lot of money, by a lucky fluke," the great man had said. "You can do one of two things. In the first place, you can stop working and live on your income. Or you can stay here, at forty dollars a week, and learn the banking business. There is room in this office for a young man with brains."

"Thank you, sir," said William. "I'll stay."

Three months later he received an invitation to dine at the Parr residence. It was an informal invitation, extemporaneously delivered; but it marked an epoch in William's life.

"Young man," said the banker, "I have taken a fancy to you. I'm getting old. I want some one to bear a part of my burden, some one whom I can trust. I'm not sure that you're the man, but if you are I want to know it. Suppose you come to dinner to-morrow night, and we'll get acquainted."

It required the whole of William's mental powers to stammer an acceptance.

A man in livery opened the door of the castle to William. Another man took his hat, coat, and stick. Still another escorted him, in dignified silence, to a great room that stretched indefinitely into dull golden shadows. It was like walking in the house of a dream.

William seated himself upon a royal-

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looking chair, and sought in vain to quiet the throbbing of his pulses. He had scarcely dared hope that he would meet the princess; but now that he was actually within her palace walls, their meeting seemed almost inevitable. What would she say when she saw him in her father's house? Would she recognize him as the intrepid voyager of the four-wheeled galleon? Would she start and turn pale, thereby forcing him to embarrassing explanations? William recalled, with a sinking heart, that the princesses of fiction invariably started and turned pale.

He was still weighing the possibilities of the situation when Mr. Parr entered the room. The banker greeted him with a degree of cordiality that served partially to restore William's confidence in himself and his destiny. The next moment this confidence was completely destroyed.

"My daughter, Mr. Simms."

William turned to see a young woman advancing from the doorway. She was dressed in a dark evening-gown that made marvel of her loveliness. Her throat and arms were white as ivory. In her hair were lights of gold.

It was the princess.

When she saw William she stopped short. One hand went to her breast. Her eyes studied his face with an incredulous wonder, a surpassing unbelief. And it was William who turned pale.

Then the princess smiled, and became once more her regal self, calm, poised, and a little cold. So perfect had been the transition that William half doubted he had seen recognition in her glance.

A servant entered and announced in sacred formula that dinner was served.

What food passed his lips that night William never knew. Once or twice, recalling mommie's fond injunction to "remember what they have," he sought to concentrate upon the substance of the feast; but the dishes came and went with bewildering frequency, and his mind was entirely occupied with the vision of a princess.

It ended at last, as the material things of this world are wont to do. Then ensued an ordeal of coffee and cigars, during which William and his host sat alone in a room obviously dedicated to the banker's domestic solitudes. For upward of an hour Mr. Parr talked of stocks, investments, business conditions, Federal reserve, and the prospects of the coming presidential campaign. William listened attentively, and by so doing created the most favorable impression possible. Mr. Parr concluded that William was a young man of discretion and discernment, who did not presume to question the wisdom of his elders.

"I am glad to find you a conservative," said the banker. "So many young men are carried away by the wild notions of the day. You agree with me, do you not, that a high tariff is essential to the protection of our trade after the war?"

"Perfectly, sir," said William, whose mind at the moment was directed to the thought that dark evening-gowns were essential to young women with white arms.

Finally the banker rose and led the way to the music-room. There the princess joined them, and William's hopes, which had been at ebb-tide for the past hour, mounted again. Mr. Parr settled himself in an armchair at one end of the vast chamber and the princess took her place at the grand piano. William stood near by, ostensibly to turn the leaves of the music. The fact that there were no leaves to turn did not deter him. There might well have been leaves.

"Father is very fond of music," said Miss Parr, glancing up at William with a faint smile. "It invariably puts him to sleep."

William thought this a most charming characteristic; but the banker vigorously denied the accusation.

"Nonsense, my dear! You know I listen to every note."

Miss Parr, still faintly smiling, played the opening measures of a Chopin nocturne. Soon the banker's head drooped forward upon his breast, his eyes closed, and his enjoyment of music began. The princess played on, softly and more softly, until the gentle air was lost in a friendly silence. Then she turned and looked at William Simms.

"We can talk now," said the princess simply.

The great moment of William's life had come. All the months of scheming, all the desperate risk of his financial ventures had culminated in this crowning instant.

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He had won his way to the castle, and was now face to face with his princess.

"I am glad that we have met," said the girl, without embarrassment, "though naturally it seems very strange to me. I do not quite understand—how it happened."

"It happened," said William, "because I wanted it to happen—and because the fates were kind. When I saw you that first night I was not a creature of your world. I was exactly what I seemed. I belonged to the people who ride upon omnibuses, and who pay their fares with ten-cent pieces. It is not an easy matter," he continued earnestly, "to bridge the gap between that world and—this. I was lucky—far more lucky than clever—and your father helped me——"

"Why did you want to bridge the gap?" she asked quickly. "Weren't you happy in that other world of yours?"

"Quite happy," said William, "until I looked up at your window. After that I began to dream of a princess in a castle——"

"And you thought that the only way to reach her was to make a great deal of money?"

William nodded.

"This is the twentieth century," he said. "What other way exists?"

"I don't know," she answered softly. For a brief moment she regarded him in silence. Then she said: "I only know that I, too, have bridged the gap between the worlds."

"You!"

"Does it seem so strange that a woman should grow tired of being a princess? This is the twentieth century, as you have said; the century of opportunity and freedom—even for princesses. I was happy in my world for a while, but I grew tired. It did not seem real to me, it did not seem human. I felt that I was missing the most precious things of life. I wanted to brush elbows with the crowd, to belong to the great outside world, to work with others and for others. Then you rode by on your 'bus. You looked up at my window. I could almost hear you say: 'Poor prisoner! Come down and be one of us!' Every Saturday night I waited for you to go by. I even thought you might find a way——"

She paused, and the color heightened in her cheek; but she went on quietly:

"Of course I did not know what was happening in your mind. If I had guessed that you were planning to corner the stock-market, I would have been disillusioned forever! But I did not guess. I thought of you as a knight errant, and made up romances about your weekly adventures——"

She smiled slowly, a smile that struck William to the heart.

"I would not tell you this," she said, "if it could make any possible difference. You know that I stayed in town this summer?"

"Yes," said William breathlessly.

"I stayed," said the princess, "to take a position in an East Side settlement. It is in one of the most interesting parts of the slums. Dr. Blaine, who is in charge of the work, has offered me a residence instructorship—and I have accepted."

William stared at her in utter amazement. The whole towering edifice of his dreams had come crashing down about his ears, and, stunned as he was, he strove desperately to deny the ruin:

"But you can't live in such a place!" he cried roughly. "You! Buried in the slums! It's impossible! It's absurd! Why, your father is one of the wealthiest men in America! Your place is as fixed as the stars! You'll grow tired of dirt and filth and disease. I know what it is to live in an atmosphere of poverty. It will drag you down, soil your hands. You'll find there's a rough side to charity, a horrible, unclean side that will sicken you, make you long for the world that is yours by right. You are moved now, perhaps, by a deceptive altruism——"

"It isn't altogether altruism," said the princess slowly. "You see—I am going to marry Dr. Blaine."

The following spring William Simms married the daughter of a gentleman who had made a fortune in safety-razors. Shortly thereafter he was made junior partner of John Parr & Co.

Any fine Sunday now he may be seen by the socially curious rolling to St. Thomas's in his limousine, a high silk hat upon his head, his neatly gloved hands

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resting precisely upon the top of his stick. On his right sits a small, rather pretty woman, whose distinguishing feature is an absolute perfection of attire. That is William's wife.

On his left sits a little old lady, with gray hair confined beneath a bonnet of unalterable style. Her face is calm and divinely contented. Her eyes are fixed upon William with the pride that passeth all understanding.

That is mommie.

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# A THEATRICAL BOARDING-HOUSE IN SYDNEY

By Isobel Field

[NOTE.—Mrs. Salisbury Field, who was Mrs. Strong at the time described in these memoirs, is the daughter of the late Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson. She is referred to frequently in the Vailima Letters as "Belle," and by her native name of "Teuila." She acted as amanuensis to R. L. S. during the last years of his life in Samoa, writing all of his voluminous correspondence, besides the two novels "St. Ives" and "Hermiston."]

EVERY member of my family was leaving on the schooner *Equator* for the South Seas, to be gone indefinitely. If I went with them, it would mean leaving my little boy at a boarding-school in Honolulu. He was too young to take on a long, hazardous voyage in such a tiny craft. I knew if I left without him it would spoil any pleasure the trip could give me; yet to have stayed on in Honolulu, much as I loved the place, would have meant all the dreariness of being "left behind." Suddenly Mr. Stevenson hit upon the grand idea that I should go by steamer to Sydney, and wait there for the arrival of the *Equator*. It would give me a new interest, I would see strange lands and people, and could take Austin with me.

I had never travelled on my own responsibility before. So far I had been "personally conducted" through life. The idea of starting off for the antipodes (I liked the sound of the word) had all the novelty and excitement of a daring adventure. Mr. Stevenson made all the arrangements for me. A sum of money was to be sent to a certain bank in Sydney, from which I was to draw a stated sum monthly. The address of a boarding-house where I was to stay was written down, as well as the name of the hotel where I should go immediately on landing. My ticket was bought, stateroom engaged, and a fat little purse handed me for expenses on the way, and each member of the family gave me advice. I was cautioned against undesirable strangers who made overtures of friendship, and it was suggested that I choose among the passengers a quiet married couple and put myself under their protection.

Now that such agreeable plans were arranged for me, it was easier to watch the preparations for the departure of the *Equator*. Even a real hurdy-gurdy (the talking-machines were not in popular use then) which we tried out in the evenings and a magic lantern with religious slides lent by a missionary did not stir my heart to envy. I helped my mother string beads and make wreaths of artificial flowers, for presents to give to the islanders on their travels, without a pang. While the family talked of native villages, atolls, lagoons, and the Line Islands, my thoughts were busy with parrots, cherries that grow with stones outside, kangaroos, and boomerangs.

The schooner *Equator* looked a tiny cockle-shell as she sailed out of the harbor among all the huge steamers and men-of-

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war. I watched it sink beneath the horizon with an anxious heart. It wasn't as though my family were going to some place where there was a post-office or telegraph-station. I was to depend on passing ships for news of them. As a matter of fact, they were gone seven months and the letters they gave to various ships for me did not reach Sydney till after the family arrived there.

Austin and I left on the *Mariposa* a week later on a lovely tropical night. Many friends came to see us off, bringing *leis* in the island fashion, so that we were almost hidden in masses of ferns and fragrant flowers as we leaned on the rail of the steamer-deck taking our last look at Honolulu. The town, embowered in green, lay in a flood of moonlight against a background of purple mountains topped by puffs of white clouds. From Diamond Head, that lies like a warrior under a shroud, to the shimmering mauve of distant Waianae the city never looked more beautiful.

The band does not play for the through steamers, so I thought regretfully that I was to leave without hearing the Hawaiian farewell song, "Aloha Oe," but I was mistaken. The ship was delayed for some reason. It grew late; all the shore people had left and the wharf was deserted when two carriages drove in and stopped at the gang-plank. It was King Kalakaua come to bid us good-by. He brought his own band of singers, explaining that he could not let me leave his land without a proper farewell.

We talked long that night, for I had lived several years in Hawaii, and the King had shown me many kindnesses. I had been able to bring him a message at a time of political trouble, for which he had given me the Royal Order of Oceania. He spoke of that, and of my services in designing the Hawaiian coat of arms and the star of the Order, and said he looked upon me as a Hawaiian, and if ever I needed help or advice while in Australia to call upon his *chargé d'affaires* to the Court of Hawaii, who was to be found in the city of Sydney. With hearty good wishes for a pleasant voyage he took his leave. When the great ship slipped away from the dock it was to the music of "Aloha Oe," the little group of garlanded Hawaiians singing on till the islands faded into the shimmer of the moonlight, and only the ghost of a melody whispered across the water.

I found my quiet couple the first day out. She was a little fair woman with masses of yellow hair and an hour-glass figure; he was a drab sort of man, very quiet and devoted to his wife. I don't remember their name, but we will call them "Watson." They had my steamer-chair placed alongside of theirs, and we three grew to be very friendly.

We would sit out in the evenings on the upper deck, looking at the moonlight on the sea, saying little, for they were a quiet couple; but sometimes Mr. Watson would prevail upon his wife to sing, begging for his favorite, a particularly dreary ballad called "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," which brought tears to his eyes. I noticed that he was very attentive to his wife, liking to hold her hand, to touch her hair tenderly, and give her little affectionate pats. To my surprise she seemed strangely unresponsive. She drew away from him as far as possible, giving him only the tips of her fingers to hold, and would dodge aside if he bent over her. Truth to tell, they were a dull couple, but I felt that I was following advice and doing my duty, so I stuck by them.

Fortunately, I am a good sailor, but poor Austin was a limp rag. I had brought a little wicker chair on board and carried him in it out on the deck in the morning. One evening as I started to carry him back to the cabin a young man stepped forward and took him out of my arms.

"He is too heavy for you," he said.

Of course I thanked him and explained that Austin was not a very good sailor, but that I was sure he would be all right in a few days.

The young man appeared bright and early the next morning to ask after "the little lad," and carried him out on deck for me. Then, as Austin grew better, he brought a checker-board and played with him.

"Surely," I thought to myself, "*he's* all right. He isn't making up to *me*."

When Austin was able to run about, the man took him into his cabin and taught him exercises. He made him walk so

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many times around the ship before breakfast, ran races with him, and at Auckland, where we stopped for several hours, he took the little boy ashore and bought him a small pair of boxing-gloves.

Just before we reached New Zealand some one asked me to tell fortunes. I have a pack of cards that I invented and painted myself, and I carry them with me wherever I go—they never fail to amuse somebody. I told all sorts and kinds of fortunes, and finally Mr. Watson came for his turn. Among a number of things I remember saying, "You have women's tears on your conscience," and added, "You are a gay Lothario," expecting him to smile. Instead of that he turned very pale.

"Are you seasick?" I asked. He shook his head and went away.

That night Mrs. Watson came to my cabin and told a story that filled me with horror and dismay. She began, I remember, most dramatically by asking:

"Are you the kind of a woman to take a woman's part?"

I faltered doubtfully that perhaps I was. Then, sitting on the cabin floor at my feet, the tears streaming down her face, she confessed that she was not married to Mr. Watson. She had left her husband to elope with him, and he had deserted a wife and five children for her. She showed me a crumpled telegram she had received from her husband in San Francisco telling her never to return. She excused and blamed herself in a breath, and wound up by declaring that she had grown to hate the man she was with.

To me it all sounded like a page out of Ouida, and my eyes must have been as round as saucers. She thought I had known the truth about them when I told Mr. Watson's fortune, and said he had "women's tears on his conscience." I was so aghast that I could only shake my head vehemently when she asked if I had said it on purpose. When she found that I was innocent of any design, she evidently regretted her confession, and begged me not to let Mr. Watson suspect that she had told me anything. She would say that my cards had hit upon the truth by accident. She pleaded with me to behave as usual, so the passengers would notice no change in us. I felt that I was called upon to say "Avaunt, woman!" or something equally reproving, and was surprised to find myself sorry for the poor creature and agreeing to keep my seat with them for the next two days. They left then at Auckland and I never saw them again. Though, under the circumstances, I was glad they went, I missed their company, for I had made no other friends on board except the nice Mr. James, the young man who was so kind to Austin.

He drew up his chair alongside of mine, and I didn't see why I shouldn't be friendly with him. In travelling across America he had been caught in the Johnstown flood, and his thrilling experiences during that terrible time made an interesting story. He had an agreeable tenor voice and sang old-fashioned Irish ballads, "Willie in the Rushes O" and "The Cruiskeen Laun," as our ship sped over the waters under the lovely tropical stars.

One evening, when he had ordered "squashes," as they call lemonade in Australia, I happened to notice how he signed the check. I glanced at it and said innocently: "You write that as though it were not your real name." He looked startled and asked what I meant. "Well," I explained, "people have a peculiar way of signing their own names—some little flourish or quirk. You write it out as though it were a pound of flour." I was to remember that incident later.

We reached Sydney on a beautiful, clear, sunny day, steaming in through the lovely harbor on water as smooth as silk. We drew in so close to the public gardens that border the water-front that I could have thrown a ball to the children playing on the esplanade.

It was a strange sensation to arrive absolutely unknown in a foreign land. Every other passenger was eagerly hailing some one on shore, and all went their different ways in little groups of excited friends. But I was not daunted. It was in a spirit of high adventure that I led my little son by the hand and stepped foot upon the "antipodes."

We went at once, according to instructions, to the Oxford Inn on George Street, and it was there our fellow passenger, Mr. James, found us when he came to call. He, Austin, and I spent a very pleasant

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afternoon at the Botanical Gardens, and that evening he left for Melbourne. We went to the train to see him off, shaking hands with real friendliness and hoping that we would all meet again. We never did. He was arrested in Melbourne and put into jail for swindling. He and a young man with him, both travelling under *aliases*, were well-known English crooks. They had followed a wealthy lord across America to Australia and were caught by bank officials in a confidence trick. He and the Watsons were the only friends I made on the *Mariposa*.

One afternoon Austin and I went to look at the boarding-house that had been selected for us. It was an expensive, respectable, perfectly awful place. I looked at the stuffy red-velvet chairs, the heavy hangings, the landlady with a false front, false teeth, and false manners, and fled back to the hotel to put off the evil day of moving as long as I could.

When my money was almost gone I called at Towne & Co., the bankers, to draw my allowance, walking in with aplomb, and giving my name and the sum I wished to draw.

The clerk looked at me with a blank face and referred me to some one else, who sent me to still some one else, till I found myself in a little glass office with the coldest, hardest man I had ever met. He had never heard the name of Robert Louis Stevenson; he had no money for me nor any advice to give me.

"But Mr. Stevenson told me that he had arranged it all, and that I only had to come here and draw my money every week."

The man said he was sorry, but looked as though he didn't believe a word I said.

"But what shall I do?" I asked. He didn't know and intimated that he didn't care.

"But what if your wife or your sister found herself in a strange land without any money or friends," I went on desperately; "what would you advise her to do?"

"See her consul," he snapped, turning to his papers.

With my heart beating so that it choked me, I went to the office of the American consul though I don't remember how I found the place.

Our representative was a large fat man. I recognized him as a fellow passenger on the *Mariposa*, who had annoyed me by his way of speaking of the "Yeu-nited States Senate," and what he had said to the "Yeu-nited States Senate." He was a type of the old-fashioned politician, with a huge black mustache and a big cigar. He remained seated, I remember, during our interview. He seemed to think that I had come to get money out of him, for he repeated several times that he had no funds at his disposal for destitute Americans.

I must say my story must have sounded very flimsy, "Every member of my family gone off in a little boat with no address but the South Seas," but finally I waked him to some trepidation by saying: "This is American soil; we are under the American flag! If I can't find a place to go I will bring my child and stay here." I left him babbling that he had no accommodations for ladies at the consulate.

It was still early in the day. Fortunately, I had paid my bill at the hotel, but I had very little left. Barely two pounds, a sum that would not pay for one week at the red-plush boarding-house.

Evidently the first thing to do was to find cheap lodgings at once. We started out with a little list I had cut from the newspaper.

I had never known before that human beings existed in such awful places. Dark rooms, smelly hallways, slatternly servants, obsequious inquisitive landladies, each more impossible than the other. Fortunately, I had to pretend to be brave so as not to frighten Austin. He was looking very anxious and a boy of eight understands more than one imagines. I talked cheerfully to keep him from suspecting how worried I felt. It was growing late as we crossed the Domain—a well-laid-out park full of beautiful trees—mysterious and shadowy in the gathering darkness. I was tired, discouraged, and more frightened than I had ever been in my life before. It was then that the good Lord led me straight to Miss Leaney's theatrical boarding-house.

She charged me one pound ten a week for the two of us, including board and a large clean room on the top floor front

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overlooking the great shade-trees of the Domain. The window-curtains were of cheap muslin, and the floor-covering Chinese matting; but they were fresh and clean, and if the bed was hard I never knew it. It seemed to me then the most beautiful room I had ever seen. No sailor beating in before the gale could have appreciated the shelter of a snug harbor any more than I did the safety and comfort of Miss Leaney's top floor front.

We had been there several days before I remembered what King Kalakaua had said to me about having a Hawaiian *chargé d'affaires* in Sydney. After my experience with the bank officials and the American consul I was timid about calling on a perfect stranger on whom I had no claim whatever. It was only sheer desperation that nerved me to go and see him. I had paid our first week in advance at the boarding-house, and it took my last shilling to bring our luggage from the hotel.

Miss Leaney found his name and address for me—Abraham Hoffnung, a well-known banker and business man. I never knew how he came to be *chargé d'affaires* to the Court of Hawaii unless he thought it looked well on his cards, for there could not have been very much business of a diplomatic nature between the two countries. I think now that I must have been the sole and only person who ever claimed his attention in his official capacity.

I left Austin at Miss Leaney's and went alone, for I did not want him to see me ignominiously thrown out if my errand was unsuccessful. Mr. Hoffnung was at the head of several business houses in Sydney, and I cannot remember now whether I went to his big department-store or to his bank. I sent in my card, and he came out to meet me—a brisk, smiling gentleman, clean-shaven, at a time when men disfigured their faces with every variety of beard and whisker. He looked very dapper and wholesome and polished, and when I said I had come to see him as *chargé d'affaires* for Hawaii, he fairly beamed, ushered me into his office and rolled up a chair. I felt like an adventuress. By this time I hardly believed my own story myself. "My remittances haven't come" is the oldest and stalest confidence yarn in Australia. I got through my explanations somehow and only remember Mr. Hoffnung's generous kindness. "You were right to come to me. Don't worry at all. Consider me your banker and draw on me for all you need."

"But I don't know how long my family will be away. They said I was just to wait here till they came."

"It doesn't matter if they never come back," said Mr. Hoffnung cheerfully. "I'll take care of you. That's what I'm here for. I look upon you as a Hawaiian, and they are my special charge." Then, in the goodness of his heart, he pretended that he remembered having met me at one of the royal balls in Honolulu. He may have known something about me, or perhaps I told him that I painted a little, for he insisted that I was to devote myself to "Art" and not trouble my head about business matters. He wanted to give me a handful of money, but I would only take enough to pay our next week's board-bill.

The following day Mr. Hoffnung came to see me, with an outfit of paints and a large *papier-mâché* plaque. He was worried because I would not accept more money from him, and tried to get round it delicately by giving me a commission to paint a bunch of flannel flowers on a black background. He produced the flowers from the inside of his shiny silk hat. It is true that I had painted dinner-cards and had even spoiled the lovely surface of pearl shells with little landscapes and "Souvenir of Hawaii" scrolls, but I had never perpetrated a "plaque," a form of art much in vogue in those days, especially among amateurs. Mr. Hoffnung, however, was so kind and so anxious that I finally consented.

Several days later, as I was daubing somewhat despondently on the plaque, Miss Leaney came in to tell us that the American steamer *Alameda* was in port.

"It stops at Honolulu on the way down," she said, "and I thought you might have some friends on board."

We knew all the officers of the Oceanic Line steamers that touched at Honolulu on their monthly trips between Australia and "the coast," so Austin and I went down to the docks in great excitement.

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We found our old friend Purser Smith in his little office smothered in papers. He dropped everything when he saw us, hailed us in, gave us all the latest news from Honolulu, and then asked how we liked "the antipodes." It was such a relief to meet some one who knew us, that I poured out the whole story of our adventures. Purser Smith looked at his watch, and said:

"You have just time enough to reach the bank before closing hours."

"What do you mean?" I said; "they were horrid to me there."

"I understand the whole thing," he said. "What actually happened was that the letters and papers Mr. Stevenson arranged for you were left with the bank officials in Honolulu to post, and—they missed the boat. What then? Why, they would be sent on the next steamer—this one. The mail went ashore early this morning. Hurry, and please send Austin down to tell me if everything is all right."

It was as he had said. The papers had all arrived that morning on the *Alameda*. When I reached the bank my reception was very different, though I never saw the cold hard man again.

With a light heart and a purse full of money, I went to see Mr. Hoffnung to explain about the arrival of the papers and pay back the money he had so generously given me. On the way I made up a speech beginning, "I was a stranger in a strange land—" and ending with "though my thanks are inadequate, they are none the less sincere." It was a beautiful speech, and I said it over to myself a dozen times. When I waited in the office for Mr. Hoffnung, I had it letter-perfect. He came in hurriedly, his kindly face a little anxious.

"Oh, Mr. Hoffnung," I cried, "it's all right," and burst into tears on his black-and-white-checked shoulder, while the dear man patted me on the back. I don't think I ever did tell him in words how grateful I was.

When I came home I met Miss Leaney in the hall, and told my story all over again, for now it had a happy ending.

"You little knew," I said, "what a slim chance you had of getting your rent-money this week."

"My poor child," she said, "why didn't you tell me? You could have stayed on here till your people came. I would have taken care of you." And I really believe she would.

St. Mary's Terrace was on a quiet street, a sort of oasis in the midst of evil surroundings; for, in spite of every kind of safeguard and advice, I had landed in the very worst quarter of Sydney, the notorious Wooloomooloo. But the terrace, which for all its fine name, was only a row of boarding-houses, turned its back upon the slums and faced the iron railings and beautiful trees of the Domain. The only passers-by were occasional tourists from the incoming or outgoing steamers, and late and early a few laborers on their way to and from the docks. To be sure, we sometimes heard the horrible shrieks of women being dragged to the police-station, and were once startled by the crack of pistol-shots from the shadows of the Domain, and saw next day a morbid crowd surrounding a dark stain upon the grass. But these were exceptions that only served to accentuate the calm of ordinary days.

Some years before we arrived at Miss Leaney's a well-known comedian, Teddy Royce, came to Sydney and put up with his wife at a small hotel. They had only been there a few days when Mrs. Royce was taken ill and a doctor, called in hurriedly, pronounced her sickness to be typhoid fever. The hotel proprietor promptly ordered them to leave. There was an epidemic raging and the hospitals were all full. Mr. Royce rushed madly about trying to find lodgings, but every door shut at the word typhoid. He had to go to the theatre for the evening performance to play his comedy part. It was after eleven o'clock when he took his few belongings, and his wife, sick and delirious, in a hired hack, to search the city for a refuge. He found Miss Leaney, who took them in, helped to nurse Mrs. Royce back to health, and not only won their gratitude but that of the profession as well, and from that moment Miss Leaney's became a theatrical boarding-house.

A good story gains a lot when told by an actor, and though I came to know that tale by heart, I never failed to weep on

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hearing it. I was not only a good listener —I was an eager, ardent one. The older actors at Miss Leaney's found me most appreciative of their tales of former successes—"when the house rose" at them—"when the theatre rocked with applause." To the younger ones and their dreams of fame, I listened with awe and respect. I was a willing and conscientious reader of press notices, and so long as a story was well told, I did not care how many times I heard it. I had always from earliest childhood taken a great interest in the theatre, and these people were not ordinary folks to me—they had about them the glamour of the footlights.

To return the compliment, they were all more or less interested in me, the first American, strange to say, that any of them had met; and Austin was a constant source of entertainment. They were quite frank in noting our peculiarities of speech and manner—not critically or scornfully, but as we would discuss the Wild Man of Borneo in the circus.

"You most scared me to death," Austin exclaimed one morning at a turn in the stairs when he ran into an actor coming up to breakfast. The man stopped abruptly. "Say that again," he said. Austin repeated his remark. "Strange," said the man, "I can't understand a word of your lingo."

"Mush" for porridge amused them very much, and when I said I had left my room "every which way," and had crossed the street "catty-corner," and said "coal-oil," "elevator," "drug-store," "dry-goods store," and "conductor," for kerosene, lift, pharmacy, drapers, and guard, besides many other expressions that were natural to me, I realized that I was speaking a foreign language to them.

The only help Miss Leaney had in running the house was a very pretty younger sister named Flossie, who never did anything that I could see but bang on the piano and cause an occasional sensation by fainting from tight lacing. There was a cook in the dark lower premises who occasionally broke loose like a wild animal and had to be overpowered by the police —and Annie. Annie was a little maid of all work, exactly like the "slavey" in popular English comedies. She called Mr. Osbourne "Mr. Hospin"; she said that a neighbor was going to "Owbart to die" (to Hobart to-day), and when Austin asked the name of a little nut she told him it was a "high-corn." She was young, and might have been pretty if she hadn't always a smut on her face and her hair screwed up in a tight wad on the top of her head. She was so "true to form," that she wore huge feathers in her Sunday hat. With the kitchen on the first floor back, and the dining-room on the second floor front—up a very long flight of stairs —Annie would have had enough to do waiting on the table, but she swept, brought up breakfast-trays, ran errands, carried heavy loads of coal, and yet found time to answer brightly and cheerfully the constant calls for "Anne*e*" over the bannisters.

Mrs. Magee was the first friend I made at Miss Leaney's. Though she was a young woman, she was the oldest boarder, and she made me a stately little call as "doyenne." She was the adoring wife of a big handsome Irishman she called "Hammy," who was manager of the Criterion Theatre. They were both from Belfast, and returned there shortly after we left Miss Leaney's, on "Hammy's" falling heir to a fortune. It pleased me when I heard that they gave a grand dinner on the eve of their departure for Ireland to all the guests at Miss Leaney's, and presented that dear soul with a diamond brooch.

I have been grateful all my life since to the Magees for their kindness to me—for it was Hammy who gave me a pass to the Criterion Theatre.

It did not have to be renewed with every performance. I was introduced to Mr. Grant at the box-office, and to the man who took the tickets. Only first nights, Saturdays, and holidays were barred—on all other occasions I was free to walk in, provided I wore evening dress.

To the good Magees I owe some of the happiest hours I have ever spent in a theatre; I grew to know the actors at the Criterion almost intimately; I learned their peculiarities, their mannerisms, and the very tones of their voices, so that to this day their names thrill me as those of old and loved friends: George Titheridge,

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who heads my list as the greatest actor I have ever seen; Dion Boucicault, whose every movement was a joy, the enchanting Mrs. Brough—George Anson, Pattie Brown, Emma Romer, Jenny Watt-Tanner, Cecil Ward—all and every one of that incomparable stock company!

There were no great names among Miss Leaney's boarders. Those who came to her were of the rank and file of the profession, hard-working, ambitious, deeply interested in the theatre and in very little else. I can't remember that we ever talked of current events; no books were read, except perhaps a trashy novel to pass the time on a rainy Sunday. The stage, the actors, and the plays were discussed morning, noon, and night.

The only drone in that busy hive was Miss Tracy, who had the big back room on the top floor. She had once been a leader of the chorus, but had to retire as she grew too stout for the part. She was a very tall woman, fair as a Swede, with straw-colored hair and an enormous bust. She had never had a speaking part on the stage, but was far more theatrical in her gestures and allusions than the real actresses. She had a way of touching her forehead with the tips of her fingers, rolling her eyes, and waving her hand in the air when she said "I remember" that was tremendously effective.

Miss Tracy evidently had a private income, for she dressed well, did no work, and had plenty of time which she spent in making calls. There were always women trailing up the two long flights of stairs to see Miss Tracy.

Her room was a large, light corner one. The first things that caught your eye on entering were the photographs. They were tacked all over the walls close together in a mass that reached the ceiling. They were mostly autographed pictures of theatrical friends, but many were of herself in the great days of her youth and beauty. She pointed them out with pride. They showed a tall, buxom girl in tights, a satin bodice laced into painful proportions, trunks, and very high-heeled boots, a fashion that hideously distorted the human frame, but Miss Tracy looked at the photographs fondly, tapped her forehead, rolled her eyes, and "remembered, ah me!" some more.

She told me the story of her life several times, with tremendous dramatic intensity and great variety. In one version she had been very wealthy, the spoiled, petted wife of an indulgent husband. She had much "carriage company" (it was the first time I had heard the expression and it stuck in my mind), but a dark cloud was approaching. Her dearest friend, a woman of rank and fashion, crept into her life like a snake in the grass, inveigled her husband, and eloped with him. Miss Tracy, with agonized tappings of the forehead and waving of white fingers, recalled, ah me! that terrible night when the truth burst upon her. Throwing her ermine cloak about her shoulders, she drove in her carriage and pair to the theatre, where she fell fainting in her opera-box!

Teddy Royce and his wife (the real founders of Miss Leaney's theatrical boarding-house) had met in their youth many years before in London, as Columbine and Harlequin in a Christmas pantomime. They had fallen in love with each other dancing their fairy dances to lovely music, were married at the end of the run, and I saw in real life a couple who "lived happy ever after." They had nine children, all living, the older boys supporting themselves, the girls married, and there were two of the youngest still at school in England. Only one cloud had crossed their blue horizon—a terrible misfortune—but it had only served to draw them closer together. A few years before they came to Australia, Teddy, who was what he called "an operatic dancer," had missed his step in leaping through a trap-door. He fell, was picked up insensible, and lay on his back paralyzed for a year. He could not move or speak, though he could see and hear all that went on about him. It was the passionate, unwearying devotion of his wife that saved him. She understood the quiver of an eyelash, and never lost hope or allowed him to despair. She rigged up a tray in front of him, so arranged that he could watch her put picture-puzzles together. She chatted to him gayly, telling all the pleasant gossip of the theatre—sometimes, as she confessed to him afterward, with a catch at her heart for fear he did not understand. And in

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the end she fairly loved him to complete recovery.

He was then given a benefit performance, where he took the same jump through the trap-door, and was received with tremendous applause. Mrs. Royce always had the press notices to show, describing this great occasion. But the vogue of the male dancer had passed and Teddy Royce turned to comedy. When I met them he was a small, slender man with the light, graceful step of the dancer, and though his hair was gray he had a youthful, almost boyish, face. Mrs. Royce was a sweet, matronly-looking woman who filled in her spare time embroidering flannel petticoats in floss silk. Her clothes were plain and neat, but sadly dowdy in style, and she wore her black hair severely smooth. I noticed casually that she always left the house promptly at three o'clock every afternoon, and asked Miss Leaney about it.

"She is ballet-mistress at the Majestic," she explained, "and is training her young ladies for the Christmas pantomime."

I looked my astonishment as Miss Leaney went on: "She not only teaches dancing—she dances herself. You'll see her in the pantomime. She runs about on the tips of her toes something wonderful."

It is the regret of my life that I didn't see Mrs. Royce on the stage, but I was ill during the holidays and missed that wonderful performance and Teddy Royce's song that became so famous that it was called "The Australian Anthem." I remember the heated discussions that went on about it at our little suppers after the theatre. It was a convict song about Botany Bay. I only recall one verse:

> "Now all you young dookes and duchesses,
> Take warning by what I now say—
> Be sure all's your own what you toucheses
> Or you'll join us in Botany Bay."

There was a dance that went with this, suggesting the lock-step. Teddy's friends were afraid to have him sing that particular song in the city of Sydney, saying that many people in the audience would take it as a personal affront to their ancestors. But Teddy's argument was, "The ones who are *not* descended from convicts will applaud loudly to prove the fact before the world—and the ones who *are* descended from convicts will applaud louder still for fear people will guess it, and between the two the song will make a hit"—and it did.

Mr. H. was a good-looking young man who played the lead in melodrama. On the stage his entrance was always preceded by bursts of praise and "Ah, here comes the dear lad now." He wore soft white shirts open at the neck; the village children clustered about him, and he was always good to his mother. That was the heyday of melodrama, and oh, what perils surrounded Mr. H.! I have seen him climb up the very wabbly side of a prison-cell, pull out the iron bars of his window, and let himself out over—he was careful to inform us—a frightful precipice. I have seen him chased by bloodhounds—at *least* chased off stage, coming on breathless and gasping, to tell us about it in beautiful language. I have seen him under London Bridge among cutthroats and thieves, and welcomed in red-velvet salons among dukes and earls, always the centre of tragedy, love, and romance. In private life he was a wholesome, friendly soul whose heart was wrapped up in a little son. He always had one of his letters to read aloud, and every chance he got he paid him a visit at a boarding-school near Sydney.

Mr. Diver was a thin, earnest youth, pale and hollow-eyed, with long black hair that tossed off his forehead like a mane. He was playing the part of the brother in "La Tosca" in the Mrs. Brown-Potter and Kyrle Bellew Company. Through him I learned for the first time how cruel great actresses could be. Mrs. Potter was annoyed with Mr. Diver because he asked her for his cue before the company, and after that made it a point to change it continually. For instance, if he had learned these words for his entrance, "More of this anon," she would say: "We will speak of this to-morrow." Poor Mr. Diver grew thinner and paler every day during the engagement of Mrs. Potter and Kyrle Bellew, for, strangely enough, though the lady badgered him nearly to death, she kept him in the company during the whole season.

Mr. Royce had been engaged as stage-

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manager to put on one of the plays—it was while he was disengaged, so he was very glad to get the job. When Mr. Diver would come in after the performance he would tear his hair, appeal to high heaven, and tell us of more tricks and tortures that he had endured. Mr. Royce gave him fatherly advice—to remember that a great actress like Mrs. James Brown-Potter was more highly strung than ordinary women. He should help her, show her in every way in his power that he was working for the good of the play, in fact, turn the other cheek. We were all at supper a few nights later when Teddy Royce burst in boiling with rage. He had arranged a "set" with velvet chairs and sofa, and the colors did not harmonize with Mrs. Potter's dress. Instead of telling Mr. Royce, who would have changed them, she ripped and slashed the velvet with a sharp knife. The furniture was hired, and Mr. Royce was responsible for it. I don't know how it ended or what happened next, only that for once Mr. Diver laughed aloud, and for once Teddy Royce damned a woman.

Mr. and Mrs. X. were always together—they were inseparable, which wouldn't have seemed strange if they had been a devoted couple; but they weren't. They quarrelled all the time. Of the two, Mrs. X. did the talking, to which her husband kept up a rumble—a sort of running accompaniment of abuse. She would say: "Ah, that was a great play—'Forget-Me-Not.' I am particularly fond of it, as I originated the part of Miss Foley."

Rumble from Mr. X.: "You did NOT."

"How can you sit there contradicting me when I tell you I was the original Miss Foley?"

"Everybody here knows Mrs. Harry Wood originated that part in London."

"Oh," said Mrs. X., "I meant, of course, in Australia." (Sardonic laughter from her husband.)

He caught her out another time in a way that was positively cruel, for it was before us all. She had a sixpence either on her chain or in her purse, and she said it had brought her luck for twenty years. They bickered over this until Mr. X. snatched the coin and read the date aloud to the company. It was that of two years previous. The scene made such a deep impression upon me because I was so mortified for Mrs. X., but I don't think the incident made any impression on her.

The X.s had two large trunks, or "hampers," they called them, full of theatrical clothes. I remember a most exciting afternoon when they unpacked them for me, and I revelled in crowns and sceptres, cotton-velvet draperies, gilt shoes, and boots with wonderful tops to them. It seemed strange that two grown, middle-aged people should be so serious about such a lot of make-believe, but the costumes were done up in tissue-paper, and the jewels as reverently handled as though they had been real. Of course the X.s quarrelled over every article, and differed about when it was worn and which one of them had made a great success in it.

Once when Mr. X. was playing and his wife was out of town, Annie forgot to wake him at a quarter past eight when he was taking a nap after dinner. He was a big, red-cheeked Englishman, and we heard him bounding down the stairs, yelling curses as he went. When he came home he told us that he had run all the way to the theatre and only just missed the unpardonable sin of "keeping the stage waiting." A couple of nights later it suddenly occurred to me that I hadn't heard Mr. X. leave. His room was just below mine and it was nearly nine o'clock. I ran down and tapped at his door. No answer. I opened it and looked in. There he was lying on the bed fast asleep. It took a little courage, but I felt it to be my duty to go in and shake him. Heavens, what a rage he was in! After a string of very uncomplimentary remarks, he said he wasn't on that night and I was the third person who had waked him. After that I refrained from interfering in the X.s' affairs.

Not long ago I was looking over some old boxes, and came upon the photograph of a pleasant-faced woman; underneath was written: "Don't forget me." I have forgotten her name, but I have never forgotten a story she told me of her early days on the stage. She had been a ballet-girl, and worked very hard for very little money. Once she and another girl had a room together in the cheap part of town,

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and found it pretty hard to make both ends meet. A girl they knew in the theatre, who lived in Sydney, invited them both to a Sunday dinner. The two girls were delighted. As they were going to feast the next day, they went without their supper on Saturday night, and worked till nearly morning ironing out their white muslin dresses—cleaning and mending their gloves, and preparing to make a good impression. They found that the girl who had invited them lived out in the suburbs of Sydney, so they left early and walked to save bus-fare. It was a very hot day and when the two girls arrived at the house they were faint with fatigue and hunger. The door was opened by an indignant woman who shouted, "Go away! I don't allow my daughter to associate with the likes of you!" and slammed the door in their faces.

There was only one love-affair going on at Miss Leaney's—at least only one that was generally known and certainly approved by the whole of St. Mary's Terrace. A little girl named Poppy Jennings lived in the boarding-house next door. She was a slim, fairylike little creature with amber-colored hair, mild blue eyes, and a heart full of devotion to Austin. She was older than he by a year, but what he lacked in age he made up in experience, for he had travelled in ships and was something of a man of the world. They were inseparable. Austin had a box full of books we had brought with us from Honolulu and loved nothing so much as to sit on a door-step listening to Poppy read aloud to him. Once I found him very much dejected and asked him where Poppy was. "I don't know," he said sadly. "I'm disappointed about Poppy. She doesn't like 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" However, she liked "Tom Sawyer," and the course of true love ran smooth.

It was against every English tradition for a boy of Austin's age to pay attentions to a girl, but he was so oblivious to sarcasm and so invulnerable to ridicule that he finally won out, and he and Poppy were accepted by the terrace as sweethearts. Indeed, Hammy, the big, handsome Irishman, confided to Austin in a heart-to-heart talk that he had fallen in love with his wife when she was six years old.

I was once so ill-advised as to interfere between Austin and Poppy. She had a very marked Australian accent and said "arkyde" and "lydy." I suggested that Austin should mention to her that arcade and lady were the correct pronunciations of those words. He came in that afternoon and reproved me for interfering.

"Why did you tell me to correct Poppy?" he said. "She won't speak to me now. She says she speaks 'prop-ley and will take no me-rarks from nobody'!"

Once he came in and said the street boys called him "Yankee," and asked what he should call them. I proposed "Sydney ducks," and had to put some beefsteak on Austin's black eye in consequence.

As he was one against a gang, the whole terrace was in arms in his defense. I have seen Miss Leaney leave a prospective tenant unceremoniously to dash out and join in the fray. Once Poppy rushed in and said Austin was being killed in the alley. I flew to the rescue, accompanied by Miss Tracy, little Annie hopping down the stairs three steps at a time to join us. We found Austin backed up against a wall, warding off blows and scratches from a number of enraged little girls. It seems that he had told Poppy not to associate with them, and they were proving to him that they were perfect ladies. Miss Tracy and I were too much overcome with suppressed laughter to be much help, but Annie did some hair-pulling and scratching on her own account and soon routed the foe.

"Why didn't ye 'it 'em?" she asked Austin as we were binding up his wounds, and he replied that he couldn't fight girls.

"They're not girls, they're larrikins," said Annie contemptuously.

Miss Leaney was always busy, and the only times I remember seeing her was at the head of her table when she served the coffee or the roast, a slender figure of a woman with Irish-blue eyes and black crinkly hair. She was looked upon as a sort of little mother by her theatrical family, who all treated her with the greatest deference.

I asked her once if she ever had any trouble collecting her rent, and she said that her boarders always paid her, even if she occasionally had to wait some time

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for the money. Only one couple ever caused her any trouble and they came while I was there. They were from Java. The man was a tall, handsome, dissipated-looking Englishman, evidently the black sheep of a good family. The woman was a faded, dyed, painted creature who put on an air of bravado and then cringed if you noticed her. They had a child with them, a very dirty little boy about four years old. For some extraordinary reason he took a fancy to me, and would knock at my door and say, "Tan I tum in?" in such a sweet voice I could never resist him. I surprised him with a bath and a much-needed shampoo, but even those indignities didn't cool his ardor, for he was back again with his "Tan I tum in?" One morning when I had given the little chap a scrubbing, I ran over to his mother's room to get some clean underclothes for him. As I pushed open the door in answer to a languid "Come in," I got an impression of an interior that is engraved on my mind. The room was untidy, a breakfast-tray with disarranged dishes tilted perilously on a chair, the wash-bowl was full of soapy water; the woman, dressed in a dirty pink-silk wrapper trimmed with torn lace, reclined on a tousled, unmade bed, reading a yellow-covered novel, the title showing in large type "The Road to Ruin."

It was here at Miss Leaney's that the family found us after their long cruise on the *Equator;* and it was here we stayed, very comfortable and happy when they left for still another voyage, on the *Janet Nicholl.* When they returned at last it was with the exciting news that Louis had bought three hundred acres on the island of Upolu, and intended to gather his family about him and live on his estate at Vailima for the rest of his life.

In the months that followed there was much coming and going, by each and every member of the family, but they all at one time or another put up at Miss Leaney's theatrical boarding-house.

It was Louis's mother, Mrs. Thomas Stevenson, who made the greatest impression upon the boarders. Tall, slender, gracious, in trailing black, with her snowy widow's cap, the long streamers floating down her back, she was a very distinguished-looking woman. One glance of well-bred surprise from her reduced the X.s to something like harmony, though Mr. X. had great difficulty in repressing his scorn at the excessive gentility of his wife. Miss Tracy came out with a new and revised story of her life with many references to "county families" and "the clergy." My mother and my brother were too deeply immersed in lists and plans for Vailima to be "good company," but the boarders were one and all enchanted with Mr. Stevenson. R. L. S. has often been described as a good talker. He was, indeed, but he was also a very good listener; and his genuine personal interest in people drew out even the shyest. I doubt if any of the boarders had ever read any of his books. They knew, of course, that he was a popular author, but they promptly forgot the prestige of the writer in the unaffected charm of the man.

It was "between times" with R. L. S. at Miss Leaney's, and he did no writing there. If he wanted to catch up on his correspondence he went to the Union Club, where he had rooms. At the boarding-house he gave himself over to his favorite author, Lynch, talking with the actors, and playing on his flageolet.

Austin and I were the last of the family to leave Miss Leaney's. We waited on till the house at Vailima was finished and the mountain road that Louis described as "a Highland burn without the trout" was made navigable. We left on the little inter-island packet *Lubeck,* an exact duplicate in miniature of the big North German Lloyd liners.

It was not till the day before we left that I saw a cherry with the stone outside. Mr. Diver found it for me with some difficulty, I imagine, and, though it was not much to look at after all, it helped me to bear the disappointing fact that I had not seen a kangaroo or a boomerang, and the only parrots I'd met were in captivity.

Our friends at the boarding-house prepared a farewell supper for us, each one contributing a dish cooked by themselves. Miss Tracy's was chicken with noodles—a memorable affair. Mrs. X. made a boiled beefsteak pudding by a recipe that had been in her family for genera-



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tions. I won't repeat the comments Mr. X. made on this statement, though I noticed that he had three helpings. Mrs. Magee contributed a "shape," as she called a quivering creation of the blanc-mange order. Mrs. Royce, with help from Teddy, concocted a grand vegetable salad with beets and cold boiled eggs cut into fancy shapes. The men joined together and made a white-wine punch.

It was a great night on St. Mary's Terrace; there were complimentary speeches, special songs, and verses written for the occasion. Mr. Diver, with an idea, no doubt, of paying us a compliment as Americans, recited a poem by Bret Harte. His choice was "The Pit's Mouth," and with a tea-cloth over his head for a shawl he impersonated an agonized wife beseeching news of her husband after an accident at the mine. It was harrowing. Mr. H. recited a sad little poem about a child who, saying she was going to write a letter to her father in heaven, put a postage-stamp on her forehead and was run over by a wagon and killed. There were more recitations all more or less lugubrious which might have affected the spirits of the party if Teddy Royce hadn't started the "Australian Anthem," and got us all to join in the chorus. There were more speeches, and one poor lady was so overcome with emotion at our departure that she had screaming hysterics and had to be carried to her room. She was a newcomer and hardly knew us, but she had an artistic temperament.

As the *Lubeck* was to leave at daybreak, our party kept up till late. It was after two o'clock when we said our final good-bys. Willing hands helped us into the old two-horse cab that had been waiting outside, and the last picture I have of Miss Leaney's is the open doorway flooded with light, a group of friendly, smiling faces, waving handkerchiefs, and Poppy dissolved in tears, sobbing in kind little Annie's arms.

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# THE VESTMENT MAKER

## By Theda Kenyon

INTO the sanctuary, work of my hands,
Go, and be worthy!
There, in the very Presence of God,
Before the Most Holy,
Gleam fairer, thou, than the lights
On the pale altar.

Under the sun and the stars and the rain,
Grew, for thy weaving,
Flax, glowing slender and tall in the morn and the eve,
Proudly upraising
Lightly poised head, ready-crowned for the glory approaching;
But I, who have made thee—
These hands that have shaped thee, and fashioned the cross of redemption
On thy fair linen,
Red must they be in God's sight—yet—go, thou, and be worthy.

Up to the very altar, work of my heart,
Go—be thy message,
Mute on the ears of man, heard of God:
Plead there for forgiveness. . . .
Shine purer, thou, than the flowers
Strewn on the altar!

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# GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP AND INDIVIDUAL ENTERPRISE

## THE VIEWS OF CHARLES M. SCHWAB

By Donald Wilhelm

EARLY in November, last year, when he was Director-General of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, Mr. Schwab told me:

"The sense of competition is the very spirit of America. I am in favor of individual enterprise in everything. I don't object to such governmental supervision as is necessary, but I am not in favor of anything direct. I think the development of this country has come, and for many years is likely to come, from individual initiative. One characteristic of the typical American is his love of the contest of proper competition.

"It is not money-making alone that is the mark of the successful American. It is in large part what may be called the sense of accomplishment—the sense of the successful doing of things.

"We have reached the stage when we know the value of each member of society. We know that the aristocrat is more than merely the man of wealth or power. We know the desire to achieve works of service or of economic size and importance, and to be associated with an organization that plans for American development and reflects credit upon America, is the true mark, after all, of American enthusiasm and manhood.

"It is my opinion that the best and most economical results in American business are not, and will not be, obtained by government ownership but by individual enterprise and control. It seems to me everybody knows that."

These thoughts, uttered quietly and conclusively by Mr. Schwab, who, without question, has demonstrated the rarest powers in the world for calling out the most from men, seemed singular, during the war, to one who accepted the war as being in all directions of the consolidating kind, and of a nature certain to bring about the final unification, under government operation, at least of the wires, the railroads, and the ships. The wires, indeed, seemed then to have fared no worse under governmental control. The railroads had already achieved under governmental control what they had failed to achieve under private control. And there was public promise that the merchant marine of the United States would once more ride the Seven Seas.

To be sure, before Mr. Schwab granted the first interview to me, in the offices of the Emergency Fleet Corporation in Philadelphia, it was assumed in many quarters that government ownership or direct control of wires, railroads, and ships would fail, or would suffer from handicaps, largely economic, laid on it, in the very nature of government operation.

There was, in many quarters, the patent disposition to regard the Capital City—the City of Procedure, which is disassociated from the creative interests of the nation as is no other capital city in the world—as inadequate for the vast and complicated task of being the clearing-house and the "home offices" of the hugest corporation ever conceived, the unification of many of our major corporations. Then too, "wire-experts" were early disturbed by Mr. Burleson's handling of wire matters; were emphatic in apprehending the failure of governmental control, and are now of one voice about their early contentions. In relation to the railroads Mr. McAdoo told me, casually—prophetically, if one now read between the lines—"the war-time railroad problem is one thing, the peace-time problem will be another thing."

And Mr. Charles Piez, recently Director-General of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, an engineer who by nature of his profession is largely concerned with



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cost accounting, a business man on whom the sternest problems of our ship construction have fallen from the start, but one who yet felt assured that the United States could build and operate its ships successfully and continuously, expressed, in an interview, his concern at the failure of our national labor policies during the war, and of course the failure of a labor plan is always an indictment of a whole organization. "There should be priority boards as to labor," he said, "as they are what every construction programme should start with. There are such boards, but they are headed up nowhere . . . our experience makes me reluctant to believe in the existing method of determining wages in any manner except in terms of production. When an employer sits down to work out production costs he thinks in terms of production, but our national boards determine wages on the basis of cost of living, which results in uncertain factors, a dangerous circle, and confusion and waste."

Considering the apparent failure of government operation, evidenced notably, at last, by the selling of the ships to private interests and the assertions made by Mr. Schwab five months before, I recently sought out Mr. Schwab again, to ascertain, if I could, why, in his mind, the apprehensions he entertained seemed in large part already demonstrated.

"It is unfortunate," he said, "that the test of government operation had to be made in time of war.

"During the war we were all encouraged to the greatest possible effort by the almost universal approval and encouragement of all Americans, under which circumstances every man must do his best. There could have been no mainspring stronger than the patriotic wish in all to serve the country that we love. To that circumstance I attribute all such success as we achieved during the war.

"Now, one of the things I feared when the great corporations came into existence was the loss of individual initiative and enterprise. In my own earlier years, when I was younger and full of more energy and enthusiasm, I was associated with Mr. Carnegie, one of the greatest of all industrial leaders. He created a bond of interest between himself and his men which resulted in a large success. While he owned practically all his works, he gave to his younger managers practically half of his income, and with such stimulus and such inspiration the results were sure to be successful, as indeed they were. At Bethlehem, without even believing that there was any chance of my taking Mr. Carnegie's place in the industrial world, I did, with reference to my relations with the managers in my works, as Mr. Carnegie has done. It was on that account that I developed a profit-sharing scheme by which every one in our business was concerned in its success, with the result that, as you know, our managers and men earn unprecedented rewards.

"It is my thought that the best effort from men is obtained by such personal approval and encouragement, which our government, for reasons which we can all apprehend, could not entertain.

"In business it is essential, I am sure, personally to inspire every one about you. I do not think direct government control can ever be successful, because with government operation in a democracy that is impossible. For there is much more in business than simple direction. A business must have soul, spirit, and enthusiasm, or it will fail.

"What is true of a business or a great corporation is to a greater extent true of government enterprises, because you can never get the government to profit-share or to pay for the best results by the ablest men; and I contend, to go no further, to that extent at least it will fail to achieve in industry the results that have been achieved by the men whose pictures you see on the walls of my office—Mr. Carnegie, for instance, James J. Hill, E. H. Harriman, George Westinghouse, Senator Clark, and all those others.

"Such men had not the financial advantages for large enterprises that, of course, the government has, but, on the other hand, one of the things that men who do best in business learn they learn from the cruel necessities of private capital.

"Such men learn by experience that capital must be used with wisdom and care. They learn that any enduring business must be founded on the best economic principles, and they know, from

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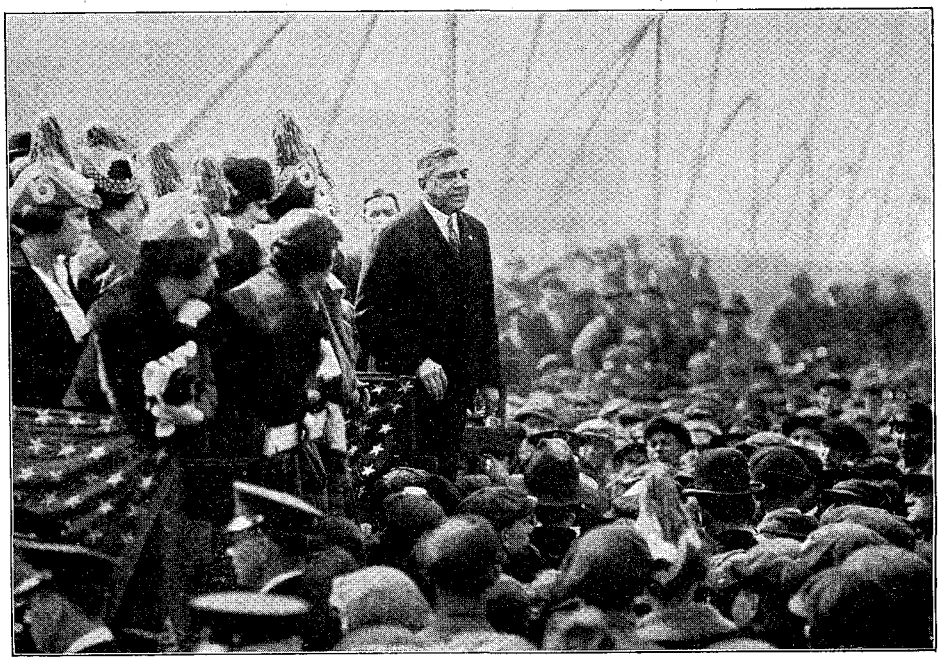

Mr. Schwab addressing shipyard workers.

bitter experience, perhaps, that the one way to make such principles enduring is by the continuous exercise of individual initiative and enterprise.

"Such men learn that success is measured, in some direction, by reasonable return for initiative, and that in American business life we never achieve any real industrial development except in terms of economic development

"The pre-eminent trait of the American people is the desire to succeed, in the opinion of our countrymen. That is the mainspring that has brought about the greatest development and enterprises that this country has known. We are a virile nation, filled out with the passion of self-determined success. In that passion is born our love of achievement and our inventiveness.

"We have heard much of German efficiency, but, to go no further than the industry with which I am most familiar, it is clear that though the Germans were the second largest producers of iron and steel, there is not a single iron or steel process or invention or development that came out of Germany. The essential reason for German efficiency lay in the fact that they got a full day's work from their working men by means of legislation, government control, and in other ways not American.

"We cannot, here in America, employ the methods of obtaining efficiency by which the Germans excelled. We cannot, on the other hand, to my mind, achieve in governmental enterprises the essential appeal to initiative and enterprise that has built up the great industries of this country.

"The men who achieved these enterprises were not impelled solely by the motive of making money. They were the simplest, most whole-hearted men in the world. But they had what every great American has had, the American passion in their souls of successful development, of achievement of things worth while.

"To my mind this essential character of all great Americans is the touchstone on which our national progress has made, and will, if at all, always make its mark.

"And that is to say that the best and most economic results will not be obtained in America by government ownership or direct control; that there should be national supervision of all great enterprises, supervision such as will prevent destruction, but will preserve in business, as elsewhere, our priceless gift of national freedom. Of that I am sure."



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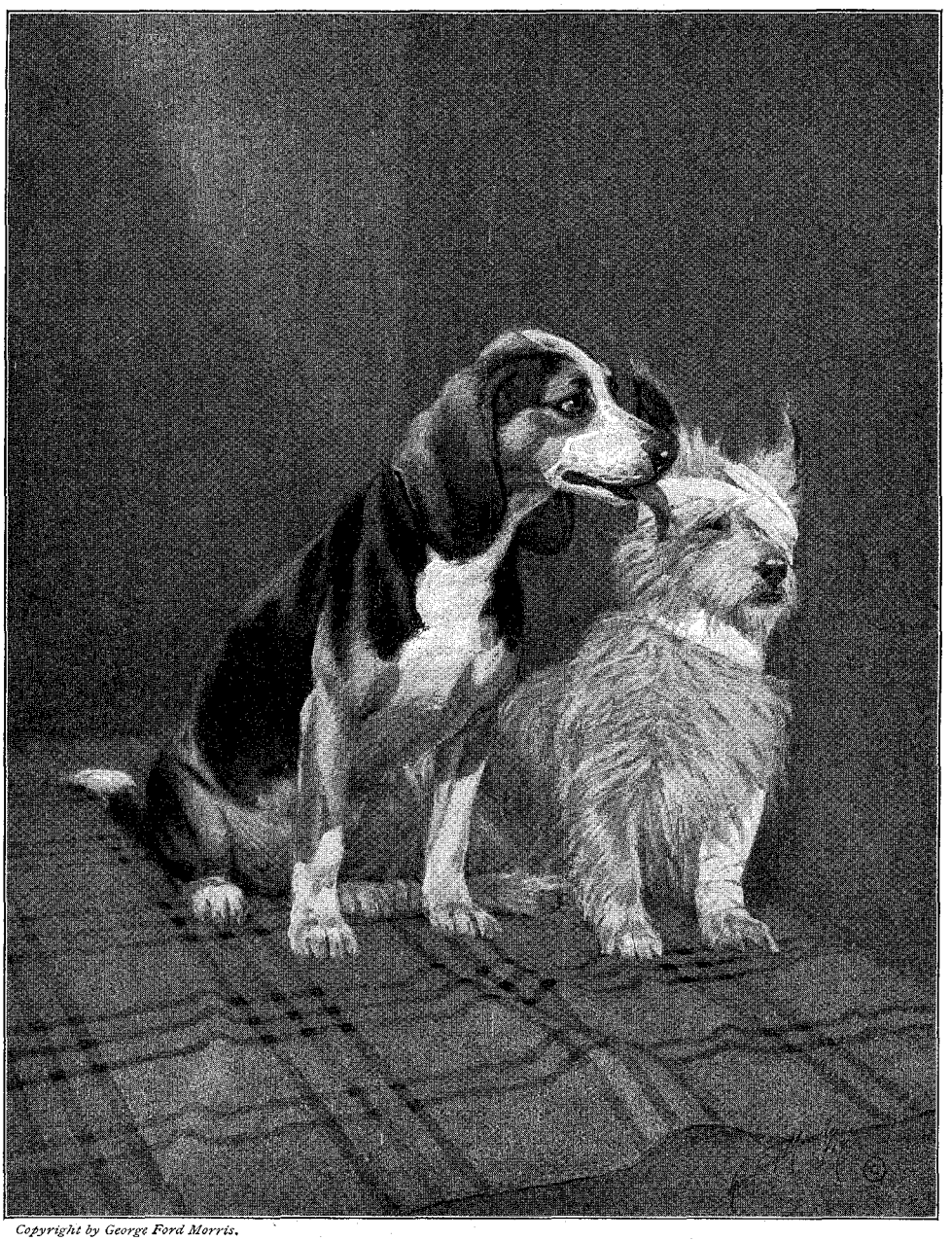
# FOUR DOG PICTURES

By George Ford Morris



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Blighty.



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The Pacifists.



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The Poor Little Rich.



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"He Should Worry."



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# SWORDFISHING

## By Horace Winston Stokes

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IT was dusk when we left New Bedford to its dreams of whale-oil. No other craft was stirring in that meditative harbor, save one of Uncle Sam's destroyers that followed us silently. Wharfs, barges, and rows of trim, brick factories glided by, and down the bay we passed an old square rigger, with her spars in silhouette against the last faint flare of the sunset.

The patch of light in the west was a windy crimson, and already we were bucking a choppy sea. The destroyer paused for an instant, coughed up a few reflective puffs of smoke, then tore across the bay like a hound from the leash, leaving us to wallow in an enormous swell. We passed into Vineyard Sound. Gay Head was soon abeam. The regular rays of the lighthouse were marching over the waters. The wind blew fresh in our faces as we rounded the end of No Man's Land and laid our course for the open sea.

Along the outer edge of the Nantucket Shoals the swordfish were said to be lying, and to the shoals the fishing-vessels were bound. There was no riding at anchor on the first night of that cruise, and shortly after dawn the skipper of an inward-bound swordfisherman hailed us and told of a big catch on the previous day. Harpoons were made ready, ropes were coiled, kegs and lances laid at hand. Our two sea dories were overhauled and calked, and the crew climbed to the masthead to send over the sea a sustained and keen regard, hunting for the sickle-shaped fin or the blur of violet that shows where the swordfish is lying.

In spite of the indications of the previous night the sun came up a crimson ball, that promised a hot, still day. The wind died down until we seemed to move on an ocean of glass. The horizon line was so indistinct that it took no flight of fancy to believe that we were floating in midair. An admirable day, an "eminent" day, as one of the crew expressed it; we could have seen the fins of a fish at the distance of half a mile. But our harpoon remained roped to the pulpit. Numerous hammerhead sharks appeared sculling on top of the water, but no swordfish. We cruised in great loops and circles, cut colossal triangles, and inscribed enormous patterns on the deep, burning our good gasolene to no avail.

On the horizon were the sails of other fishing-boats. Far more than the whaling-bark the swordfishing sloop or schooner embodies the bird of prey. The men aloft are its eyes. Its bowsprit, from which the fish are harpooned, is its beak. Its sails are its wings. It is, moreover, the companion of the birds. The sea-goose, the hag, and the Mother Carey's chicken love to accompany it.

On the hot deck I sat aimlessly. I was in some measure salted, having been swordfishing before, and had taken this cruise for the single purpose of photography. This entailed many monotonous hours at the wheel, camera ready at hand. The cook, who was the official helmsman, had taken advantage of a visitor's presence to remain below a large portion of the time preparing marvellous meals.

He was the skipper's brother, and saw to it that his work was performed with the touches of a true artist. In a baseball shirt with a pink initial for some New Bedford team on which he had played, he boiled and he baked, he stewed and he fried, always to music, for he sang constantly. When dinner was ready he poked his head out of the hatch and shouted the magic word. And, as though responding to an electric connection, all the men save one detached themselves from the crosstrees and came sliding or climbing down and went below.

A shrill hail came from aloft, and the men looked up and laughed.

"Jim's at it again," said the skipper.



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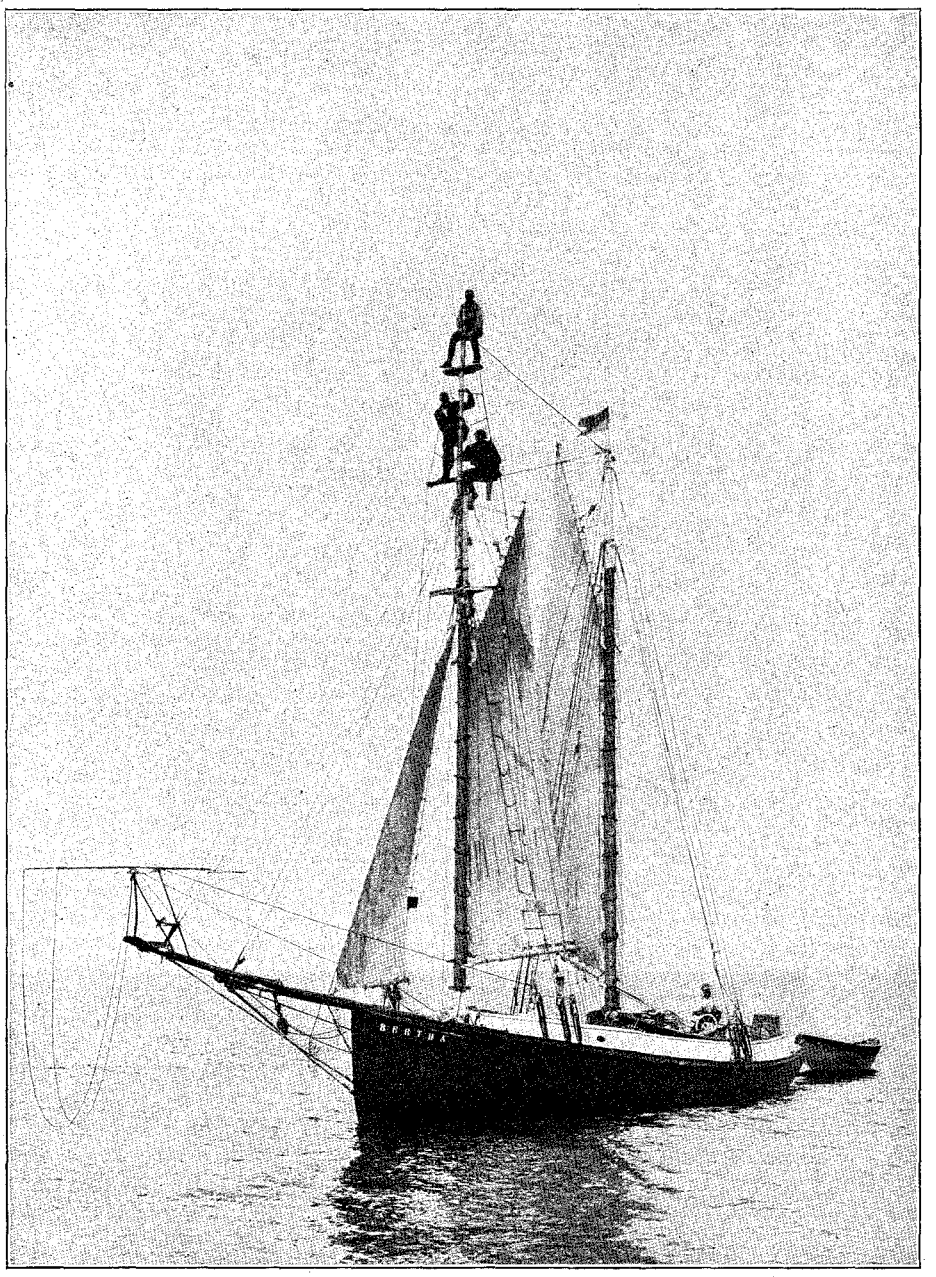

The swordfishing sloop or schooner embodies the bird of prey.—Page 106.

"He's done nothing but raise sharks all the morning."

Nevertheless, he went on deck and climbed part way into the rigging to assure himself.

"That?" we heard him shout scornfully. "That's not even a shark. It's a dogfish. If you bother me again, I'll wring your neck."

We squared our shoulders and pitched in. Bean soup, boiled beef and potatoes, cake, pie, tea, coffee, and sauces, all of



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the best, would have tempted men who were far less hungry than we. Fishermen live well. Moreover, as the cook said, food is important in the day that is dully spent. And to him, as to all except myself, swordfishing was sheer monotony.

With cigars and corn-cobs we went on deck, and relieved the lookout and helmsman. I took the wheel and the crew climbed back aloft. Near the horizon was the dark line of an approaching breeze. I watched it, wondering how long it would take for the cool air to reach the vessel. Suddenly I started and swung the wheel to port as a cry from aloft reached me. A mile away, in the midst of the darkened water where the breeze was advancing, a cloud of spray suddenly appeared, and a mighty, glittering body hurled itself into the air.

The men aloft abandoned their careless attitudes. Standing on the crosstree the skipper pointed to the spot. The cook, summoned from his batch of dough by the sudden lurch of the vessel, came on deck for a breath of air, slapping the flour from his hands. Smoke poured from the stovepipe, and his red, jolly face was beaded with sweat.

"It's kind of dry pickings," he observed dolefully, seating himself on the wheelbox. "It's late in the season. June and July are generally the best times. I'll bet you a good cigar that we don't make enough to pay our gasolene bill."

"A fish just breached," I said encouragingly. "We're close to the spot now."

"That's a bad sign," said the cook. "When they breach they're getting ready to clear out, no one knows where. And it shows they are lying deep. Like as not when we pass over that fellow he'll be ten fathoms beneath us. I'd rather see no fins at all than to see breachers."

And it seemed that he was right. We crossed our wake and doubled backward, swung widely to starboard and port, widened our circles from a two-hundred-yard diameter to one of over a mile, and scoured the sea with our eyes to no purpose whatever.

"Well, I guess I'll go back to my baking," said the cook. "Call me if anything's up. I'm in charge of the deck when they've got a fish in sight. I take the wheel, for I know the ways. It's a hard job, too."

I knew that only too well. Of all positions, not excepting that of the harpooner, the helmsman's task is the most arduous. It is bad enough with a quadrant wheel and a small catboat or sloop. With a screw-wheel and a heavy vessel propelled by sail and power, with shouts of "port!" and "starboard!" coming from aloft like firecrackers, the man at the wheel has to exert strength, quickness, and skill, with no thanks if he succeeds, but bitter recriminations if the fish escapes.

The cook turned to go below, but, as the hot air rolled up from the hatchway, he remained for an instant to enjoy the new breeze before making the plunge.

"Hard a starboard!" came from aloft.

The cook bounded aft. "Close that hatch so's I can hear," he shouted, throwing his whole strength on the wheel. "They've raised one!"

The sloop turned sharply and the boom swung over her deck. Like a spider on a strand of web, the skipper detached himself from the masthead and came sliding down the forestay into the pulpit. The pulpit, by the way, is the place where the harpooner stands when he directs the blow that may mean forty or fifty dollars to his vessel. An iron support comes up to his thighs. With his heavy weapon poised, he waits until the bowsprit swings over the fish. Leaning outward he looks like a preacher exhorting his flock, but his language is apt to be different.

"Port!" came from aloft, and the writer sprang to the bows. Georgie, the impromptu cabin-boy, was ahead of him. The skipper was ready to strike, his harpoon was poised a foot above the water. Down shot his arm, and the camera clicked as the harpoon, with a grating noise, tore its way through flesh and bone.

"Hard over! Do you want to foul the line?" the skipper screamed.

The cook leaned on the wheel and the vessel responded. Seizing the keg on which the harpoon rope was wound, he tossed it into the sea. In the meanwhile the shank and pole of the harpoon were jerked from the fish's body, leaving the barb embedded in the wound. Astern, the keg, which was attached to the barb by a rope, commenced to spin and threw

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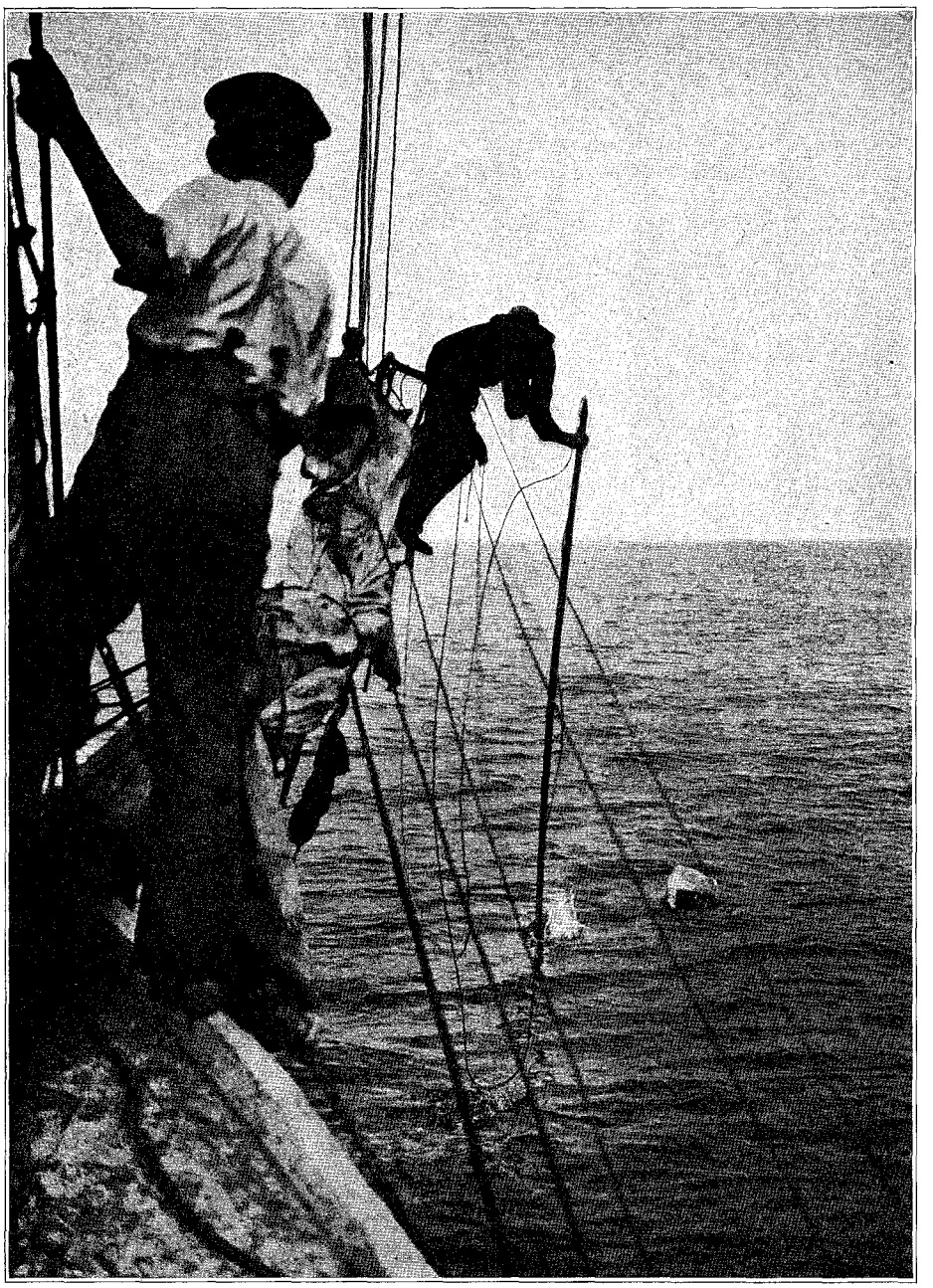

Down shot his arm, and the . . . harpoon . . . tore its way through flesh and bone.—Page 108.

a cloud of spray ten feet into the air. Suddenly the keg was pulled under water. When it reappeared it was surging ahead at the rate of eight knots an hour. It stopped and lay idly floating on the sea. Then it jumped on top of the water. The fish had charged it.

Tom, an old, experienced fisherman, was pulling on his oilskins. Others were launching a dory.



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"Want to come along?" said Tom.

"Yes," I said. "I want to get some portraits at close range."

"You'll get a chance, all right," he replied with a grin. "Look out you don't spoil your kodak."

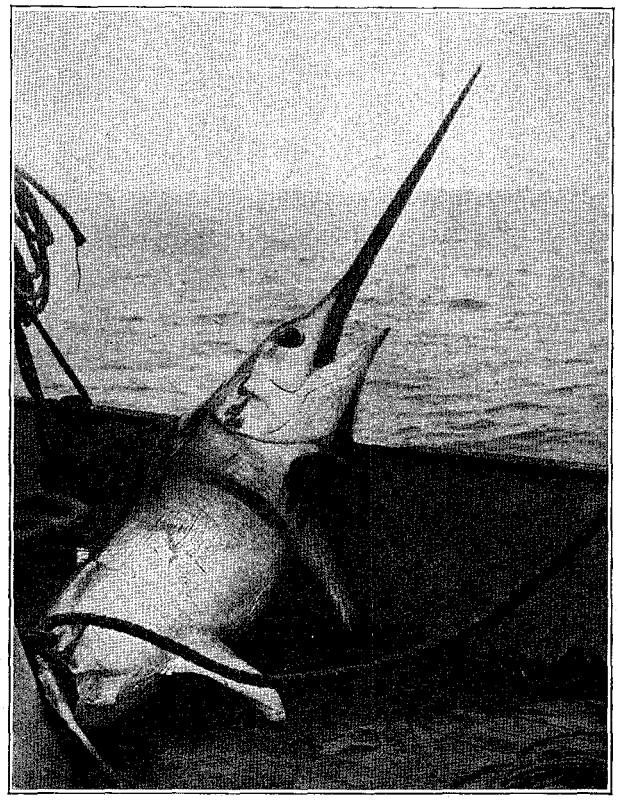
We rowed toward the keg, which had resumed its journey and was passing our bow at a lively rate. Tom swung the dory alongside and picked it up. We were fast to the swordfish, and our dory commenced to move over the waves propelled by an unseen power.

"Kind of like the whaler's sleigh-ride," said Tom. "Swordfishing's like whaling in many ways. You harpoon them. You haul them from a small boat, and there's a chance that you'll get yours before you see the last of them."

"I've hauled a few fish myself and never seen anything happen," I said.

"It isn't likely," he replied. "But *you'd* get into trouble quicker than I would. A green hand makes harder work. The fish seems to get on to him. I've only been plugged twice, and I've been swordfishing all my life—slow down there, you devil!"

The last was to the fish, which was taking over the side the hard-earned pile of line that Tom had coiled in the dory.



The swordfish at close range.

He held the rope against the thwart and gave it out grudgingly by the yard. It groaned against the gunwale, and the dory skipped through the sea.

"The iron went right through him," said Tom. "No danger of his getting away. Keep your feet clear of those coils! If you should get a turn around your leg, it would be all off—for you and the fish both. There he comes! It will soon be over now."

"Did you ever hear of any one being hurt?" I asked him.

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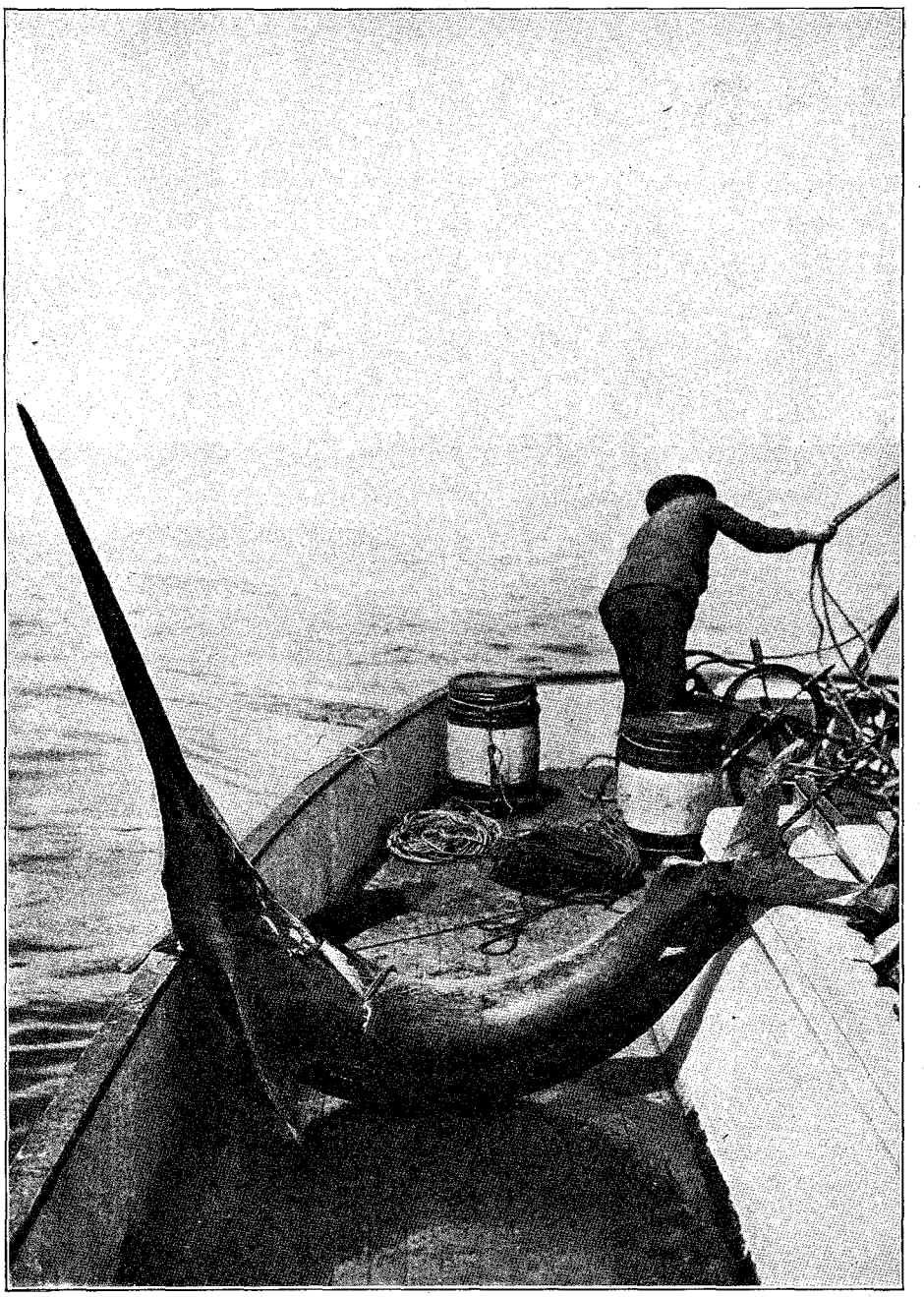

It lay between the engine-house and the bulwark, with its sword pointing skyward.—Page 113.

"Not many. I know of two. Saw one of them. Got the sword right between his legs and died in forty-eight hours. But what's two? Take men working ashore, along steel beams and among cables, there's much more danger in that. There's some danger in everything."

He leaned over the side and rapidly drew in the line.



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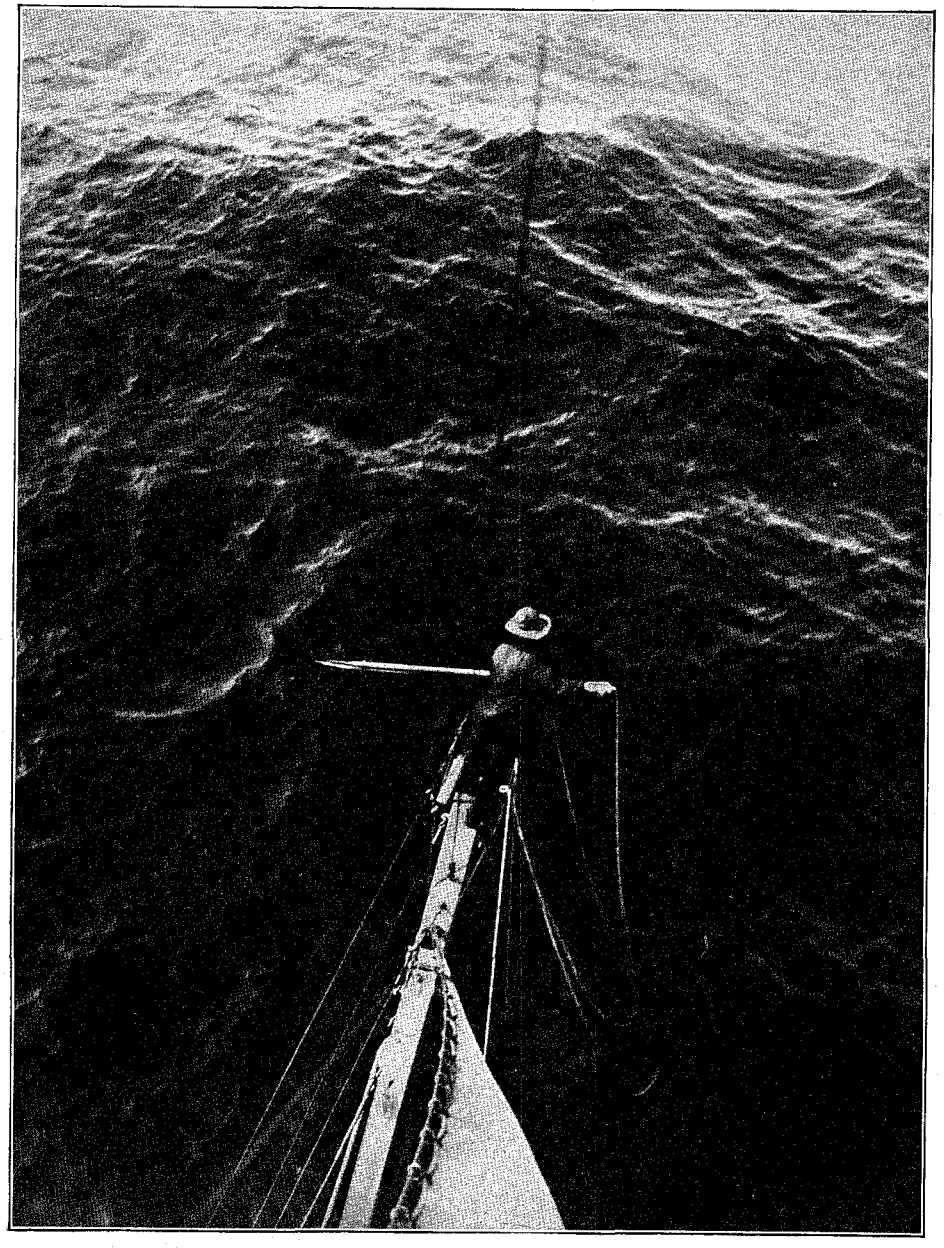

The pulpit, by the way, is the place where the harpooner stands.—Page 108.
(Photographed from aloft.)

"He's pretty nearly all in," he said. "Tired to death."

He lied. I can vouch that he lied. The camera was just focussed when the fish came to his senses. With a blow of his fluke he nearly stove the gunwale and deluged us with spray.

Zip! went the line as it surged over the side.

"I'm going to stop the son of a gun if he pulls us under," said Tom between clinched teeth.

He took a turn around the thwart and the bow of the boat was slowly drawn



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downward. Gradually the strain slackened.

"In this time, hand over fist," said Tom. "Now get your camera ready. Shoot him full of holes!"

He seized a short, sharp lance, snubbed the harpoon-rope around a thole-pin, and plunged the lance to the hilt in the fish's gills. Again and again he stabbed as the swordfish writhed in the water. The dory floated in a scarlet sea. Not twenty feet away the fin of a shark appeared.

Tom threw down the lance and seized the gaff. With a sudden lunge he hooked up the fluke, threw a slip-noose around it, and made the rope fast to a thwart. In the green water alongside the glittering giant lay dying, his life-blood ebbing away in a copious stream.

The sloop was several miles away, and we signalled to her by up-ending one of our oars. Soon the beat of her exhaust was clearly heard, and the water was white at her bows. The swordfish was hoisted to the deck. It lay between the engine-house and the bulwark, with its sword pointing skyward. With certain other creatures of the sea it showed the reflected radiance of the sky, combining the plum-blue of a summer night with a silver like that of the moon. Its gills were coppery gold in occasional flashes. Along its back ran glimmers of burning bronze. Its eye, as large as an apple, was a baleful jewel.

"Ever see a fight like that before?" asked Tom triumphantly.

"No, I never did," I said. "That was a record-breaker."

"We don't usually have any trouble. I'm about done up."

"To-night," said the cook, brandishing a cleaver with the most good-natured smile in the world, "we'll have a party for the sharks."

The sword was lopped off, and the head was preserved for this purpose. Tail and entrails were thrown over the side. A flock of Mother Carey's chickens at once gathered about them, only to be dispelled when a greedy hag chased them away with threatening cries, reserving the tempting viands for itself.

With a plunge we came to anchor. As soon as our sail was furled the swordfish head was fastened to a rope and thrown overboard. Almost at once a large shark rolled up from the deep and commenced to browse upon the gills, burying his nose in the floating head. The camera clicked again, and the next instant a lance was thrust through the intruder's body. With a tremendous thrashing he disappeared.

Although a swordfishing vessel will often cruise for days without sighting a sail, other boats had been visible all day long, and as night fell a diminutive fleet convened. The breeze had freshened, a heavy swell was rolling in, and the riding lights tossed high in the midst of vacancy, for we were far at sea. Dories were interchanged, pipes were lit, decks of cards were shuffled. Astern the sooty petrels danced on the water, seeking crumbs from the fisherman's table.

Fog and a high wind greeted us in the morning. We lay at anchor all day, tossed like a cork. Walking the deck was an acrobatic feat. Sharks were frequent enough to make a dip over the side a doubtful pleasure. The fish head was lowered over once more, and the skipper lanced several. One old veteran made little of his wounds, but returned to the attack until his gills were cut to ribbons. A wide variety of life was seen in that empty ocean. Whales rolled by, porpoises plunged through the water. The hag, that swift bird that resembles a small albatross, was constantly to be seen. With its long, pointed wings it swept through the air without effort, balancing this way and that to avoid the crests of the combers.

Early the next morning a semicircular blur of white light that the fishermen call a "fog-eater" appeared on the horizon. In a short time the driving mist that coated our garments with infinitesimal beads of moisture became thinner, then broke away in a mass. The swell was running high, but not too high for fishing. The windlass was broken, and our backs ached under the strain of weighing anchor by hand.

As soon as we were under weigh I went aloft to try some snap-shots from the crosstrees. For the average landsman who only cruises once a year the crosstrees seem high on the first visit. Moreover, in a heavy sea the mast takes upon itself, by mathematical necessity, several



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feet of motion for every one on deck. You feel like a ripe apple on a shaken bough.

The second time up, however, you realize that your supports are sound, and begin to take pleasure in the heaving blue floor beneath, stretched to a wider horizon, and open to the cold, salt winds, whose breath quickens the blood.

That night we were in the steamship lane and the blanket of fog returned.

Lying in the path of ocean steamers in a fog at night, with nothing but a horn to announce your presence, is little thought of by the fishermen, but is an experience for the landlubber. When the hoarse note of a great liner draws near, all hands are called on deck. Perhaps a rusty shotgun is fired, or blue fire is burned. With a flicker of light from her port-holes the great bulk roars past, and once more the waters are left to emptiness and silence. Nothing is heard except the mysterious moaning of the swells. The crew goes below, leaving a solitary watchman on deck. Phosphorescent gleams appear. A school of small fish laces the water with fire and a skipjack darts among them with a trail like a flaming snake.

The croak of some startled ocean bird is borne to your ears from the darkness and the rustle of wings is heard in the rigging. On either hand the racing whitecaps are swallowed in the night.

It is then that the ocean draws on her cloak of unfathomable mystery, that nothing seems too mighty or too strange for the sea to perpetrate—that no monster would be too uncouth to thrust its shadowy and dripping head above the bulwarks.

Intimate acquaintance with the sea is only to be had by vessels of small size furnished with sails. The fisherman dares all kinds of weather; he remains for weeks at a time in the wilderness of the waters. Yachtsmen, sportsmen, and lovers of the sea in general would do well to follow his example and pursue the swordfish during the summer months. Its habits, as well as its appearance, are as strange as those of the great ocean devil-fish. It is an enemy to the whale, a foe to the shark, a creature to be avoided by its fellows, an antagonist to be reckoned with by man. There are shown pieces of copper-sheathed ship's planking with broken swords embedded in them to a depth of eleven inches. Sloops of considerable size have been damaged by its attacks. But accidents in capturing it are rare.

The swordfish is a game fish, though one that is little known. In the West it is caught on rod and reel, but the Western variety is different. Moreover, it is good to eat—an essential quality. We may not wish to consume what we kill; the reward of the chase ashore and afloat is often disproportionate—but the fact that our prey can appear upon our table does away with wantonness and gives the salt of purpose to hunting and fishing.

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# CONQUEST

## By Margaret Sherwood

Up, for the march has begun!
Forward and onward the press!
Swift move the hurrying ranks,
Emerald file after file,
Grasses and reeds of the marsh,
Grasses of meadow and hill,
Clover and buttercup blooms
Led by the dominant wind.
Many-voiced the acclaim
From myriad, murmuring leaves
Of poplar and maple astir.
Loud is the drum of the bee;
Strong is the music and sweet
Pouring from jubilant throats
Of sparrow and glad bob-o-link.
Bright are the pennons that wave
Far in the radiant air,
Gold of the brave fleur-de-lis
Set in long banners of green,
On to the conquest we move,
An irresistible host,
Thrilled by a single desire—
The kingdom of beauty is won!

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# A RECRUIT FOR LAW AND ORDER

## AN INCIDENT OF THE CHILDREN'S COURT

By Franklin Chase Hoyt
Presiding Justice of the Children's Court of New York City

THERE are two reasons for this story. The first is, it is true, every line and every word of it (save that the names of those concerned have been disguised for obvious reasons). In the second place, it would seem to be of some value at the present moment, for it tells how the mind of a boy was turned from bitterness and false doctrine to a clearer vision and a truer understanding of American liberty.

As a matter of fact, it is probably a mistake to call this a story at all, for it has no plot, and follows no conventional line of dramatic action. It is simply a little narrative of a recent incident in the Children's Court, differing only in human interest from thousands of others because of the fact that the record in this case is based almost wholly upon three letters of no ordinary sort.

This is the way these letters happened to be written:

A few months ago in New York City a certain Mrs. Samuels had the misfortune to be arrested for exposing fish for sale on a push-cart without having them properly covered to protect them from flies and dust. Mrs. Samuels had no intention of doing wrong, and was only striving to make a little money for the support of her five young children. But there was no gainsaying the fact that she had glaringly violated the provisions of our "Sanitary Code," and it became incumbent on the officers of the law to bring her to book for her offense. Accordingly she was haled to the nearest police court, and was duly arraigned before Judge A., one of the magistrates of our great city. Now there is no judge upon our bench more conscientious and humane than Judge A., but in a case of this kind he had no alternative save to impose a small fine upon Mrs. Samuels. Unfortunately she didn't have two dollars to pay, and so, according to the provisions of law, was forced to expiate her debt by remaining in our city prison, the Tombs, for a day and a night. Of course, had Mrs. Samuels told the judge of her predicament and had she explained to him that she had five children waiting for her at home, I feel very sure he would have seen to it that she did not go to jail, but either through her own ignorance, or possibly through some error in the interpretation, she failed to make these things clear and the judge was left in entire ignorance that a two-dollar fine was just about as impossible for her to meet at that particular moment as one of two thousand dollars.

Some day, dear reader, such "mistakes" as these will not occur so often, and the overworked magistrates will be given greater opportunities than exist at present to delve down deep into the humanities of each case and to decide their problems with less consideration for the forms of criminal procedure and with more time and thought for common sense and social justice. But in this particular instance the judge was in no way at fault. He undoubtedly had to uphold the enforcement of a wise sanitary provision, and in fining Mrs. Samuels the small sum of two dollars he had every reason to believe that she could pay it easily and without embarrassment. The fault, if fault there be, lies with a system which permits a woman ignorant of our laws and our ways to be led off to jail without a more careful study of her circumstances and without affording her an opportunity to meet her fine in some other way than by remaining a night in prison.

So Mrs. Samuels spent twenty-four hours as "a guest of the city," and then returned to the bosom of her family. The case was marked "closed" on the dockets of the police court, and closed it would have been for all of us, but for Mrs. Samuels's son, Harry.



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Of his feeling and concern over his mother's arrest, I must let him speak in his own words, for a few days later Judge A. was both amazed and concerned to receive the following letter:

New York City,
October 30th.

Dear Judge A.:

Before I begin my tale, I want to tell you who I am, so that you will understand me better. I am the son of a woman named Sarah Samuels, whom you sentenced, on Monday, Oct. 29th, to one day in the Tombs for trying to make an honest living nowadays, and help support 5 children, the oldest of which am I, 15 years of age, who quit high school last year in 4th term in order to go to work and support myself. I have been traveling from one job to another and have struck something respectable at present. I am earning 7 hard dollars a week which can hardly support myself at the present rate of life's necessities. You sentenced my mother yesterday at about 10 A. M. to 24 hrs. in prison, for what? Couldn't she have made more use of her time attending to her little bit of business and to her beloved children, and not have them suffer for 24 hrs., crying and suffering from the lack of food? Why,—is it not bad enough that they don't get enough nourishing food when their mother is at home? No! you don't realize the present needs and the situation of the East Side! You don't know and don't care what is happening in the *Bloody East Side!*, for if you would know, you would not have sentenced a poor woman who does everything in her power to make an *Honest Living* and not commit any crime, to help support her starving children, just because she has no $2 to give not only you, but her children. Her life and her children's lives is a miserable one. Do you know that? No, you don't, —you are made of iron. You have no feelings about you. You have no sense of humanity. You are a deadly enemy to your own friends and countrymen. You want the East Side to help in this war by treating them so good as you do. Ah! if I were only old enough to come near you people, you who live in luxury, in beautiful castles built by us, I would make you look like 2¢ in an ash can, but I am too young and also have too much worry of my future. I have too much to struggle for: But I *will* avenge this crime, which you bestowed on my poor mother. I *will* make revenge ring free; and if you live until I get old enough, I am going to make you suffer for putting my mother in such a thing as a cell, a horrible cell, a shameful cell—in a place she never has been in or seen before. I *will* avenge this crime of yours, this inhuman crime. I *will* make you suffer for this, for my heart is full of grief and pains. What has she done to be put there. I ask you for humanity's sake? You dare call yourself a Judge of the people when a wild cur can be a good substitute! You arrested her for selling fish in the disgraceful markets of the East Side, and you claim with the proof of a profound policeman, who is worse than a Bowery Bum that she had her fish uncovered. What then, in the name of God Almighty could she have done in order to sell her fish and make a little profit for her family. She has to give her children food. By God, its a disgrace, an uncomely disgrace to herself and her family. You and lots of other rich dogs are the cause of these events. Why don't you go to the Rockfellers, the Morgans, the Murphys and all the others and tell them to give the poor a decent living wage so that they should not have to sell fish and the like. Why don't you go to Wall St., and tell those *Blood Suckers* of the poor to sell food at a reasonable price so that the poor should have a chance to live? No, you don't and won't do that because you are getting *petty graft* for it. You would rather put a woman, a mother of children, in jail for trying to make an *honest living*, than to prosecute the people who are the cause of the present crisis. But let me tell you, as I said before, I am young, only 15 yrs. of age, but when I grow older, I am going to pronounce Humanity in the name of God after I am avenged for my mother, and help this country be free. Oh! if I only had the time I would tell you a whole lot more, but this is my lunch hour and my time is up. But before I close, I want to advise you to try to mend these circumstances and dealings you give the peddlers, for remember every dog has his day.

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You won't live in luxury all the time. There is a God above who is running this earth and he is watching you patiently. I never wrote a letter to any of your kind, for committing such a crime as you have committed last Monday, but now I am beginning to feel the pain. I am beginning to learn in this supposed to be *free country*, and if anything similar occurs in my family once more, I am going to advertise it not only thru the press but will write to the Governor, the President and others in Society. I am going to teach the people and the guilty ones what and how a common human being should be treated. My life has just begun, but it seems to me I know too much from the start. If you wish to die a peaceful death, don't commit such a crime again, don't forget that there is a God in Heaven. Give the Poor a chance, a living chance, let them live while they do and I can assure you of a high appreciation, a clean country, and Government Respectful. Take this advice from a youngster who did a great deal of suffering.

From a Heartbroken Mother's Son
Whose Name is HARRY.

Long Live Liberty
and
Freedom.

Over this letter Judge A. pondered long and seriously. His first impulse, I think, was to disregard it altogether, but after considering the matter from every point of view he finally concluded that for the sake of the boy himself, as well as the community at large, action of some sort should be taken. But Judge A.'s own hands were tied, for in his letter Harry had given his age as 15 and consequently the only tribunal which had the power or right to discipline him for his offense in sending such a letter was the Children's Court.

So it was that the problem of Harry Samuels's heartburnings and resentments, letters, documents, and all, was handed over to me for such solution as I might be able to find, and to mend or mar according to the treatment which I might apply. Judge A., in transmitting the matter to me, said that he did not want to suggest any particular course of action, and that he would be satisfied with whatever I saw fit to do in the case. He emphasized the fact that he did not wish to prosecute the boy, and that his whole idea in pressing the matter was for the purpose of endeavoring to bring the boy, as he put it, "into a more enlightened and harmonious relation with society."

In the Children's Court of New York City we are confronted daily with problems of every sort and description, so we are more or less used to dealing with the unusual and unexpected, but I must confess the case of Harry Samuels presented a novel and perplexing situation. I thoroughly agreed with Judge A. that any one sending such an abusive letter should be disciplined, yet I realized that by arresting the boy and dragging him through the courts, as his mother had been, I should be defeating the very end which he had in view.

What I finally did was to issue a summons directing Harry to come to the Children's Court and explain his conduct. A summons is simply a notice in legal form telling a person that the judge would like to see him in regard to some complaint, and does not in any way affect the record of the person to whom it is sent. In response to that summons Harry came to the court, and so we met for the first time.

I don't think either Harry or I will forget that meeting for some time to come. I happened to be sitting that morning in the smaller of our two court-rooms, where I am in the habit of hearing our continued and probation cases. It is a room of singular beauty and of quiet dignity, but small enough to carry an air of friendliness and of intimacy. It contains no bench but, instead, a table and some comfortable chairs grouped around informally.

When Harry entered there were only two others present, the clerk and the stenographer. The boy glanced at me and then around the room. A look akin to amazement came over him, and it was easy to see that his preconceived ideas as to courts and court-rooms were receiving somewhat of a shock.

I waited for an instant to let the impression sink in, and then began:

"Harry Samuels, I have a good deal to talk to you about this morning, and I am

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afraid I have not got nearly as much time to do it in as I should like. But there are two things I want you to understand clearly in the beginning. In the first place, in writing that letter to Judge A., you committed two offenses, for either of which you might have been arrested. To send a threatening and abusive letter to any one is a violation of the law, but to send one to a judge about a case which he has tried, makes you liable for contempt of court as well. In that letter you accused Judge A. several times of committing a crime; you threatened him more than once, and you said that he took petty graft for deciding his cases. Those were not fair or decent things to write, and you must realize the seriousness of what you have done. But neither Judge A. nor myself wanted to have you arrested without giving you an opportunity of coming here and talking the thing over. That is why I merely sent for you on a summons, which will in no way count against you in the future, instead of issuing a warrant for your arrest by the police. The second thing which I want to say to you is, that I think I understand your feeling of sorrow and grief over your mother's imprisonment. Any boy with a spark of spirit and affection would have felt terribly about it. Only, your sentiment, which up to a certain point did you credit, was no justification for writing such a letter as that and for saying such false and foolish things. By the way, Judge A. wanted me to tell you that he never had any idea that your mother could not pay the two dollars, and that had he known about your family he probably would have remitted the fine altogether.

"Now, Harry, as I said, there is a lot I want to talk and ask you about," and I motioned him to an adjoining chair. "What do you think of the law requiring fish to be covered on the push-cart? Do you think it a good or a poor rule?"

It would take a long time to describe in detail all of our conversation that morning. We debated the fish law from every point of view, and Harry conceded that his own East Side was heartily in favor of its enforcement to protect themselves from ptomaines and disease. We discussed the fairness of many of the points which he had mentioned in his famous letter, and even Harry had to smile when I asked him to show me those "castles of luxury" in which he alleged we judges lived. Then we talked of the respect and loyalty due to those who had been chosen as representatives of the people, and I told him some stories of the struggles which certain men in great positions had passed through on their way to success. At my request Harry told me something of his own hardships and of his efforts to gain an education. "Just to think, Judge," he said, "I had to leave high school in the fourth term. I don't know why I should have had the bad luck to be cheated out of graduation."

"That must have been mighty hard," I replied, "but a good many men have succeeded without ever having seen a high school. How about Abraham Lincoln?"

"That's right," he reflected; "I guess I haven't been so unlucky after all."

We discussed his future plans and what it meant to become a loyal, useful, and service-giving citizen of this great republic, our common country.

But, as we talked, I could notice all the time a look of wonder in his face. The question evidently kept constantly recurring to him: "Is this a court? Is this the way an offender is handled? Why have I been told that people like me have no chance for fair treatment or justice?" Never during our interview did he falter or break down. Never did he hesitate to express his own views nor, on the other hand, to acknowledge his mistakes whenever he saw that his conclusions were wrong, but more than once great tears stole down his cheeks, and I was glad, for they were not symbols of grief but rather tokens of appreciation for the sympathy and understanding which had been given him.

Finally, I told him that I had but one more suggestion to offer, and that was that he should write a letter of apology, or of explanation at least, to Judge A. "Harry," I said, "I don't want you to write such a letter under a threat or because of fear of what I might do. No letter sent under those conditions would be worth the paper it was written on. As far as I am concerned, I am finished with

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this case, and you are going free the minute you leave this room. You have my solemn promise that I shall not punish you even if you tell me now to my face that you won't write the letter. But if you are the boy I think you are, your own self-respect and sense of honor and fair play will make you do it."

Harry got up from his chair and came toward me. "Judge," he said, "I've simply got to write that letter. Even if you tried to, you couldn't stop me. Here's my hand on it."

And with that pledge we parted.

Harry's word was as good as his bond, for a few days later he made his apology to Judge A. in the following form:

New York City,
Nov. 10th.

Hon. Judge A.,
Magistrate's Court,
New York City.
*My dear Judge:*

I am asking you to forgive me for writing that insulting letter to you about two weeks ago, which caused you much annoyance. But you can picture yourself in my place on Monday, two weeks ago. In order that you know whom I am, I will tell you something of my life. In the first place I have suffered all my life, thru want of good, descent clothes and a respectable living home. During my course in Public School I suffered immensely because I was small and did not know much about life. But I did my work efficiently, although I felt ashamed of myself on seeing so many boys dressed nice, and had to wear torn old clothes. They used to carry 25c pieces in their pockets, while I scarcely had a penny and sometimes made a job here and there for 5c. I loved school then and still do now. After graduating, I went to High School where I felt disgraced entirely. I could not have gone to work, for I was only 12½ years of age. For one year I advanced courageously and successfully in that school, but my third term I was a downcast. I thought that times would be better, but in vain. At the end of the first month of my third term, I decided to leave which I did. I went out for a job without any working papers, and was overjoyed to strike one in a printing house for $5 a week, pulling a push cart overloaded with printed matter, for 15 and 20 blocks. I was merely a kid then. I used to come home overworked and used to lie to my mother that it was a fine job. After 2 months work, I was forced to return to school for I was not 14 years of age yet. When my 14th birthday dawned I felt I was the happiest fello on earth. That day was in August a year ago. I lost no time in getting my working papers. From that day I managed to get along a trifle better with the aid of $6 or $7 a week, but still I was in hard luck, for the high cost of living came along, and there I went. Last May I decided to enter school for the study of Civil Engineering, my greatest ambition. I received information from the same, that one must be 16 years of age in order to take the entrance examinations. Well I have to go to some school to prepare for the examinations, therefore, I am attending a Prep School and am paying fifty hard earned dollars for 1 year. I expect to take the examinations for my engineering course in September. In the meantime I have been doing a great deal of suffering but no one knows it. I try to shine up with a nice shirt, etc., but I am just like a red apple with a worm inside. Since lately, I have been going to work without breakfast, and with scarcely much dinner, for you know how much good a restaurant can give nowadays for $.15. The day my mother was arrested happened to be one of those non-breakfast days, and when I arrived home with an empty stomach to find my mother arrested, and not a bit of supper for me, and my little sisters and brothers crying for mama, you can just imagine how I felt.

I could not help writing that letter, for my heart was too full of grief to say nothing. But after I wrote it, the realization first came to me that I had made a great mistake. Therefore, I ask you to excuse me for the wrong I have done you. You can have my friendship now and ever, and at the same time I want to have yours. I wish to thank you for the good means which you used in bringing me to Court. I also would like you to send me the name of the judge who took up my case for I must thank him more than any-

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one else for the good he has this day done to me. I am sending you my best wishes and beloved friendship.

Hoping that you will accept my apology with great amity, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
(*SDG*) HARRY SAMUELS.

Judge A. was not to be outdone by Harry in courtesy, and he answered him in a spirit of generous friendship:

CITY OF NEW YORK
CITY MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

Nov. 14th.

MY DEAR HARRY:

I was overjoyed to receive your letter of a few days ago. It has given me as much pleasure as your first one caused me distress and bewilderment. Moreover, what is especially gratifying to me is that I can plainly see from the tone of your letter that it is written in full and free sincerity.

I had hoped all along that your first letter to me had not been written wickedly and from a bad heart, but rather from misunderstanding and it was because of this hope as much as from any desire to punish that I sent the letter to Judge Hoyt.

Your recital of your struggles and disappointment makes it all quite clear to me, but if you had given yourself up to bitterness and hatred it could hardly be called a victory for you. As it is, I am sure you are destined to succeed and to make a good citizen.

I am still regretful for the imprisonment I forced your mother to undergo, and for the pain it brought to her family. As stated by Judge Hoyt, had it been brought to my attention that she had little children at home I should have tried to be lenient as I almost invariably am in such cases.

It is not always an easy thing to be a magistrate and to promote public welfare through enforcing the laws when so doing falls harshly upon some unfortunate offender. Your mother's offense may in one way seem to be trifling, and it is not always that we can get at the real truth. Most of us try to do our best and with thousands of cases to try yearly and sometimes more than a hundred in a day we must sometimes make mistakes, seem harsh or otherwise unjust.

I am going to show Judge Hoyt your letter and talk to him about you, and express to him my pleasure at what he has done in your case.

In the meantime rest assured that you have my entire forgiveness and it goes without saying that I hope I have yours. With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,
(*Signed*) —— A.

To Mr. Harry Samuels,
New York City.

P. S. Come to see me at the 7th District Magistrates' Court one week from Sunday, say, about ten thirty in the morning, sending in your name to the Court Attendant.

This last letter closes the official record of the case. I might go on and tell how Harry and his mother have been succeeding in their struggles, of his plans for obtaining the technical education for which he has been striving, and of the friendly confidence with which he seeks advice and counsel from Judge A. and myself, but such matters are of personal interest only and form no part of our court proceedings.

I do not think that Mrs. Samuels now regrets that one night in prison, even though it entailed upon her a certain amount of unnecessary suffering. For, after all, it led through devious and unexpected circumstances to a happy consummation. We all have gained something in consequence: Mrs. Samuels, through the acquisition of new-found friends; Judge A. and myself, through the deeper knowledge and broader understanding which this experience has given us, and Harry, through a clearer conception of his duties and responsibilities as a unit of society and as a prospective citizen.

Harry and I both think it would be a good thing to tell this story to the public. The boy believes sincerely, and I heartily agree with him, that his experience may teach something to those who fail to grasp the purpose of our law and who are accustomed to rail against its enforcement in a shallow and blatant fashion.

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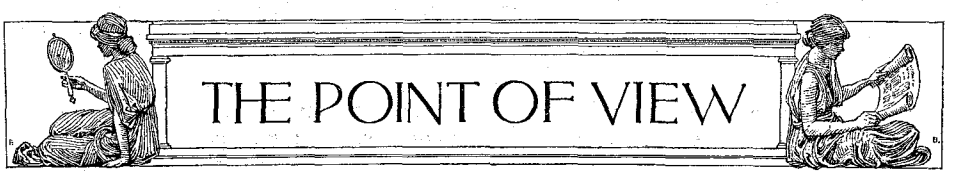
Harry often smiles, though in a shamefaced way, when he thinks of that first letter of his, and he wonders where he picked up those thoughts and phrases which he tossed off so readily. It is not difficult, however, to know where he found them, for the world just now is full of such things. In these days of social upheaval and of readjustment of the old order, there are many who believe as Harry did once, that our established institutions are but forms of slavery, and that vice and greed and inhumanity control their administration. But Harry now knows better than this. He has learnt for himself that kindliness, common sense, and humane justice can exist side by side with the enforcement of law and order. He has rediscovered in his own way that fundamental and eternal truth which it has taken the world so many years to learn, through bitter experience and much tribulation: that human society, to exist and progress, must be governed by certain settled rules of conduct, and that while such laws may be constantly altered and improved, to disobey them and raise the flag of anarchy would remove every protection for the individual and hurl the whole world back into a state of lawlessness and utter chaos.




HAVING said my say, with the heat that I considered proper to the subject, I looked at my friend for her assent. We were talking, I think, about the way in which pianos are sold on the instalment plan to the poor. Certainly it was something vital, and I had a right to feel deeply. My friend was bending upon me a glance which I found baffling until she remarked, as her only answer to my eloquence: "Oh, my dear! I do hope you will get a good sleep to-night. You have seemed so tired all the time lately!" The remark hit my spirit much as a bath of hydrogen peroxide might attack a noisome pestilence; I seethed and boiled inwardly, unable to trust myself to words in the face of my friend's kind solicitude.

The Retort Prophylactic

The reader will see at once that my friend is a broad-minded person, thoroughly modern in her point of view. She would have made as gentle a retort if I had been angry with her personally, rather than with a commercial abuse. Indeed, once after I had commented upon a perfectly absurd piece of self-sacrifice that she had indulged in, she did advise me to consult a physician. She is too broad-minded by half. She is viewing me as dispassionately as if I were a collection of frogs retained by a laboratory to furnish muscular twitchings for the world of science, and in that case, as in this, she would safeguard the experiment by using the most humane methods.

But in seeing only a physical reason for my explosion, my friend disposed of my soul as entirely irrelevant. If I really misbehaved, my sense of guilt would seem to me, even in my lowest moments, a richer contribution to human progress than a thousand jerks of a strictly unprejudiced frog. No indignation that is morally neligible is equal to the demands of a situation that, in its nature, is either righteous or unrighteous. How would the perversities of life get their dues if no one ever flew out upon them with anything more emphatic than a laboratory reaction?

One can admit in a general way that one seldom gets angry or depressed except when tired; but the particular instance is always special. For every actual case of moodiness or temper, I find myself provided with the best and most irresistible of motives. My anger is invariably a righteous indignation; my depression is the only dignified way of meeting a cosmic evil. I can bear to be blamed and told that I have no right to inflict my feelings on other people; what I cannot endure is the gentle pin-prick which reduces my moral principles to the flatness

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of a broken bubble. The friend who, whenever I appear out of sorts, wishes to sweep my temperament into the hospital, who sends me a box of flowers, or suggests that I take a vacation, deserves no more affection than a thermometer.

If my ill-temper is to be credited to fatigue-toxins, what shall we say of my usual sweetness of disposition? Is that also to be subtracted from the sum of virtues that I habitually regard as my true self? In novels as well as in real life I find some indications that wives are accustomed to analyze their husbands according to such a mechanistic theory. They present their milliners' bills, we understand, after an uncommonly good dinner; and they show a disposition to wrap an irritable spouse in sublimated liniment, or to send him off for a game of golf. But the clever wife undoubtedly disguises her prophylactic measures, and suppresses the retort that would reduce a husband's soul to the level of an unlubricated motor.

My broad-minded friend calls herself sympathetic. But her sympathy, which she defines as "an understanding of the conditions from which difficulties arise," always seems a little insulting. Like phylacteries and other amulets, which must sometimes have been more troublesome than the evil eye itself, this so-called "understanding" may become the most obnoxious of safeguards. What we want from our earthly companions is fellow-feeling, with all traces of omniscience left out.

Even this fellow-feeling has its dangers. The woman who spilled half her coffee in one nervous jerk, at breakfast, when her husband dropped an egg which he was holding aloft by way of explaining an opinion, illustrated only too well the evils of the sympathetic strike. This time, it was the coffee, not the deftly rescued egg, which spoiled the appearance of the breakfast-table. Another kind of sympathy has the efficacy of soothing syrup, and has also its dangerous narcotic power. But sympathy of an unsophisticated kind may claim, after all, its chance to maintain the dignity of human nature.

It remains as true now as it has always been in the past, that the dignity of human nature must be buttressed from without if its inner vaulting is to hold itself intact. We must be believed in; we demand both of God and of our fellow men the respect that is accorded to a soul as distinguished from a machine. Most of all we demand from ourselves some saving grace of deference toward the personality that moves within us.

The superstition with which people once knelt before the shrine of a saint remains alive, although the fashion of our beliefs has advanced, as Bernard Shaw reminds us, from the idea of seven deadly sins and seven champions of Christendom, to a preoccupation with nothing less numerous than a million of microbes. "Sevens and angels are out of fashion, and billions and streptococci are all the rage." If nowadays our superstitions carry us to the sanitarium, we may fail there to learn various truths about life that were entirely familiar to the saint of the elder day. They are indefinite matters, perhaps, and not easily scheduled; but they tend to simplify the personal problem by giving it more meaning rather than less. There is such a thing as killing human aspirations with a germicide.

And so, while I meekly follow the advice of my strong-minded friend, and betake myself to a rest-cure, I do still maintain that the man or the woman who accepts the retort prophylactic as an ultimatum, is securing peace without honor.

Conscience and the Subconscio

SOMETIMES I think that the subconscious was discovered just at the moment when the human spirit revolted against the modern habit of explaining all its reactions by reference to a manual of hygiene. But the subconscious self is no longer a dark and unexplored cave of the winds. We have already reached the point of introducing publicity into its recesses, as a cure for half its dangers; and if it still has more the manner of a munition-factory than of the safe-deposit vault for which it has always been used by reticent people, the psychiatrists are working hard to equip it with the most effective safety appliances that can be provided for explosive situations.

The dentist tells me that his patients are divided into two classes: those who howl and those who wince. He prefers those who howl. The wincing people are probably those who are inclined to tuck unpleasant experiences away into subconsciousness; they are old-fashioned enough to regard

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their souls as their own. Publicity is the great modern substitute for conscience. It undoubtedly has its uses within the individual mind, and we ignore them at our peril. A terrifying incident of one's childhood, resolutely forgotten by what would seem a commendable effort of self-control, may work its revenge in some strange and compromising performance of an over-tired brain years afterward, or in lifelong stammering, or some other inability to adjust oneself to the difficulties of ordinary existence. All that is needed is publicity, the howl in place of the wince. The psychiatrist devotes all his powers to finding that lost but potent experience, and to putting it back among our every-day conscious thoughts, so that it may be handled as a simple matter of fact.

Simple matter of fact is, however, the very last guise in which we wish to see our emotions exhibiting themselves. Even complex matter of fact will not content us. A six-year old friend of mine, possessor of a fine mechanical doll, flew into a fit of passion one day, and in answer to her mother's pacifying admonitions, sobbed contemptuously: "*I'm* not a clockwork toy." She was voicing the protest that arises from the inner layer of mysticism in every one of us. Even as children we suffer from the indignity of seeing the cause of our unhappiness ignored, while our vehemence is treated as pathological.

If our vices and our virtues are taken out of us, and treated as interesting manifestations of our diet and our rest and exercise, where are *we*, when all is said and done? We have heard altogether too much about the physical basis of the higher life. Our dreams have long since been tethered by the scientists to our bodily functions. We are now hoping against hope that we may retain some shreds of the visions and revelations that have, in our happy and uninstructed past, set our spirits free from the limitations of the flesh.

We demand a personal conscience. No deposit of the racial conscience which is tucked away in our subconscious natures can suffice for the needs of the man who feels himself to be an individual sinner and who looks hopefully forward to a day when he may become righteous on his own account.

The truly modern person perhaps ought to admit that instead of acting as the Captain of his Soul, he sees that the office is being filled by a coalition of his nerves and his digestion and a few other bodily arrangements. But in the moment of the admission he must rebel, or that soul of his will never advance toward any victory.

The Amateur Chessman

I USED to envy chess-players. Now I play. My method of learning the game was unprincipled. I learned the moves from the encyclopædia, the traditions from "Morphy, On Chess," and the practice from playing with another novice as audacious as I. Later, finding some people who could really play, I clove to them until they taught me all that I could grasp. My ultimate ambition is, I suppose, the masterly playing of the game. Its austere antiquity rebukes the mildest amateur into admiration. I therefore strive, and wistfully aspire. Meanwhile, however, I am enjoying the gay excitement of the unskilled player.

There is nobody like the hardy apprentice for getting pleasure out of chess. We find certain delights which no past master can know; pleasures exclusively for the novice. Give me an opponent not too haughty for my unworthy steel, one who may perhaps forget to capture an exposed bishop of mine, an opponent who, like me, will know the early poetry of mad adventure and the quiet fatalism of unexpected defeat. With this opponent I will engage to enjoy three things which, to Mr. Morphy, immortality itself shall not restore—three things: a fresh delight in the whimsical personality of the various chessmen; the recklessness of uncertainty and of unforeseen adventure; the unprecedented thrill of checkmating my opponent by accident.

Mr. Morphy, I admit, may perhaps have retained through life a personal appreciation of the characters of the pieces: the conservative habits of the king; the politic, sidelong bishop; the stout little roundhead pawns. But since his forgotten apprenticeship he has not known their many-sided natures. To Mr. Morphy they long since became subject—invariably calculable. With a novice, the men and women of the chess-board regain their individuality and their Old World caprices, their mediæval greatness of heart. Like Aragon and the Plantagenets, they have magnificent

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leisure for the purposeless and aimless quest. The stiff, kind, circular eyes of my simple boxwood knight stare casually about him as he goes. Irresponsibly he twists among his enemies, now drawing rein in the cross-country path of an angry bishop, now blowing his horn at the very drawbridge of the king. And it is no cheap impunity that he faces in his errant hardihood. My opponent seldom lapses. My knights often die in harness, all unshriven. That risk lends unfailing zest. Most of all, I love my gentle horsemen.

My opponent, too, has her loyalties, quixotic and unshaken. Blindly, one evening, I imperilled my queen. Only the opposing bishop needed to be sacrificed to capture her. The spectators were breathless at her certain fate. But my opponent sets high value upon her stately bishop. Rather this man saved for defense than risked for such a captive, feminist though she be, and queen. With ecclesiastical dignity the bishop withdrew, and my queen went on her tranquil way.

Of all the men, the king reveals himself least readily. A non-committal monarch at best. At times imperial and menacing, my king may conquer, with goodly backing from his yeomen and his chivalry. Sometimes, again, like Lear, he is no longer terrible in arms, his royal guard cut down. And at his death he loves always to send urgently for his bishop, who is solacing, though powerless to save.

All this is typical of our second pleasure, the exhilaration of incautious and unpremeditated moves. Inexplicable, for example, this pious return of the outbound bishop at the last battle-cry of the king. At times, however, a move may well be wasted to the end that all may happen decently and in order. My opponent shares with me this respect for ceremony. Together we lament the ruins when a lordly castle falls. Our atrocities are never heartless; we never recriminate.

My opening moves, in general, are characterized by no mean regard for consequences. Let my men rush forth to the edge of the hostile country. Once there, there will be time enough to peer about and reconnoitre and see what we shall see. Meanwhile, the enemy is battering gloriously at my postern-gate, but at least the fight is on! Part of our recklessness in these opening moves consists in our confidential revelations to each other of all our plans and disquieting problems.

"This needn't worry you at present," I remark, planting my castle on an irrational crag. "I'm only putting it there in *case*."

That saves much time. My opponent might otherwise have found it necessary to waste long minutes in trying to fathom the unknowable of my scheme. Without this companionable interchange chess is the most lonely of human experiences. There you sit, a being solitary and unsignalled—a point of thought, a mere centre of calculation. You have no partner. All the world is cancelled for the time, except, perched opposite you, another hermit intellect implacably estranged and sinister. Oh, no! As yet we discuss our plots.

Poor journeymen players of the royal game! Strange clews to character appear around the friendly chess-board. There is the supposedly neutral observer of the game, who must murmur warnings or lament the ill-judged moves; without him, how would life and chess be simplified? There is the stout-hearted player who refuses to resign though his defeat is demonstrably certain, but continues to jog about the board, eluding actual capture; in life, would he resign? There is the player who gives little shrieks at unexpected attacks; the player who explains his mistakes and what he had intended to do instead; the player who makes no sign whether of gloating or of despair. Most striking of all is the behavior of all these when they face the necessity of playing against the handicap of past mistakes; a wrong move may never be retracted by the thoroughbred. No apology, no retracing of the path; we must go on as if the consequences were part of our plan. It lures to allegory, this checkered board, these jousts and far crusades.

Then, on to checkmate, the most perfect type of utter finality, clear-cut and absolute. Shah-mat! Checkmate! The king is dead. In most conclusions there is something left ragged; something still in abeyance, in reserve. Here, however, is no shading, no balancing of the scales. We win, not by majority, as in cards; success or failure is unanimous. There was one ballot, and that is cast. No matter how ragged the playing that went before, the end of a game of chess is always perfect. It satisfies the spirit. Always at last comes contentment of soul, though it be our king that dies.

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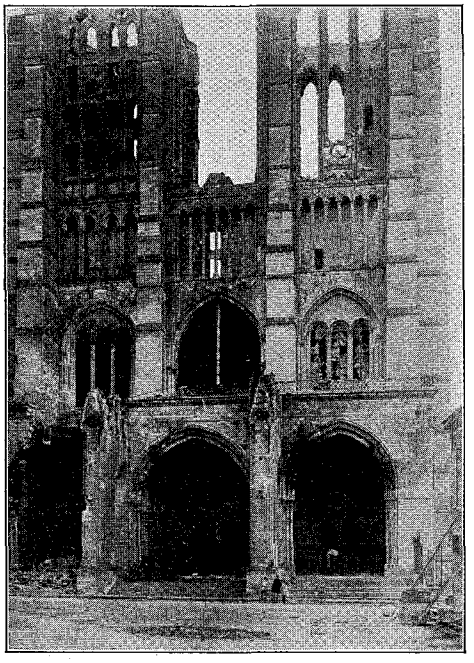
# THE FIELD OF ART

## *THE DEVASTATED ART OF FRANCE*

BY A. KINGSLEY PORTER
Special Commissioner of the French Government and the Commission des Monuments Historiques

I

MY first impression of the mediæval art of France, I think, and I am quite certain the one that subsequently stamped itself most indelibly upon my mind, was a feeling of delight (not, however, I confess, entirely untinged with bewilderment and even fatigue) at its inexhaustibility. Inexhaustibility, I mean, not only in the thought hidden beneath thought artistic, mystic and poetic in every created thing, but in the sheer quantity of the masterworks that, having defied the sacrilegious hands of blind iconoclasm and even blinder restoration, still, until yesterday, preserved to us essentially unaltered the mediæval vision in its serenity and in its exaltation.



Noyon Cathedral.
Noyon has been consecrated with fire. But the soul of the cathedral still lives.

Indeed, the Middle Ages showered upon France artistic creativeness with a prodigality the twentieth century in its dulness would scorn as wasteful; for in those days men perceived, what we do not, that the lamp of sacrifice in art is not lighted in vain. And it was precisely upon just those portions of the Soissonnais and neighboring regions now laid waste that Gothic art struck deepest and most prolific root. Its blossoms, it is true, were often seen by few appreciative eyes, at least in modern, more degenerate, days; yet their sweetness was not lost. And even from their smoking ruins, as from the funeral-pyre of the phœnix, there arises an incense which shall, I like to think, one day renew the youth of architecture. For a sin-stained world and a sin-stained art, redeemed by the holocaust of what was loveliest and what was best, may now, it seems, and if they will—but the tragedy of that *if!*—exchange their shackles of materialism for wings of imagination.

Even Italy, in her moments and provinces of most intense artistic production, has hardly flowed over with superabounding joy in creation as did mediæval France. Aside from the great abbeys and cathedrals, known to every one, each village and each hamlet of northern France possessed a church, and this church was commonly of real artistic value. It was, moreover, very rare that it did not contain some object of art of striking beauty —an altarpiece or a painting or a statue or stained-glass or a tombstone or a bit of wood-carving or a bell or wrought ironwork. I have often sympathized with Didron, who was one of the first to attempt to explore the mediæval art of the country districts. He was commissioned by the government in the first half of the nineteenth century to compile the monumental statistics for the département of the Marne. He returned at the end of the time allotted to him in comic despair, obliged to report to his superiors that despite the most assiduous efforts he had been able to



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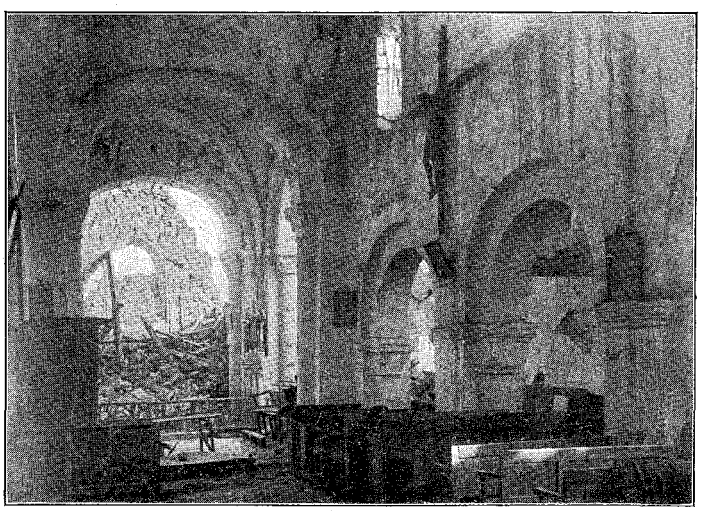
cover only the arrondissement of Reims, or about one-third of the district assigned to him. He visited one hundred and eighty communes; of these he found only twenty which were without monuments of artistic interest. He counted eight hundred statues of which he considered two hundred remarkable from the standpoint of art, and four or five hundred of historical interest. When it is remembered that in this catalogue the cathedral of Reims, which alone is said to have contained some two thousand statues, is excluded; that no account is taken of paintings and stained-glass; nor of the minor arts; nor of objects in private possession; that the département of the Marne contains two other arrondissements, both nearly as rich as that of Reims; and that the German invasion affected in all fourteen départements, some idea can be formed of the amount of art destroyed in France. Didron was obliged to relinquish the project he had formed of compiling a catalogue of the works of art in the arrondissement of Reims. It was too long a task for an individual. The labor was undertaken some years later by the Academy of Reims. Four of the best scholars of Champagne devoted themselves for thirty years to compiling a list of the monuments of the Marne. At the outbreak of the war their work was less than half finished. Obviously the preparation of an itemized bill to present to Germany through the Peace Conference will be no easy task.

The preparation of the bill is further complicated by the happy circumstance that by no means all art in the invaded provinces has been destroyed. Of the movable objects undoubtedly a very considerable number have survived. In the regions occupied by the Germans, the pillaging was characteristically systematic. Government experts picked out objects of superior value, which were carried off apparently to regularly constituted *dépôts*. There will probably be no serious difficulty in obtaining the restitution of this class of objects; but how large it is, or how carefully the works were protected, is up to the present unknown. Many other objects were carried off by individual Germans to their homes, or sold. A distinguished collector of Fère-en-Tardenois returned to his château after the invasion. His paintings were still in position, but in the corner of the frame of each was the visiting card and address of a German officer. The booty had been divided, when an unexpected retreat had prevented the paintings being shipped to their intended destination. In many other cases no such *deus ex machina* intervened, and priceless treasures disappeared over the Rhine. Serious difficulties must be anticipated in such cases, but it is hoped that in at least some instances the stolen objects can be traced and recovered.



Poilly (Marne).
In general it is in the country churches, rather than the great cathedrals, that the loss has been heaviest.

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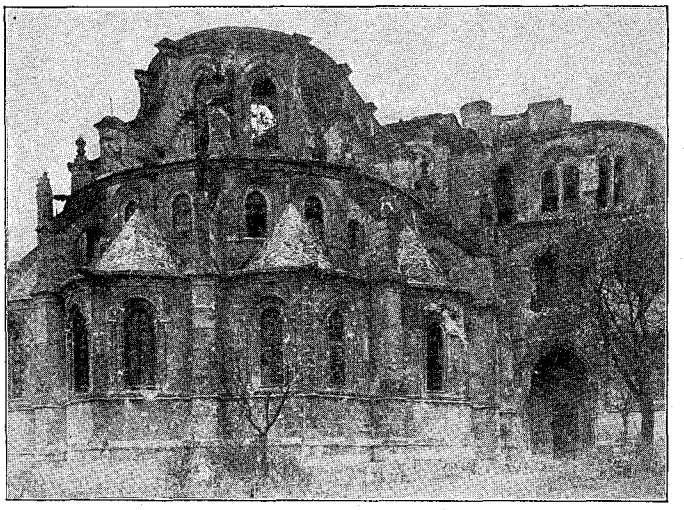
The French, through the activities of the Commission des Monuments Historiques, succeeded in saving much. The invasion of 1914 burst upon them so suddenly that great damage was done before there was time to take protective measures. It was thus, for example, that the sculptures of the portal at Reims were destroyed. As soon, however, as the prime necessities for national defense had been provided for, the colossal work of evacuating and protecting threatened works of art was undertaken. Sculptures which could not be moved were covered with sand-bags. For movable objects *dépôts* were established at Abbeville, Chantilly, Dijon, Bourg, Thenissey, Fontaine Française, and elsewhere. Here were collected and cared for objects belonging not only to churches and museums, but also to individuals. Stained-glass windows were dismounted, packed in boxes and transferred to safety. Thus were saved about one-half of the windows of the cathedral of Reims, which are at present safe in the cellar of the Pantheon at Paris. The ancient windows of St. Denis were removed and so preserved, for the modern glass left in the church was severely shattered by the explosion of a powder-magazine near by. All the stained-glass windows in Paris, including those of the cathedral and Sainte-Chapelle, were taken down, and even the windows of Chartres were dismounted as a precaution. These are now being replaced. The doors of the cathedral of Beauvais were removed to St.-Bénigne of Dijon; the contents of the museum of Chantilly, including the Sassetta, were taken to the dormitory of the Benedictines in the same city; that of Epinal went to Bourg and the furniture of Meaux to Fontaine Française. Many treasures of the Louvre were transported to Toulouse. Thus a great deal of much value was rescued. Unfortunately, the removal of art treasures often tended to excite panic among the population of towns from which they were taken, and for this reason the process of evacuation could not always be carried so far as desired.



Noyon Cathedral.
Noyon is injured, but still stands.

Even objects left *in situ* have not infrequently survived pillage and bombardment. At Montbré, for example, the lovely tabernacle is entirely intact although the church is much damaged: and at Sacy the sculptures are similarly in perfect condition. When the ruins are cleared up many fragments and even intact works of art can certainly be salvaged. Yet when all is told and done the loss will still be appalling.

The architecture itself—and this was the most precious, the most irreplaceable part of the artistic heritage of France—has suffered even more. Obviously a Romanesque church could not be removed for safety from the Soissonnais to Toulouse. It is far easier to ascertain the extent of the damage among churches than among the movable objects, but the magnitude of the

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disaster, the number of monuments in the war-zone make precise statements precarious. Besides, the ruins possess so poignant an emotional quality that there is an almost unavoidable tendency to exaggeration. I was told the other day on excellent authority that the Germans had prepared mines to blow up the Abbey of Ourscamp, and that the holes they had drilled in the columns for this purpose were clearly visible. I went at once to Ourscamp, and found the holes in question, which, however, had been drilled over a century ago to receive the choir-rail. Such false reports are unfortunate, since they tend to discredit the authentic instances of atrocities that indubitably exist. I have seen with my own eyes proof that the Germans, at the time of their retreat, did deliberately blow up the churches of Boult-sur-Suippe, Heutrégeville, and Bétheniville, all of artistic importance.

The zones of destruction are singularly uneven. In general it is in the country churches, rather than in the great cathedrals, that the loss has been heaviest. It is clear that, with the exception of the cathedral of Reims, comparatively little irreparable harm was done in 1914. It is along the lines held for a long period between 1914 and 1918 that the damage is most appalling. The bombardment seems to have increased in intensity as the war went on. The armies came to depend ever more upon heavy artillery and to use it more recklessly. East of Reims, where the line was nearly stationary for four years, there remain of the former villages only heaps of masonry. Even the sites of important churches, like Cernay-les-Reims, can hardly be determined. One hunts among formless heaps of stone until one finds a voussoir from a rib or a capital, then one knows one is standing where was once the church. The damage was also heavy during the advance and retreat of the Germans in 1918, as for example in the beautiful little church at Crézancy. In some places, like Dormans, the monuments are as badly damaged as if they had been fought over for four years. But the bands of destruction are more irregular. Occasionally one will find a church, or even a village, miraculously preserved where everything about has gone.

Of the great cathedrals, Soissons is certainly the most damaged. The western bays of the nave are destroyed; the tower is riddled; the destruction of the flying buttresses has gravely compromised the stability of the entire structure. It is a monument every lover of the beautiful will mourn and mourn bitterly to the ending of time. Soissons was the virginal among cathedrals. The architecture of the nave had the flowing lines, the gracious curves, the purity of an ivory madonna of the fourteenth century. It had, too, for all its vast scale, the delicacy of execution one associates with sculpture in miniature. The color, although it had suffered from barbarous modern scraping, was still the rich whiteness of ivory that really is not white at all but much more akin to gold; not the blatant bridal veil of the parvenu, but rare ancient lace, passed down from marriage-chest to marriage-chest through generations. The mouldings were as dainty as the fingers of a girl; the capitals fragrant as orange-blossoms. And Soissons the inimitable, the bride, lies in ruin. Only the fairy-like south transept—perhaps the most exquisite passage in architectural art—has by a miracle escaped unscathed.

Chance, if not the Germans, has been somewhat kinder to Noyon. Noyon the sturdy, about whom the advancing and receding waves of battle ebbed and flowed, Noyon is injured, but still stands. This was the cavalier cathedral, as masculine in character as Soissons was feminine. The exterior had the restraint of a man. Yet it was frank too—not like the sophisticated eighteenth century which loves to mask behind the same well-bred façade, the Ministry of Marine, the Hôtel Crillon, and an automobile garage; not like either those rococo buildings which in the manner of an oyster-shell cover with rugged grayness a pearly and fantastic lining; Noyon externally neither belies nor asserts the inner character. Across the grave dignity of the towers one feels rather than sees not the power of brute weight such as an earlier age exulted in, not the incredible masses of Jumièges, but the power of a light wrestler, with every muscle of the finest quality, trained and developed to the utmost. Noyon has been consecrated with fire; holes have been broken in the vault, and the walls are scarred and torn in a thousand places. But the soul of the cathedral still lives and will always live across the centuries.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 4.

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# THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

## THE TERMS OF PEACE

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

UNDER anything like ordinary conditions an atmosphere of suspense, if not, indeed, of acute misgiving, would have prevailed in the public mind and in the financial markets, while the terms of peace submitted by the Paris Conference were being considered by the Germans.

**The Attitude of Germany**

From Berlin came not only protests against the terms but explicit public declarations, constantly reiterated in the highest political quarters, that Germany would not sign. Nobody ventured to predict what would follow outright refusal; but even the generals in command of the Allied army of occupation were recalled to their positions at the front. Outwardly, all the signs of the moment seemed to indicate preparation for that event.

Yet, so far from reflecting apprehension, the Stock Exchange continued to express in the course of prices unshaken confidence in the outcome. It is true that the original terms of the Allies did not evoke unanimous approval in the financial community. That, however, was not because the stipulations, territorial or financial, were regarded as undeservedly severe, but because the outside limit of the money indemnity was not clearly stated. It seemed evident from the treaty's text that the commission appointed for the purpose might reduce the stated amount from the hundred billion marks named as the definite payment for damages to civilian lives and property, and the German delegates, in their reply, appeared to concede that sum. But it also seemed that the commissioners might increase the sum. In that case, supposing the power of increase to be unlimited, the German delegates who agreed to the terms without more definite limitation would be virtually signing a blank check in behalf of their constituents.

THIS gave some reason for qualified approval of the German counter-proposals; though certainly not of their allegations as to responsibility for the war or as to compensation for damages from the blockade, nor of their reiterated appeal to President Wilson's "fourteen points." On this last insistent contention, indeed, sentiment in financial circles (as elsewhere) began very soon to grow impatient. It had needed no long time to discover that the German delegates had read into Mr. Wilson's stipulations, for their government's own advantage, something which no one else could find in them. Throughout the controversy between Paris and Berlin this outline of basic terms as set forth in the President's speech of January, 1918, and as accepted by Germany in the armistice, was read over again with puzzled curiosity as to how the German statesmen found in the stipulations what they professed to find.

**As to the "Fourteen Points"**

Whoever thus re-read the speech always discovered that, of the fourteen points, three had to do with Austria, Turkey, and the Italian frontier, and, therefore, had no reference to Germany. Six of them, stipulating reduction of armament, evacuation of Russia, Belgium, and the Balkans, return of Alsace-Lorraine to France, and of Polish Germany to an independent Poland, the treaty itself merely reiterated. Two of them, the "open covenants" and the League of Nations, were being manifestly observed. On one, the rule of navigation on the seas, our European allies had expressly reserved judgment in the armistice. As to the two remaining stipulations, the matter of colonial claims had been left by Mr. Wilson to be determined "in the interests of the populations concerned" as well as of other claimants, while



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the removal, "so far as possible," of economic barriers was placed necessarily in the hands of the League of Nations. On top of all, the Allies, in advance of the signing of the armistice, had expressly laid down as an ultimatum an indemnity for complete restitution and reparation for the unlawful German depredations.

**Scope of the Stock Exchange Movement**

LARGELY because of knowledge of these facts, partly because of knowledge of the German temperament, the attitude of the financial community did not change. During all the time in which Germany's action was hanging in the balance, the extraordinary movement on the American Stock Exchange did not slacken. The advance in prices up to the end of May carried the active industrial shares to a level twenty or thirty points, in some cases sixty or seventy, above the low prices of the year, reached during January or February. Even railway shares, notwithstanding the fact that net earnings, owing to higher cost of labor, were $250,000,000 less in the first four months of 1919 than the amount guaranteed by the government on the basis of pre-war earnings for a similar period, and notwithstanding uncertainty as to conditions under which the railways would be returned to private operation, had moved up ten to fifteen points.

In actual transactions on the Stock Exchange, the market reached a scale of magnitude only two or three times equalled in the history of Wall Street. During April only seven full business days failed to exceed the traditional "million-share" mark of abnormal activity. During May there was no exception; twice the record closely approached two million shares, which it passed in June. Total transactions for the month of May were the third largest of any month in the Stock Exchange's history. When it is observed that the average number of shares which changed hands in the same month of the past ten years was thirteen million shares, and that thirty-four million were sold on the floor of the Exchange in May of 1919, no one will wonder that clerks of commission houses had to take turns working overtime in relays, nights and Sundays, merely to keep the books of the firms posted to date.

**Stock Market, Now and in 1916**

THERE are several considerations which have to be kept in mind, in order properly to understand this extraordinary movement. One of them is that even the unusually prolonged and violent advance of April and May did not carry prices on the Stock Exchange as high as those which were reached in war-time, but before our country joined the conflict. There were exceptions to this statement; but the stocks which went this spring above their top prices of 1916 were few in number, and subject to special influences. Shares of the great United States Steel Corporation, on which much of the speculative activity converged, did not get this May within twenty points of the high price of November, 1916. Even after the rise of April and May a very great number of the active shares, notably those of the railways, were left well below the prices touched in 1913 and 1912.

In other words, the advance in prices might be considered as recovery reflecting previous mistaken views of the situation, quite as reasonably as it might be considered an advance from one high level to another. This view of the matter is not unimportant. It has at least some bearing on the reiterated argument that what Wall Street has been witnessing is an "inflation market" pure and simple.

If by "inflation market" people merely mean expansion in the volume of business done and in average values, as compared with some other selected date, then no one will dispute the fact; but it would be to beg the question. If it is meant that credit, as embodied in the country's bank loans, has been expanded to a very unusual degree, then that assertion also deals with admitted facts. But if, on the other hand, the usual and traditional meaning is attached to the term "inflation markets"—namely, that prices of Stock Exchange securities as well as prices of commodities have been advanced because of inflated or depreciated currencies—then the matter calls for closer examination. Our Federal Reserve note currency had increased something like

(Continued on page 58, *following*)

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# SOME THOUGHTS ON RESUMPTION OF TRADE WITH RUSSIA

By W. C. Huntington
Commercial Attaché, in Charge Russian Division, U. S. Department of Commerce

EVEN before our entrance into the war interest in trade with Russia was running high. After the revolution of March, 1917, and the establishment of an enlightened provisional government of Russia, many of us hoped that, with the removal of bureaucratic men and methods, the development of American-Russian trade relations would now go forward intensively. We did not foresee that a vast people, with no experience of liberty, faced by an economic crisis and worked upon constantly by an army of agitators, could not immediately maintain democratic equilibrium. In the disintegration which marked the period of the régime of the provisional government, American business firms, which had meanwhile sent some very excellent men to Russia, found no solid basis for the establishment of business relations nor assurance for the future. Most, therefore, returned home disappointed. The only business done at this period was of a speculative character, where daring Russian brokers and merchants bought for cash, taking large risks for the sake of the great profits which staple articles commanded in a famished market.

Finally, in November, came the Bolsheviki, seizing the government and making further business impossible, because directed against all business, and with capacity only to propagandize, not to construct.

Nevertheless, in spite of all disappointments, the interest of modern American business men of world vision in Russia is very live to-day. They feel instinctively that a country nearly three times the size of the continental United States and having almost twice our population, of good white stock, must eventually present great business opportunities.

Conditions are now ripe, not for false illusions, but for active study of the Russian trade problem, and the letters which are daily coming to the Department of Commerce of our Government indicate that business men are asking the following principal questions:

1. What is the present situation?
2. When will it be possible to do business?
3. How must one go about it?
4. What lines of business does Russia need?
5. How can the goods be shipped and payment in dollars obtained?

In the following we shall try to answer these questions in the light of two years' experience in Russia, ending last fall, and of reports constantly received ever since:

It will not be inappropriate at this point to review the political situation in Russia in so far as it bears upon business, since it varies in the different parts of the former empire.

Poland and Finland are excluded because, although they will undoubtedly have in the future close business relations with Russia, their independence has been acknowledged and both have achieved provisional governments, which have been recognized by the United States.



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*Central Russia* is dominated by the Bolshevik or the so-called "Soviet Government."

*Northern Russia* is under a provisional government recognized by the Allies and receiving their economic and military support.

Of the *Baltic Provinces*, Esthonia has achieved some degree of equilibrium and is maintaining it against Bolshevik attacks. Latvia and contiguous Lithuania are not so well off as Esthonia.

*South Russia* was under a German-fostered government until the armistice, and was saved from Bolshevism by the presence of German troops and the prevalence of better food conditions than in the north. This richest portion of Russia is now overrun by Bolshevik armies, who are opposed by Allied and Cossack forces.

*The Caucasus*, the bridge between Europe and Asia, is still disturbed by local conflicts which grow out of the several races and religions of its conglomerate population. The heart of this territory, which is called Georgia, seems to be making headway under a democratic government.

*Siberia* is under the so-called Omsk government, headed by Admiral Kolchak. This government, which the Czecho-Slovak forces helped on to its feet, is now receiving material support from the Allies and appears to be making considerable progress, both in the maintenance of order at home and in the campaign of its armies against the Bolsheviks in the field. It is encouraging that the loyal Russian forces of the South and of the North have both proclaimed their adhesion to this government. Should the success of this "All-Russian Government of Omsk" continue, it will be in order for them to declare their land and labor programme, which will be of great significance for future trade relations. A just programme must undoubtedly be promulgated whereby, with due regard for moral and economic considerations, the Russian land must be chiefly in the hands of the eighty-five per cent of the population who make their living by it.

As to labor and social conditions, Russia will certainly not return to the pre-war status. She will not, as some extremists and dreamers—not business men—profess to believe, be able to avoid the consequences of illiteracy and low productivity, but the new Russia has been born into a modern world and will partake of the spirit of the general advance. A Russian business man of wide experience told me recently that these facts are recognized by men of his class, and that they are only seeking the point of equilibrium so as to be able to make their calculations. This is what American business men must do also.

As to the economic situation, there prevails over Central and Northern Russia actual starvation. The entire country is denuded of staples—of ordinary household articles. Just a year ago I visited every principal store in the town of Viatka, in Northeastern Russia, and a little later in Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia. The situation in these provincial towns was the same as in the capitals of Petrograd and Moscow: the shelves were literally empty and merchants about to close for lack of goods. Money has no value. The peasants have plenty of money. A peasant woman, in the last stages of pregnancy, came into a peasant cottage where I was sitting one day last winter, in the government of Perm, and begged me to sell her my steamer rug, assuring me that she had plenty of money and would pay me well for it.

The area sowed this year, according to a consensus of opinion from reliable sources, is scarcely a third of the pre-war area; the reasons being lack of seeds, loss of horses, lack of implements and tools, and fear of being deprived by the Red Guards of any surplus over minimum personal consumption. Whereas town life has been virtually destroyed, the primitive life of the country—of six-sevenths of the population—has simply dropped back to something like the mediæval conditions from which it had slowly and painfully risen. It is marked by unsettlement and epidemics. Transportation is almost at a standstill, with rolling stock wearing out and no renewals. An insignificant percentage of the factory capacity is operating and that most inefficient-

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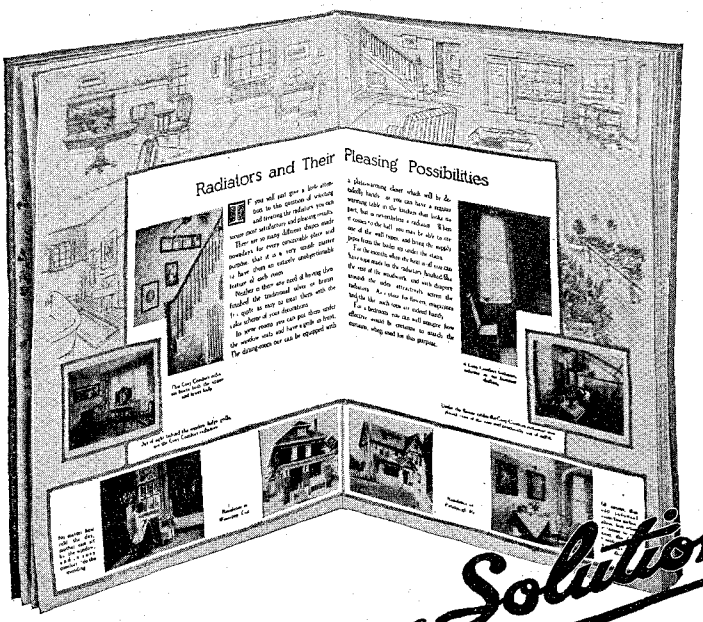



# A Happy Solution

## Among other things about Heating—it tells of radiators, their pleasing possibilities

NO one denies the positive dependency that can be placed on radiator heats. As for economy—the ayes have it.

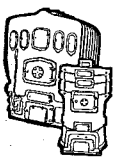
Admittedly, some do object a bit to radiators. They don't seem to quite fancy their "setting about so," as they express it. Maybe you are one of that kind.

All right then, if you and everyone who feels that way about it could turn to these two pages in "The Happy Solution Book," they would find some most interesting facts about "Radiators, their Pleasing Possibilities."

They would find the Happy Solution an ever ready answer for all their heating botherments. Among other things, they would find out what a difference there is in boilers; and why those differences make such a difference in the coal bill.

To end with, they would also have found out exactly why The Burnham Cosy Comfort Heat is the all around satisfactory heat it is.

*Send for this Happy Solution Book. You are welcome to a copy*



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# THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Continued from page 130

$600,000,000 during the preceding twelvemonth. It had not increased, however, during the present year; on the contrary, the outstanding total of that currency, which was $2,685,000,000 at the end of last December, had been reduced to $2,504,000,000 towards the end of May.

FURTHERMORE, unlike the currencies of continental Europe (for which redemption in gold has been suspended since the war began) the notes of any one of our twelve Reserve Banks, when received on deposit by another bank in the

Financial Situation, continued on page 60


## Now That the War Is Over—

And normal conditions are returning, it seems fitting to remind the public that the record of S. W. Straus & Co., without loss to any investor, has been maintained through the trying times of the last five years.

Every bondholder has been paid promptly in cash, both principal and interest, on the days due, without loss or delay.

### Sound 6% July Investments

For July investment, we offer a widely diversified list of first mortgage 6% serial bonds, safeguarded under the ***Straus Plan.***

Each bond issue has been purchased by us from the borrowing corporation, after careful investigation, and is offered with our full recommendation as a thoroughly safeguarded investment. Denominations, $1,000 and $500. Maturities, two to fifteen years. Every investor should write today for our

July Circular No. G-910.

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Established 1882 — Incorporated

NEW YORK, 150 Broadway — CHICAGO, Straus Building

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Thirty-seven years without loss to any investor




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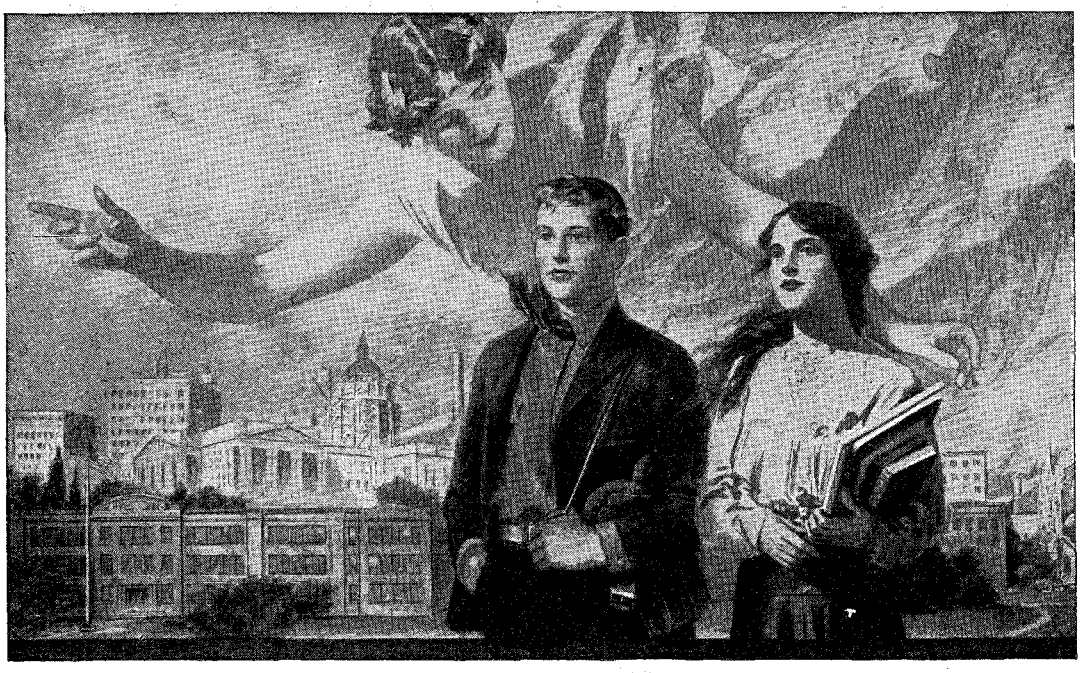

# The needs of Young America must go forward!

OF necessity, the war halted peace-time construction and development. Meanwhile, our future citizens continued to attain "school age" and with it their rights to American surroundings.

Cities and states, to keep pace with their fast growing populations, will now quickly carry into effect far-sighted programs for public improvements.

The needed money will be raised by the issue and sale of State and Municipal bonds.

Such bonds put both men and women to work.

Whenever public enterprises and betterments go forward, labor thrives and industry hums.

When you put your money into Municipal or State bonds, you collect income, free from all Federal Income Tax. The stability of these recognized premier investments is grounded in the stability of city charters and state constitutions.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY
NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
NEW YORK

*You will find a National City Company Correspondent Office in 50 of the leading cities of the country.*

*Each of these offices is equipped to render unusual service to investors generally, and to bond buyers in particular.*

BONDS
SHORT TERM NOTES
ACCEPTANCES

## The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York



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Financial Situation, continued from page 58

system, must, under heavy penalty, be returned at once for redemption to the original bank of issue. To redeem them, an equivalent amount of gold in the Federal Reserve is transferred from the account of the bank taking up the notes to the account of the bank presenting them. The gold reserve, held for such a purpose by the twelve Reserve Banks combined, was 64⅝ per cent of their total outstanding notes, as against a ratio of 16 per cent of gold holdings to outstanding notes at the issuing Bank of France, and less than 6 per cent at the Bank of Germany.

**Is It an "Inflation Market"?**

It should, then, be reasonably clear that our currency is not depreciated, and, therefore, that prices in our markets have not been raised by any such influence as measurement in paper which is not worth its face in gold. That such a condition actually exists with continental Europe's currencies nobody nowadays pretends to doubt. Waiving entirely the argument from the depreciation in exchange rates, we have the testimony of prices themselves. Russia is naturally the extreme test, since her government's issue of paper currency has been absolutely reckless, and a few weeks ago, with the ruble's normal value slightly more than half a dollar, an official Russian journal reported bread as selling at Moscow for 20 to 30 rubles a pound, eggs at 7 rubles apiece, butter at 100 rubles a pound, milk at 8 to

Financial Situation, continued on page 62

# What a Check Tells

The customers of the National Bank of Commerce in New York are among the leaders of industry.

Our credit is extended to concerns ably and successfully managed, whose financial history is clean.

A check drawn on the National Bank of Commerce in New York tells of leadership, sound policies, financial integrity and success.

## NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE IN NEW YORK

*Capital Surplus & Undivided Profits Over Fifty Million Dollars*




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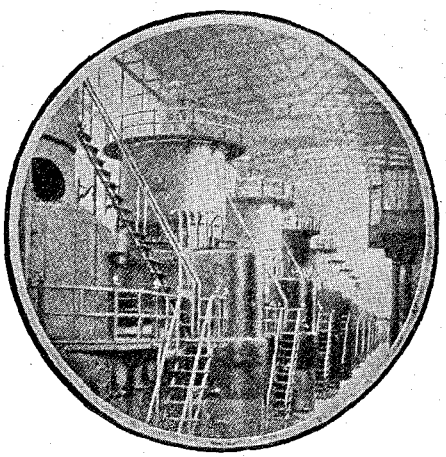

# Serving The Second City

Chicago, the Mecca of the Middle West and the second city of the country, has the added distinction of possessing the largest steam public utility plant in the world.

This plant, the Commonwealth Edison Company, serves Chicago practically without competition. The Street Railways, Elevated Systems, manufacturing and mercantile establishments, office buildings, stores, apartments, homes and hotels comprise the diversity of demand for power which is the most important element of strength in the Company's earning capacity.

BONDS IN THE FIRST RANK

The first mortgage 5% bonds of the Commonwealth Company, due June 1, 1943, undoubtedly rank in the first grade. Their safety, marketability and income are unquestioned.

Private investors are afforded an unusual opportunity to invest in these bonds at a price which will afford ample opportunity for later profit.

*Let us show you our "Bond Topics" (Booklet SS-200) listing these and other bonds to yield from*

5½% to 7½%

A·H·Bickmore & Co
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Financial Situation, continued from page 60

10 rubles a quart, and boots at 550 to 1,000 rubles a pair.

THESE are the prices of France under the revolutionary assignats, of our Southern Confederacy in its later paper-money days, of the American "continental currency," the "shinplasters" of 1783 to 1789. But in a less degree, prices in Germany, in Austria, in Italy, in France, have increased wholly out of proportion to the increase in this country; partly at least, beyond question, in response to the war-time increase of belligerent Europe's paper currencies from the $2,300,000,000 of July, 1914, to the $19,500,000,000 of a month ago—that increase leaving out of the reckoning the prodigious and only casually reported paper inflation of Austria and Russia.

**Paper Money and Rise in Prices**

The question, to what extent the war-time rise of prices in our own country, and the persistence of such prices at their present high level, have been affected by the undoubted currency inflation of Europe, is more debatable. Actually inflated currencies help, directly or indirectly, in expelling gold, and the gold will naturally serve to expand the currencies of the countries to which it goes. Europe's paper currency inflation was responsible in some degree for our own unprecedented importation of gold in 1915 and 1916, which provided the requisite reserve for our own war-time currency expansion. If the meaning of the term is carefully restricted, one might possibly have the right to describe this process as a left-handed inflation.

WITH the economic solidarity of the civilized world to-day, all countries must in some way be affected in their own position by such unheard-of paper inflation as has occurred since 1914 in Europe. Yet it is possible to mislead entirely through laying too much stress on that single influence as the cause for the present high prices in America. A very much readier explanation lies in Europe's exhausted stock of merchandise; in her consequent abnormal demand on our surplus of production; in transportation rates higher by 50 or 100 per cent than they were before the war; in a "labor cost" in every branch of production, increased since 1914 in only a slightly lesser ratio. When, moreover after all the hesitancy since November, orders from home consumers had by the close of May reached such volume as to cause the mercantile agencies to report that trade revival had already in some directions "assumed boom characteristics"; when the largest inland mercantile house described advance sales by its agents as "nearly double those of a year ago," and when one week's record of checks drawn on all the country's banks broke all weekly records in the country's history it was clear enough what the rising stock market

**Cause of the High Cost of Living**

Financial Situation, continued on page 64



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# New Publications

*—giving specific information on important foreign trade subjects*

WITH the foreign trade of the United States breaking records, there is a greater demand than ever for specific information by those who wish to enter foreign markets or to extend their present business with other countries. To help meet this need we have published the following booklets:

***Shipping's Share in Foreign Trade***

Gives the fundamentals of ocean transportation; details of how shipments are handled; explains methods of procedure, shipping documents, factors governing rates, insurance, etc.

***How Business with Foreign Countries is Financed***

Describes, by means of reproductions of actual forms and documents, the banking procedure and methods used in financing exports and imports.

***Trading with China***

Describes commercial customs in China, and methods found successful in dealing with the Chinese.

***Canada***

Discusses the economic position and plans for commercial and industrial development of Canada.

***Banking Service for Foreign Trade***

Outlines the various world-wide services offered by this Company and its connections in the financing of business with other countries.

These booklets are available on request. Manufacturers and merchants desiring data relating to the export possibilities of particular products, are invited to call on our FOREIGN TRADE BUREAU for detailed information.

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# Our Free Record Book Will Simplify Your Income Tax Return

The work of making out Income Tax returns can be greatly simplified; first, by understanding the Income Tax provisions, and, second, by keeping a record of one's income in proper shape, from month to month, as it comes in.

To make this easy, we have prepared a 24-page Record Book, 8½ x 11 in., in which proper place has been provided for recording, by months, various forms of income — both taxable and exempt; also places for allowable deductions.

The book also contains a brief synopsis of the Income Tax Law and a concise statement of the tax exemption features of the various Liberty Bond issues.

By the study and use of this book, one's income tax return problem can be materially lessened. This book has been prepared for the use of our clients and is but an indication of the painstaking care with which we serve our patrons.

Whether or not you are a client of ours, we would welcome the opportunity of sending you one of these Income Tax Record Books, with our compliments. If you would like one, kindly address Department B-7.

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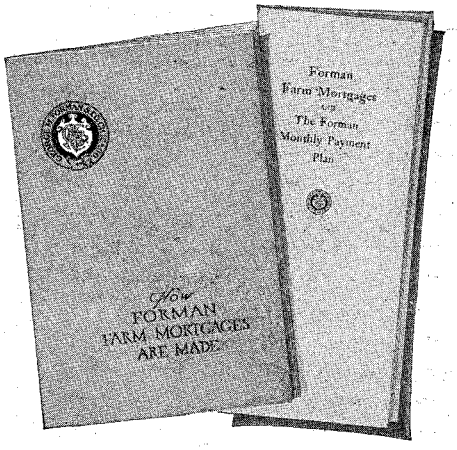


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***6% July Investment***

Before selecting your investment for the future investigate Forman Farm Mortgages and Forman Farm Land Bonds.

During the past 34 years we have negotiated over 13,000 individual farm loans, involving more than $34,000,000. No investor has lost a dollar of principal or interest.

Because of their record Forman Farm Mortgages are favored by banks and other institutions. They are available for individuals, either for outright or monthly payment investment.

*Write for either booklet above illustrated and for list of*
***6% July Investments***

**GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY**
*Established 1885*
FARM MORTGAGE BANKERS
11 South La Salle Street Chicago, Ill.


Financial Situation, continued from page 62

of the ten or twelve preceding weeks had been foreshadowing.

GOVERNED as such a market always largely is by psychological considerations, the approaching termination of the peace negotiations and the certainty, according to the financial market's view from the very first, that Germany would sign the treaty, was bound to be a paramount consideration. What would or might come after that was doubtless overlooked—the question of Europe's condition, even under formal peace; the question of how the indemnity would be paid, of how its payment would affect the financial situation, and of when the world as a whole would have to face the economic reckoning for the prodigious waste of capital in the war; the question what outbursts of pent-up political antagonism would occur, and with what results, in our own national legislature as in others.

**Questions That Are Ahead of Us**

"The Duke of Wellington," Talleyrand reported from the Congress of Vienna, when the treaty to end the wars of a hundred years ago was being framed, "writes of nothing" from London "but conspiracies, secret discontent, stifled complaints, as the vanguard of a coming storm." It was the perfectly familiar story of the rekindling of party animosities which had only smouldered while the country was at war, and which now raged all the more violently because of their long suppression. What happened in our own Congress during the three years after the defeat of the Confederacy and the end of the Civil War, every one knows. The erratic personality of Andrew Johnson had much to do with it. But no one conversant with the history of the day believes that, if Lincoln had lived out his second term, he would have escaped the collision with the factions of his own party which, in Johnson's case, were an inevitable aftermath of war and an inevitable incident of reconstruction. But these are not the considerations which rule the Stock Exchange.

HOW will the payment of the immense indemnity be financed? It must be remembered that the problem involved is not alone the problem of raising the money to make an initial 20,000,000,000 marks cash payment within two years, or even of providing for interest payments afterward on the 80,000,000,000 marks or more, covered by German government bonds delivered to the Allies. The real problem is the transfer and distribution of these prodigious sums. "After the experience of the war," an eminent English banker lately declared to the London Institute of Bankers, "it would be difficult to set a limit to the amount of revenue which a government, with the printing-press as an adjunct and the confidence of its people in its solvency to back it up, might not be able to raise."

**When the Indemnity is Paid**

Financial Situation, continued on page 66



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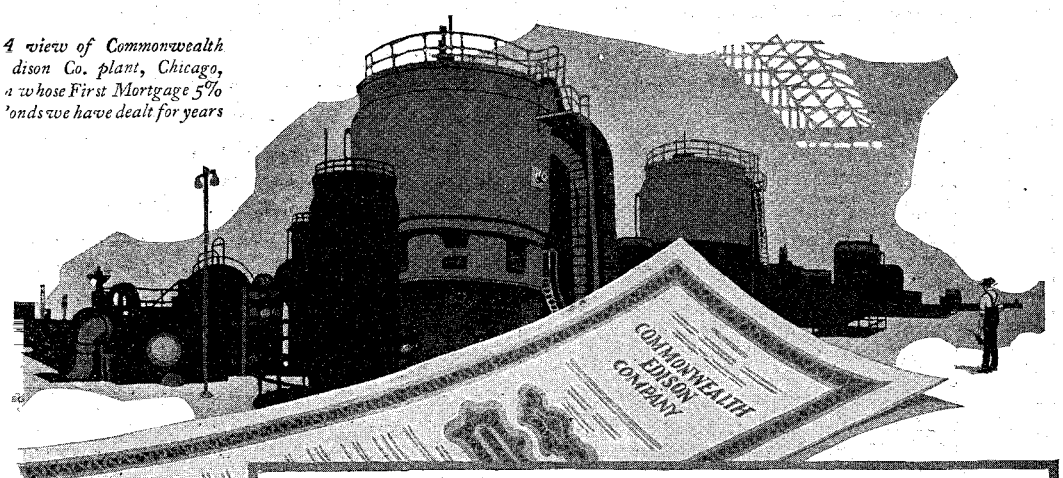


*A view of Commonwealth Edison Co. plant, Chicago, whose First Mortgage 5% bonds we have dealt for years*

# Back of Your Bond

TWO VERY DEFINITE ASSURANCES of safety stand behind every corporation bond which we recommend for the investment of our customers' funds:

*First* The assets and earnings of a well established and successful business of which the Commonwealth Edison Co. of Chicago is an example. We do not offer the bonds of companies in a promotional or construction stage, but only those of demonstrated credit and earnings.

*Second* Our own experience and judgment gained over a period of years in the selection and distribution of large amounts of such securities. Before any of our bonds are offered to our customers, they have first been purchased outright with our own funds and only after the most exacting investigations on the part of our own, and frequently independent, experts to assure ourselves of their safety.

*If you are concerned with the safe investment of your funds—irrespective of their amount—you will be interested in our current list of offerings. Write today for circular SM 1.*

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INCORPORATED—SUCCESSORS TO

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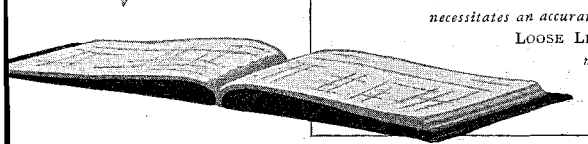
| FIRST NATIONAL BANK BLDG. | FORD BUILDING | SECURITY BLDG. |



THE FEDERAL INCOME TAX

*necessitates an accurate record of your bond holdings. Our*

LOOSE LEAF SECURITY RECORD

*meets this need nicely. It may be used for recording bonds, stocks and mortgages. A copy will be sent without charge upon request for Book SM 2.*



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# A Typical Municipal Bond Offering

To finance important public improvements, such as paving streets, erecting bath houses, fire department buildings, electric light plants, etc., the City of Cleveland, Ohio, has issued $2,680,000 of Municipal Bonds.

These bonds by reason of their exemption from the Federal Income Tax, including surtaxes, net the investor a liberal return. They are in coupon form, $1000. denominations, and mature serially from 1920 to 1969 inclusive.

The assessed valuation of taxable property in Cleveland is $1,298,048,920. Cleveland's net bonded debt is $46,165,407 including this issue.

Thus, the security (Cleveland taxable property) is approximately 30 times the amount of the city's debt.

While these bonds will doubtless be absorbed immediately by investors, we are constantly underwriting other well-secured, tax free issues to net the investor from 4¼% to 5¼%.

Write for our current offerings and for booklet "*Investing in Municipal Bonds*,"

**STACY & BRAUN**
**INVESTMENT BONDS**
Second National Bank Building
New York Toledo Cincinnati



# Time to Stock Up?

Prices are beginning to drop. How low will they go this year? How far ahead should you buy commodities? Babson's Reports give you the right cue.

*Particulars free. Write Dept. H-41.*

**Babson's Statistical Organization**
Engineering Bldg. Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Largest Organization of its Character in the World


Financial Situation, continued from page 64

But he immediately added: "The difficulty that the money, so long as it remains in the country of origin, is of very little use for the purpos of an indemnity. The crux is to get it out Germany. We do not want payment in pap marks. We want to be paid in gold, in goods services, or their equivalent in our own cu rency."

Now Germany's actual gold holdings, all tol had declined in May below $400,000,000, and very great part of that will soon have gone out Germany, merely to pay for food. It would a natural recourse, in making the initial ca payment, for the German government to acqu such sound securities of other nations as Germ investors still hold, and to ship those securities the Allied markets, where they might either sold for cash or used as collateral on loans throu which the cash might be procured. This wo be no new experiment. The governments France and England adopted exactly that course when, in the early years of the war, th were borrowing in our markets. Against t short-term British war-loans which were th being issued in America and which were dealt on our Stock Exchange, there was at one time deposit as security in New York no less th $960,000,000 worth of railway and municip securities or bonds of such governments as C ada, Argentina, Chili, Norway, Sweden, D mark, Switzerland, Holland, Cuba, India, N Zealand, Japan, and the United States itself. T British Exchequer had either borrowed the secu ties from their owners, or bought them w British government bonds. France had $21 000,000 worth of similar securities simila pledged in the New York market.

In each case, the English or French holders those securities were coerced into selling or le ing them to the government through a hig discriminatory income tax, imposed on the come from such securities and exacted from th who refused to give them up. How much similar securities are still in the hands of Gern investors, and therefore similarly obtainable the German government, is a much-dispu question. That Germany since 1871 has bee very large investor in the foreign markets is p fectly well known. Fourteen years ago an o cial inquiry, conducted by experts of the Gern government, arrived at the estimate that German people's holdings of foreign securi were at that time "rather considerably ab than under 16,000,000,000 marks"; or, roug $4,000,000,000. If that estimate was anywh near correct, it would warrant Doctor Helfferic estimate of 1913 that the total holdings, in t year immediately before the war, were not below 20,000,000,000 marks, or $5,000,000,0

Such a total, just before the war, would h insured the existence of nearly as much in G man hands to-day as the full initial cash paym on the war indemnity—this even after allowa has been made for Germany's enormous sale

Financial Situation, continued on page 68



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# Monthly Dividends and Monthly Earning Statements

The monthly dividends paid to Preferred Stockholders of Cities Service Company provide a convenient and regular income safeguarded by earnings

**Five Times Over Preferred Stock Dividend Requirements**

The statements of earnings mailed to stockholders monthly enable investors to keep in constant touch with the financial progress of the Company.

*Send for Preferred Stock Circular D-3*

**Henry L. Doherty & Company**
**60 Wall Street, New York**



*We Own and Offer*

# Municipal Bonds

representing 29 different States. Our list of municipal bonds is always large and diversified, and we are therefore in a position to meet the requirements of all municipal bond buyers.

**A. B. Leach & Co., Inc.**
*Investment Securities*
**62 Cedar St., New York**
**105 S. La Salle St., Chicago**
Philadelphia Boston Buffalo Minneapolis
Baltimore Pittsburgh Cleveland Milwaukee


Financial Situation, continued from page 66

such securities on the other European market during the two or three weeks before the wa began. The estimates just quoted are open t much doubt; the experience of this war, in th case of other nations, has indicated the tendenc of all such calculations to exaggerate the fact But the financiers on the Allied "Reparation Commission" which drew up the terms of pay ment relied undoubtedly on such holdings as a important factor in the operation.

**Machine of the Great Settleme**

THE means employed to meet the 5 per cen interest and 1 per cent annual sinking-fun requirement on the German bonds delivered fo a balance of 80,000,000,000 marks (which, afte 1926, would involve payment by Germany to th Allies of approximately $1,000,000,000 every year) would necessarily be different. Payment in services rendered in the Allied countries by individuals or corporations using German capital will be mostly precluded, at least for yea to come, by Germany's surrender of her shippin by the loss of plant and clientage through whic her banking concerns, her insurance agencies an her manufacturing enterprises used to operate i the Allied countries, and, not least, by the poss bility that German operations in some of tho countries may for some time be forbidden.

For future interest and sinking-fund payme against the immense indemnity bond issues, the would apparently remain only export of Germa products to her former enemies—with what pr cise economic results, it would remain to be d termined. Even so, the problem would exist f the Allied governments of arranging to compe sate at once the citizens whose property the Ge mans had destroyed, when the governments h received payment in long-term German bon Clearly, that compensation would necessitate t raising of equally large loans by the governmen themselves, based to all practical intents on t German obligations. Here, then, not in G many alone but in the Allied markets is the pro pect of public borrowings at a comparative early date almost as large as those of war-tim This would occur at a moment when the need capital for Europe's resumption of industrial a tivity would be urgent, yet when the war h left the Continental belligerents in a state financial hardship if not of financial exhaustio How is this stupendous problem to be solved?

In the nature of things, even the attempt its solution was bound to be deferred until t peace. So long as the slightest chance remain for resumption and continuance of a state of w the machinery of financing Europe's peace-tim activities could not be set at work. With pea arranged, however, the task will become perem tory and immediate, and no intelligent financ entertains any doubt that it will fall primar to the lot of the United States. Experienc bankers were busy studying out the problem the moment when the general public was looki

Financial Situation, continued on page 70



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# The Scope of Our Service

WE OFFER an investment service national in scope, having offices in six prominent cities and an extensive wire system reaching other important points in the United States and Canada.

Our Statistical Department is constantly collecting, analyzing and verifying complete data on Municipal and Corporation securities in all parts of the country.

Our Bond and Note Departments, under the direction of executives of long and successful financial experience, and possessed of wide sources of information, offer you expert guidance in investment matters, and immediate consideration of your individual problems.

## HORNBLOWER & WEEKS

BOSTON
PORTLAND
PROVIDENCE

*Investment Securities*

*Founded in 1888*

NEW YORK
CHICAGO
DETROIT

Members of the New York, Boston and Chicago Stock Exchanges




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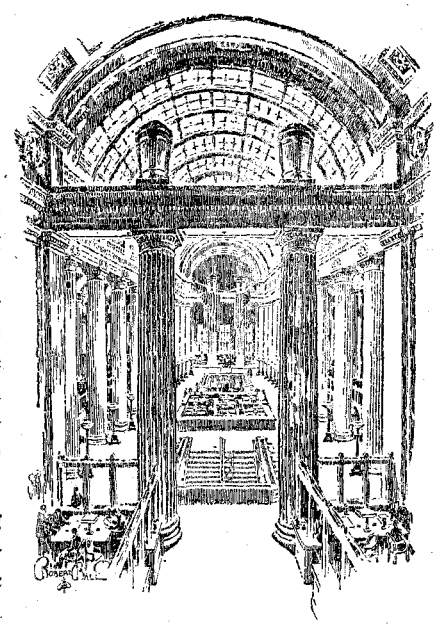
# *The* FOREIGN BANKING FACILITIES AFFORDED *by*

# *The* CONTINENTAL *and* COMMERCIAL BANKS

## CHICAGO



are important to American manufacturers, merchants and agriculturists—particularly those of the great Middle West—who believe in America's present opportunities for commercial greatness and who desire to profit by it.

FOR years these facilities have kept pace with the demands for foreign banking service. Under the pressure of new and increasing demands they have been expanded and now include the complete facilities of the Mercantile Bank of the Americas, the Asia Banking Corporation and the Foreign Bond and Share Company, in which a substantial ownership interest is held.

THESE affiliations, together with long established connections with 5000 foreign banks, provide customers of the Continental and Commercial Banks with unusually prompt and convenient means for transacting banking business not only in the big commercial centers of Europe, the Americas and the Orient, but in the remotest places of trade throughout the world.

Participation in financing foreign loans enables these banks to perform an important fundamental service for increasing *American Foreign Trade*

DIRECT PERSONAL BANKING SERVICE

*rendered in*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Great Britain | France | Italy | China | Japan | Spain |
| Peru | Cuba | Colombia | Venezuela | Brazil | Nicaragua |
| Honduras | Ecuador | Costa Rica | Salvador | Guatemala | Philippines |

CONTINENTAL *and* COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK *of Chicago*

CONTINENTAL *and* COMMERCIAL TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK

CHICAGO, U. S. A.



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# Investing
to the
# Best Advantage

Discriminating investors at the present time are buying Municipal Bonds because Municipal Bonds are

**Free from**
**All Federal Income Taxes**

It is therefore an immense advantage for every investor to have at least a portion of his funds in Municipal Bonds. In addition, this prime security has all the advantages offered by any other equally sound investment.

Write for Booklet S-7, "Bonds That Always Pay," and our latest list of issues

**Yielding from**
**4.70% to 5½%**

**Kauffman-Smith-Emert Co.**
Security Building St. Louis, Mo.



# The
# Investment Advantages
of
# Municipal Bonds

In the Herrick & Bennett series of pamphlets on the elements of bond investment, this month's issue presents "THE INVESTMENT ADVANTAGES OF MUNICIPAL BONDS"

Upon request a copy of this pamphlet will be sent, accompanied by a selected list of current municipal bond offerings.

*Other pamphlets now available are*
"Basic Elements of Bond Investment"
"United States Government Bonds"
"Foreign Government Bonds."

**HERRICK & BENNETT**
*Members New York Stock Exchange*
*66 Broadway, New York*


Financial Situation, continued from page 68

no further than the Stock Exchange speculati in American "industrials." Mr. Vanderlip, the National City Bank, returning from a vi to Europe, gave as his conclusion that, financia and industrially, "Europe can be saved," b that "it is up to America to do it." If Amer rises to her duty, he professed himself optimis over the prospect for success.

Mr. Davison, of the house of Morgan, simila arriving from European conferences, intimat that the American banking community will ta up the problem of financing Europe, probably concert with the English financiers and the neut markets, and possibly through an internatio commission. "The greatest factor in that wo his judgment was, "will be labor, and Europe w find its own labor. Our part of it—the supp ing of bricks and mortar, so to speak—will n be as large as many persons believe."

Still, it will unquestionably be very gre Europe is at the moment in a state of industr and economic prostration. The horsemen of *Apocalypse have swept over the Continent;* too have had the red horse bringing war, the bla horse bringing famine, the pale horse bring anarchy and pestilence; all this occurring alo with the flight of "the kings of the earth and great men and the chief captains and the migh men and every bondman and every free ma as it has not perhaps occurred in history si the sixth chapter of the Revelation was writte

**America Part in Reconstructin Europe**

TO reconstruct industrial Europe (and with political Europe) immense sums will needed, and the providing of much of them fall on the shoulders of our country. Whate may be the attitude of American banking hou there necessarily arises the question of the willingness and capacity of the American investing community. What is to be looked for in that direction? Will the American investor, his interest long absorbed exclusively in the securities of his own home en prises, consent to this diversion of his capit If he will, then is he capable of so immens task, coming on top of the huge financial b dens of our own war loans, war taxes, and expenditure? If the capacity is proved, t what will be the longer result in our own finan situation?

The question of capacity may be measure several ways. First and foremost, we have fact that, through advances by our government loans by our investors, the country has alre since the war broke out loaned upwards $11,000,000,000 to foreign countries. This m mean that after such an achievement the Un States would now have less capacity, not m for further loans of capital. If that were s would be shown by the action of our mark but that action has provided overwhelming dence to the contrary.

Of the two notable incidents which occu

Financial Situation, continued on page 72



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# Investments Plus

Conservative old New England corporations with long records of honest and efficient management—that have weathered many a business storm—can well have their stock issues classed as something a bit better than "investments." We style such securities as "Investments Plus."

**Cases in Point**

| Preferred Stocks | Price | Yield |
|---|---|---|
| Plymouth Rubber 7% | 102 | 6.86% |
| Old Colony Woolen Mills 7% | 10 | 7.00% |
| Emerson Shoe 7% 1st | 95 | 7.37% |
| Greenfield Tap & Die 6% | 100 | 6.00% |
| Rivett Lathe & Grinder 6% | 86 | 6.98% |

Send for full particulars

**Earnest E. Smith & Co.**

*Specialists in New England Investments*

52 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.

Members New York and Boston Stock Exchanges

ESTABLISHED 1865

# Short-Time 6½% Investment

Available for $1,000 or larger amounts.

Obligation of widely-known, established company.

Assets nearly 2½ to 1.

Net earnings nearly 5 times interest charges.

Majority of assets are liquid and readily realizable.

*Send for Circular No. 1024 S.C.*

**Peabody, Houghteling & Co.**

(ESTABLISHED 1865)

10 South La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

ESTABLISHED 1865


Financial Situation, continued from page 70

almost simultaneously in American finance of th past few weeks, either would alone have bee sufficient to cause depression in a market whos financial capacity had already been overstraine In April there fell due the first payment on t Federal tax bill; by far the largest requisition the kind every placed by any government on people. Close on the heels of this $1,200,000,0 payment against income and profits taxes, wi $3,800,000,000 due to follow in the later mont of 1919, came the Treasury's appeal for subscri tions to the $4,500,000,000 Victory Loan.

Coming barely six months after nearly $7,00 000,000 had been subscribed to the loan of la October, the undertaking made even experienc bankers shake their heads. As with the oth war loans, it was admitted that the loan "wou be taken because it must be taken"; but t assurance was coupled with expression of dou as to how such a sum could be attracted wh the war was over, patriotic fervor relaxing, a the people beginning to complain of war pric and war taxes after the termination of host ties. Yet when the count of subscriptions h been made, it was found that the $4,500,000,0 loan had been over-applied for by almost exac $7 50,000,000.

So far from these two heavy requisitions be followed by signs that the reserve of availa capital had been exhausted, it was at precis the moment when the cash payment on each v being made that the inflow of investment fu and speculative capital into the Stock Excha brought about the extraordinary activity and violent rise in prices which continued throu out the season. Nothing could be more clea demonstration that the reservoir of the count financial resources was still overflowing.

While this was going on, still another pheno non of the markets was pointing out both needs of Europe and the power of America meet them. When the statement of our fore trade for January showed the exports, $622,5 000, to have surpassed all monthly records, th was widespread expression of surprise that s a thing was possible after the shipment of munitions, supposedly the backbone of our g outward trade between 1914 and 1919, had cea almost entirely. But in April the January ex figure rose to $714,500,000. In the four months of 1919 our exports, aggregating $2,5 000,000, were $400,000,000 greater than in other four consecutive months of war t and, despite an import of merchandise as l as in any other corresponding period, the sur of exports over imports, $1,541,000,000, more than double the export surplus of the twelve months in any year before 1915.

Financial Situation, continued on page 74



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The Record of Steady Growth

BEHIND

# "A-M-I FARM MORTGAGES"

1873 — 1919

46 years *of*

Experience in Safe Investing
Improving Our Service to the Investor
Strengthening Our Organization
Enlarging Our Loan Field
Growth in Volume of Business

Our business for 1919 already exceeds that of our Largest previous year.

*May we not include you in our steadily growing list of satisfied customers?*

## Associated Mortgage Investors, Inc.

*Farm Mortgage Bankers*

KINGMAN NOTT ROBINS, *Treasurer*

910-918 Granite Building

CHICAGO
BURLINGTON, VT.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

BILLINGS, MONT.
CALGARY, CAN.

## Municipal Bonds

**of the Middle West**

**Yielding from 4½% to 5½%**

We specialize in Municipal Bonds of prosperous Middle Western communities offering unusually attractive returns and exempt from all Federal Income Taxes.

Write for latest list of offerings and our booklet G-7

*"How to Invest Without Loss"*

**Stern Brothers & Company**

INVESTMENT BONDS

**1013-15 Baltimore Avenue** **Kansas City, Mo.**

## Financial World Events Reviewed

If you would keep in close touch with affairs related to investments and finance, read our Monthly Magazine.

***"INCOMES"***

**A Pocket Magazine for Investors**

Latest number covering nearly thirty important subjects and including answers to investors' inquiries mailed free. Address nearest office.

**Breed, Elliott & Harrison**

*High Grade Investment Securities*

**Chicago** **Cincinnati** **Indianapolis**

## First Mortgage

Access to important cities and terminals therein is an indispensable adjunct to Railroad operation.

We can offer a First Mortgage on such a property to

**Yield About 9½ Per Cent**

*Descriptive Circular*

**Frederic H. Hatch & Co.**

*Established 1888*

**4 Broadway** **New York**

## Land Values Secure

**Our farm loans never amount to more than 50% of the present value of the land mortgaged. As the value of land in the Northwest is increasing steadily, it is evident that our 5½ and 6% First Mortgage Farm Loans provide a sound investment for your surplus funds.**

***Write for descriptive booklet and list of offerings.***

**CAPITAL TRUST & SAVINGS BANK**

Chartered 1890

Capital and Surplus $500,000.00

Saint Paul, Minnesota




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# A Unique Experience

Between 1909 and 1919 Vermont banks invested and reinvested over $100,000,000 in first mortgages on farms located in twenty-seven states.

As Bank Commissioner Mr. Williams examined the mortgages and the methods of every company making loans for Vermont banks.

Based on this experience we have organized a company to render farm mortgage service to investors.

We now offer first farm mortgages negotiated by **Denton-Coleman Loan and Title Company,** of Butler, Mo. They are high-grade investments yielding 6%.

*Write for offerings and our circular entitled "Sound Investments."*

**FRANK C. WILLIAMS, Inc.**
**NEWPORT - - - VERMONT**

FARM MORTGAGES ALWAYS @ PAR

# STRIKES 7% NEVER AFFECT FARM LOANS

Dividends are cut and bond prices decline when strikes affect railroads, public utilities and industrial plants, but farm loans remain at par with fixed interest rates.

No customer of ours has lost a dollar through our farm loans.

*Write for pamphlet and list*

**THE IRRIGATED FARMS MORTGAGE CO.**
J. V. N. DORR, President — DENVER, COLO. — JOSEPH D. HITCH, Manager

# Prospective Investors' Service

**The business principles of The Investors Mortgage Company protect our clients**

If you are a prospective investor seeking safety and the highest consistent income, the standard principles on which we negotiate farm loans for investment are worthy of your investigation.

In solving your investment problem it may assist you if you know just how we negotiate farm loans to insure safety and also what services we render investors to cater to their convenience.

*Write for our new booklet entitled "Secure Investments"*

**INVESTORS MORTGAGE COMPANY**
R. B. BISHOP, *President*
**610 Canal Bank Annex NEW ORLEANS, LA.**


Financial Situation, continued from page 72

UNDER this powerful influence, which was largely but not wholly a result of food exports only once surpassed in quantity (during the autumn of 1914) and never surpassed in value, New York exchange rates moved against Europe with a violence not displayed even in war time. Exchange on London did not fall to the discount of 1915. But exchange on Paris, whose most unfavorable rate during the conflict had been 6.09½ francs to the dollar, went in May to 6.78, which, since 5.18⅛ francs is the normal parity, represented depreciation of nearly 24 per cent Exchange on Italy was depreciated 41 per cent In the minds of experienced financiers there was no question that this prodigious trade indebtedness—which must be followed by further similar indebtedness when we engage in the export of materials for reconstruction, will have to be adjusted through the placing of public and private securities of these European nations with American investors.

**The Present and the Future**

Will the American investing public co-operate cordially in the task—conducted, as it must be conducted, on a possibly unexampled scale? There is no reason to doubt it. Our investors have already had four years of training in these previously unfamiliar European securities. Something near two thousand million dollars' worth of bonds of England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Norway, Canada, Newfoundland, Argentina, were placed in our market even before we went to war ourselves, and were dealt in on our stock exchanges. They have grown familiar to our people. Where they were short-term loans, they have already, for the most part, been redeemed at par after paying a handsome interest rate in the intervening period—always excepting such foolish ventures as the capital invested in Russian and German bonds which, for manifest reasons, have not been redeemed at all, but which were fortunately not of any formidable amount

Quite beyond this fact of war-time experiment in the field, the impelling logic of finance inevitably and always turns the stream of investment capital in the direction in which political relations and new commercial achievement lead the way. Response to this economic force made England, after the very similar world-condition of a century ago, the holder on a previously unprecedented scale of the securities of countries to which she had never lent before, but into which her merchants were penetrating. It made of the previously "self-contained" Germany an investor, after 1871, in South America, Turkey, the Balkan countries, and the United States. turned French capital after 1890 into Russia bonds in previously unimagined quantities—an investment which to-day looks like one of the

Financial Situation, continued on page 76



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# BROWN BROTHERS & CO.

Philadelphia 1818 | NEW YORK Established 1825 | Boston 1844

LIBERTY BONDS — VICTORY NOTES

## Convertible Bonds

of

**Industrial and Railroad Corporations**

FARM LOAN BONDS — CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS

# BROWN, SHIPLEY & COMPANY

Established 1839

Founders Court, Lothbury
LONDON, E. C.

Office for Travelers
123 Pall Mall, LONDON, S. W.

6% NET

**MO. AND KANS. FARM LOANS**

## Does Your Money Earn 6% as it should?

First Farm Mortgages enable your money to earn more than savings bank interest. Our first mortgages and participation certificates from $100.00 up will put your money to work for you at 6%. Investigate our partial payment plan. Money always at interest when deposited with this trust company.

*Write today*

**THE FARM MORTGAGE TRUST COMPANY**
**501 Jackson St. TOPEKA, KANSAS**

## 6% Real Estate Gold Bonds

We offer investors carefully placed First Farm Mortgages and Real Estate Gold Bonds from one of the best agricultural sections in the United States. We are right on the ground and personally examine the security under every loan offered. 35 years' experience without the loss of a dollar. Ask for pamphlet "G" and current offerings.

E. J. LANDER & CO., Grand Forks, N.D.
Est. 1883. Capital and Surplus $500,000.00

## Northwest Farm Bonds Pay 6%

Northwestern Farms are face to face with the most prosperous year in their history. Crops never were larger nor have they sold at such high prices. Plans are in operation throughout this section to take care of even bigger crops in the future.

Share in this prosperity through Gold-Stabeck farm bonds and mortgages. They are backed by the best farms in the heart of the Northwest. Our careful supervision is largely responsible for our record of "not a loss in 25 years."

Gold-Stabeck farm bonds pay 6%. Interest paid promptly. Bonds may be had in denominations of $100 to $1000. They have never sold below par. They are the preferred investment of conservative authorities.

*Ask for our latest circular S-69.*

**GOLD-STABECK COMPANY**
**INVESTMENT BANKERS**
**MINNEAPOLIS**




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# Industry and Opportunity

THE PITTSBURGH DISTRICT is recognized as the industrial center of the world. Where the greatest industry exists, the most opportunities for the investor are found.

BONDS, which we own and offer, will appeal to the conservative investor, who is seeking the maximum amount of safety and a reasonable return.

SEND for late lists.

## BOND DEPARTMENT
## Mellon National Bank
### Pittsburgh, Pa.

*Wheat in the Judith Basin of Montana*

## Interpreting the Financial News

*From the New York Evening Post, May 28, 1919*

"In view of the great part which our harvest prospects are playing in the political and social calculations of Europe and our own financial calculations, it is reassuring to learn, from the Government's weekly crop-weather bulletin, that grain is doing well throughout the country."

Clearly it is the course of wisdom to invest in first mortgages on wheat farms which assure security for principal and prompt payment of liberal interest.

We offer first mortgages on wheat-growing farms of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana.

### To Net Six Percent.

Write for current offerings and for
"THE NORTHWEST IN AGRICULTURE,"
*Our new booklet for investors, sent free on request*

## VERMONT LOAN & TRUST CO.

BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT (*Address nearest Office*) SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

# Get Our Income Chart

Our chart, showing the trend of Municipal Bond prices since 1900, is of interest to all investors and graphic proof of the present attractiveness of Municipal Bonds from an income-producing standpoint.

*Write for your copy today.*
*Ask for Chart "SMJ"*

## WELLS-DICKEY COMPANY

ESTABLISHED 1878
SURPLUS & CAPITAL $1,300,000
MINNEAPOLIS · MINNESOTA



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## Investment Diversification

To practice complete diversification the investor should place a substantial part of his funds in first farm mortgages.

We offer 6½% and 7% first mortgages on prosperous farms of the Southern states, negotiated by the Georgia Loan & Trust Company of Macon.

Since 1883 investors have placed over $40,000,000 in these mortgages without loss.

Before making your July commitments send for our current offerings and our booklet

*"Mortgages Payable in Gold"*

**THE TITLE GUARANTY & TRUST CO.**
FIRST BRIDGEPORT NATIONAL BANK BLDG.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
NORTHERN OFFICE OF THE GEORGIA LOAN & TRUST CO.
MACON, GEORGIA

6% PETTERS FARM MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS 6%
PERMANENT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT OF FUNDS

## Invest Your July Funds In Petters Farm Mortgages

They are safe, as is demonstrated by the fact that no investor has ever lost money through them.

They net 6%, a liberal income for such a safe security.

Our service relieves investors of all details.

*Write for our booklet "The Science of Safe and Profitable Investing."*

**PETTERS AND COMPANY**
SERVING INVESTORS SATISFACTORILY OVER 30 YEARS
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $400,000
McKNIGHT BLDG. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

## Investing Scientifically in Farm Mortgages

***Legal Service to Protect the Investor***

All mortgage loans must be drawn in conformance with local real estate laws to prevent the possibility of annoyance or loss.

*The papers comprising our first mortgage farm loans are carefully drawn and conform to all legal requirements. We protect our clients against annoyance arising over technicalities.*

*Safe-guarded in every detail, we recommend*

***Iowa and Missouri Farm Mortgages***

*Write for booklet and current offerings*

**PHOENIX TRUST COMPANY**
OTTUMWA IOWA


Financial Situation, continued from page 74

wrecks of the great war, but which may nevertheless quite possibly wear a very different aspect when Russia shall have shaken off the incubus of the Petrograd fanatics and entered a period of real development for her immense natural resources.

In our own present case, the force of this economic logic combines with overflowing American resources; with the opportunity for desirable investment which rarely arises except in the aftermath of an exhausting war; with Europe's necessities such in character that our payment for her securities will be made in goods whose production will keep our merchants and workmen busy, and with our financial assistance to her in her hour of economic need a natural supplement to our military assistance at the Marne and in the Argonne Perhaps, after all, the paramount reason for regarding as inevitable this new departure in our financial relations with the foreign world is the fact of the epoch-making change which has already and irrevocably occurred in our political relations. Emerging from the war the recognized world-power in international diplomacy, the responsibilities of the United States in international finance are such as it could not refuse to shoulder even if it had wished to do so.


## General Motors Corporation

**6% Debenture Stock**

*(Listed on New York Stock Exchange)*
***(Exempt from Normal Federal Income Tax)***

**A preferred participation** in the leading corporation in America's third largest industry.

**No bonds** ahead of it.

**Present earnings,** after taxes, **six** times dividend requirements.

**Earnings for five years,** after taxes, have averaged annually **six** times dividend requirements on **largest** amount outstanding in that period.

**Net assets**—$277 for each $100 share, when entire present issue is outstanding.

**Protective provisions** unusually strong.

**Yield, at present prices, over 6⅔%,** carrying dividend from May 1st

A sound, profitable investment for July funds. Many prudent investors are selling higher priced preferred stocks and buying General Motors Debenture, substantially increasing their income return.

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115 Broadway New York
*Established 1870*




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# THE UNIQUE INVESTMENT —THE MORTGAGE LOAN

By Horace B. Mitchell

[The second of a series of articles describing real-estate mortgage investments. The third will appear in an early issue.]

THE real-estate mortgage is unique. It has no parallel in the field of investment securities, as the term is generally understood. In other classes of securities the investment as a whole is divided up among many holders. In the case of the mortgage pure and simple the investment is held by one single person who has exclusive control over it and, if he so wishes, exclusive control of the means of enforcing its terms.

The term mortgage comes from the old Norman law, "mort," meaning "dead," and "gage," meaning "pledge." The mortgage, therefore, was simply a "dead pledge." In lending money on mortgages in early English days the creditor took possession of the property with the agreement that the loan should be paid on a certain day. In the event of failure to pay the loan when due, absolute title to the property passed to the mortgagee and the pledge was "dead."

There was in those days, however, another and highly interesting type of real-estate loan. This was called the "vifgage," or "live pledge." Under this method the creditor took temporary title and possession of the property but was required to apply all the rents or profits to the repayment of the loan. When principal and interest were paid off by this method and the entire indebtedness was cancelled, the property passed back to the borrower. The peculiarity of the old Anglo-Saxon real-estate law was that the loan required that the lender be put actually in possession of the land, and unless in possession the King's court would pay no heed to the agreement under which the loan was made.

In many ways the law, viewed through modern eyes, was strangely defective. In the event of default under a mortgage the borrower lost all his right and title to the property even if its value amounted to several times that of the loan. Nor would the law protect the lender: he should be cast out of possession, even by the borrower himself, the lender could not recover possession of the land at law.

The reason was an odd one: What the creditor was really entitled to was not the land but the debt, and he had no right to sue for repossession of the mortgaged land as security. The natural result was this, that rude and primitive borrowers sometimes cancelled their indebtedness by the simple process of taking a two-handed sword and ousting the lender from the mortgaged property. It will thus be seen that in early English days the life of a mortgage in-

Continued on page 78


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## Real Estate Mortgage Bonds

The policy, aim and work of G. L. Miller & Company is to secure for our customers high-grade, good-paying investments in first mortgage real estate bonds.

After thorough advance investigation, we underwrite first lien mortgage loans on modern income-bearing properties in prosperous Southern cities. In every detail these loans conform to recognized conservative banking practice.

Conditions in our territory enable us to net the investor 7%.

There are numerous features of *Miller Service* all of which combine to safe-guard the investor's interests and relieve him of detail.

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**G. L. Miller & Company**
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**Also Miami, Fla.**


Continued from page 77

vestor was not a happy one nor one calculate to increase one's peace of mind or persona safety. In other words, mortgages were no then as they are now, worry-proof investment

Notwithstanding all the difficulties in th way, both the mortgage and the vifgage wer freely employed as a means of raising read money. In the twelfth century, as Glanvill re lates, the Duke of Normandy mortgaged hi entire duchy to the King of England. Man of the English Crusaders financed their expedi tions by mortgaging their castles and land Shakespeare himself once borrowed money o mortgage and this method of turning a fixe asset into ready cash has been widely in us among English-speaking peoples,and to a some what less extent on the continent of Europe for centuries.

Mortgage laws differ in various States in th Union, but in general they are so drawn as t furnish adequate protection to both borrowe and lender. In nearly all States the borrowe has an equity of redemption in the event of d fault, that is, he is granted a certain period c time after the date of maturity of the loan, an even after foreclosure, to settle his indebte ness and recover possession of his property The investor is protected as a rule by stri legal definitions insuring his right to take po session of the lender's property if the debt b not paid and eventually to sell it and apply th proceeds to the extinction of the mortgage.

Modern city mortgage loans are best divide into two classes: On vacant property and o improved property. A loan on "vacant," like a second mortgage on any kind of property is scarcely an investment for any one save professional. The land produces no incom not even enough to meet the taxes or interes and the borrower, therefore, must call on oth resources to pay these fixed charges. Mor over, in the event of foreclosure and sale of th property, the investor would find a much slow market for vacant than for improved property indeed, in periods of stringency there is oft no market for vacant property at any figure.

Loaning on improved real estate gives sever great advantages. In the first place, the loc tion of the property is likely to be much mo favorable than in the case of vacant land, wi a more active and equitable market in case should become necessary to sell. In additio the improvements earn an income, usually the shape of rentals. It is always a good pr caution to insist at the very least that this i come should be sufficient to pay interest, taxe and insurance, and still better, to reduce th principal, as shown later.



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Experienced investment institutions and conservative private investors now hold over four billion dollars in first farm mortgages. Our own company has negotiated more than $20,000,000 of these loans. No investor has ever lost a dollar through investment in them.

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*Write for current offerings and illustrated booklet*

THE NEW ENGLAND SECURITIES CO.
CAPITAL & SURPLUS $400,000
Kansas City Missouri


Continued from page 79

It has been introduced in this country but has not met with wide favor. Most amortized mortgage loans in America are made for a term of five or ten years. A comparatively small amount, ordinarily about 2 per cent, is paid on the principal each year so that the reduction of the indebtedness amounts to 10 or 20 per cent —about enough to atone for the depreciation of the property. In another typical mortgage loan made under a different system, a loan of $10,000, running for five years, is reduced by a payment of $1,000 at the end of three years and $1,500 at the end of four years, leaving a total of $7,500 coming due at the end of five years. Both these systems are imperfect. They do not entirely meet the first objection, but still they represent an improvement, since half a loaf is better than no bread.

In some cities methods of loaning money on mortgage are unscientific in the extreme and a direct violation of fundamental rules of sound financing. Many borrowers never think of paying the principal of their indebtedness at all but renew and renew again at the expiration of each three or five year period, intending that the loan shall stand as a sort of perpetual indebtedness against the property. This is on the principle, as a well-known savings-bank president pointed out, of "I'd rather owe it to you all my life than cheat you out of it."

Such owners often think themselves ill-used if the investor insists on a reduction of his indebtedness. And yet it is obvious that this must be done if he is to be protected, since property often will deteriorate heavily in a period of ten or twenty years.

A few years since there was a striking example of the evils of this system in New York City. A widow was very largely dependent on the income of a building in the wholesale district leased to a large firm. The lease had been made years before on a highly favorable basis and represented a net income of approximately 10 per cent of a fair valuation of the property. She had mortgaged her property, the loan representing about 60 per cent of its value, but, in accordance with this practice, she renewed the loan each time it came due, the mortgagee not insisting on a reduction. Within a strikingly short space of time the character of the neighborhood changed. The wholesale firms made a wholesale migration to better quarters, the lease expired, and her tenant also moved out. She found herself with an old and run-down property on her hands producing no income whatever. She managed to meet the interest payments but when the mortgage came due she could not pay. The loan went into foreclosure, and as the property had greatly deteriorated in



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The old hard-headed school of mortgage investors had one great rule-of-thumb test of a mortgage loan which once was stated with great vigor by one of them: "What I want to know is this: What is the foreclosure value of this property?" Having determined this point, the old-fashioned mortgage buyer would loan 50 per cent to 60 per cent of this amount and be content, feeling that his interests were fully safeguarded.

The great faults in mortgage loans of this character, however, are two in number. In the first place, no provision is made to pay off the mortgage at maturity. When the principal comes due at the end of three or five years, as is customary, the borrower usually will wish to renew his mortgage. If the lender insists on payment, the borrower must obtain the funds through a new mortgage placed elsewhere or perhaps sacrifice some other interest to meet his indebtedness. If he cannot raise the necessary funds, the investor finds himself compelled to foreclose and perhaps to take possession of the property himself, thus being required to go into the real-estate business and finding an investment which should be trouble-free suddenly transformed to one full of trouble and requiring care, time, expense, and sometimes skilful management.

In the second place, at the end of the term of a five-year mortgage the property perhaps has changed greatly in value. The improvements have depreciated. The neighborhood may have changed in character and the land may have lost in value. The equity or margin of safety protecting the mortgage, representing the difference between the total amount of the loan and the value of the property, has lessened. Indeed, it may have vanished entirely and the property be worth less than the debt.

To meet both these objections, the French, some seventy-five years ago, introduced the system of amortization. The word means the gradual "killing" or reduction of the mortgage indebtedness. Working with Gallic precision and clearness of thought, the French developed a system whereby the entire indebtedness was paid back over a number of years, principal and interest payments being made together in an exactly equal amount each year. These loans were usually for long periods, thirty years being a favorite term. For example, in a loan of 10,000 francs at 5 per cent interest, a payment of approximately 700 francs a year or about 7 per cent of the total debt would meet the 5 per cent interest and at the end of thirty years extinguish the principal.

This system of long-term loans does not readily apply to changing American conditions.

Continued on page 80

A free booklet showing how to invest any size sum (*minimum $50*) at good interest rates—with safety—for any desired time (*from 2 months to 5 years*).

The investments are secured by first mortgage loans, held in trust, and guaranteed as to payment of principal and interest.

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value, the widow not only lost her entire holding, but the mortgagee, when he finally got rid of the building, for several years a white elephant on his hands, found that he had lost more than 50 per cent of his mortgage investment. This is a story which is typical and illustrates vividly the danger of violating the principles of sound financing in mortgage investment.

In times gone by, mortgage loans were usually made between borrower and lender, sometimes on a basis of friendly accommodation, this often resulting in turning friendship into enmity. A better method is to negotiate the loan through a lawyer or a broker who will pass an independent judgment on the value or desirability of the property, make certain that title is free from flaw, that proper insurance is carried, and that all the legal details are thoroughly seen to, and the necessary documents recorded.

This is still an imperfect method, however. The most modern way, which is rapidly superseding all others, is to make one's loan through a responsible investment banking-house. Such a house carries mortgages in stock just as a grocer carries merchandise on his shelves. The mortgages may vary in size from small lots of a thousand or two thousand dollars on some little suburban dwelling to large loans running into tens of thousands on high-grade apartment or business property. All of them, however, have been carefully investigated and bought by the banker with his own funds before being offered for sale. This method insures impartial investigation, expert knowledge, and the point of view of men of experience in all the ins and outs of real estate mortgage lending.

Some banking firms guarantee the loans they sell. This is usually done at a fee of one-half of 1 per cent a year, reducing the income on a 5½ per cent mortgage to 5 per cent. Some investors prefer guaranteed loans, while others feel that an annual fee of about one-tenth of the entire income is too high a premium to pay for such insurance. Some investment banks guarantee prompt payment of both principal and interest, while others guarantee interest on the day due but payment of principal only after eighteen months. Some banks do not guarantee the loans they offer but feel that their prestige and reputation are so bound up in the soundness of the securities they sell that in cases of default they have in many instances been known to take the defaulted security back from the investor, paying him in full, both principal and interest, and to prosecute the foreclosure proceedings themselves.

The practice in regard to collection of principal and interest also varies widely. Some in-

Continued on page 82


# Money to Loan on Business Properties

We invite correspondence from corporations or individuals desiring loans on retail or wholesale business properties, centrally located in business districts of cities having populations of 30,000 or more. Current rates of interest and commission.

All mortgages must be a first lien—no second mortgages or leasehold estates will be even considered. Money advanced on construction loans as work progresses. Size of loans limited only by value of the security. Loans payable by our serial payment plan. Write particulars as to your requirements.

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**5% FUNDING BONDS**

**Exempt from all Federal Income Taxes**
**Maturing January 2nd, 1924 to 1938 Inclusive**

*Financial Statement*

| | |
|---|---|
| **Actual assessed valuation . . .** | **$92,192,163** |
| **Total bonded debt . . . .** | **625,500** |
| **Population (1915) . . .** | **56,896** |

This county is one of the richest agricultural counties of the state of Iowa, in the *heart of the Corn Belt* of the Middle West. Land is conservatively valued at $225 to $300 per acre. Council Bluffs the County Seat has 29,292 people served by eight great trunk lines of railroads, is one of the largest agricultural implement distributing points in the Country as well as having the largest grain storage Elevators in the Missouri Valley, and doing a large jobbing and distributing business in all lines.

**Price to net 4.60%**
acceptable as security for Postal Savings
*Send for circular No. B 40 and list of other securities.*

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Invest in Farm Mortgages, and you will not have to consult the financial pages of your newspaper every morning to determine what you are worth. You can always inventory your farm mortgages at par; they possess greater stability than almost any other form of investment.

We offer for sale the highest type of these investments—first mortgages on improved, productive farms in the famous "Black Waxy Belt" of Texas. Correspondence solicited.

For a free copy of our book "Investing", write us on your business stationery.

**TEXAS MORTGAGE COMPANY**
**T. J. COLE, Prest.**

**Paid up Capital $200,000**

**DALLAS, TEXAS**


Continued from page 81

vestment banks collect and remit to the investor without charge and in addition make certain that insurance on the improvements is maintained. The taxes are watched and the property is kept in repair, thus giving a well-rounded investment service. Others leave all these details to the investor or perform them only on payment of a fee.

Whether the investor places his money under mortgage direct or invests through a banking-house, however, either he himself or some one acting on his behalf should determine the soundness of the mortgage by submitting it to tests which are well recognized by experts as sound and necessary. These tests include the following:

1. Is the property well located in a city and a district where real-estate values are firm, stable, and steadily growing, and which is protected against deterioration?

2. Is the property earning an income sufficient to meet at least interest, taxes, and insurance, and, if possible, to reduce the principal of the indebtedness as well?

3. Is provision made for amortization or reduction of the principal, and if so, how effective is the provision?

4. Is there a sufficient equity or margin of safety protecting the loan?

5. Are the improvements new or nearly new, so that they are at the maximum of their earning power and least subject to depreciation?

6. Is the building of modern type and good construction?

7. Is it well suited to its neighborhood and to the rental demand therein?

8. Is title to the property without flaw and is ample fire insurance carried?

9. Have all legal details been properly looked after?

10. Is the borrower financially and morally responsible?

Mortgages which meet the above tests may be classified as good mortgages and safe investments. Virtually all the trouble which has ever been experienced by mortgage lenders in the past is due to the neglect of one or more of these requirements. The investor who observes the above tests faithfully is not likely to lose.

That mortgages as a class have been faithful to the trust imposed in them by hundreds of thousands and millions of investors is evident from their record. Taken as a whole it has been a favorable one. Millions of small mortgage deals are made each year and the proportion of them which result in losses is small indeed—a striking commentary on the fundamental soundness of this type of security when properly safeguarded.



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# OVERSEAS TRADE

Continued from page 132

ly. The apparatus of business and finance is destroyed.

This description needs to be modified for Siberia, where order is being achieved and signs of a renewal of economic life are at hand.

This may appear a painful and discouraging recital. Any student of Russian history knows, however, that this is not the first time that the country has gone through a severe trial and come out of it. It is safe to say that, given order, food, and clothing, and a chance to go to work, Russians will surprise every one by their recuperative powers.

Nothing will bring order and contentment so quickly as the mere resumption of business life, which brings us to the consideration of Russia's needs. Russia does not ask for charity.

The leaders of the Russian Co-operative Societies in America, when asked as to the needs of their millions of peasant members, submitted the following list:

Foodstuffs, such as sugar, condensed milk, tea, coffee, fats, margarine, cocoa, and chocolate.
Agricultural implements, tools, and, in some cases, tractors.
Bar and sheet iron.
Hardware:
Kitchen utensils and cutlery.
Machines and tools for factories and repair shops.
Clothing.
Shoes and sole leather.
Textiles—cotton and woollen—thread.

To this list may be added raw materials for the idle factories, such as cotton, wool, jute, coal, and pig iron.

Other items are cattle for breeding purposes, seeds, and fertilizers.

These needs, of course, vary from one part of the country to another. The north Caucasus and western Siberia have surplus stocks of grain; western Siberia also has butter, but needs sugar very badly. The northern and central regions are stripped of everything.

Such are Russia's most immediate needs. What has she to offer us?

*Northern Russia* has at this time very little. Because of food conditions, gangs have not gone into the forest during the winter and felled timber as normally. Fur-hunting has also greatly decreased.

*Central Russia*, when the Bolshevik rule shall have ended, has considerable supplies of flax and probably accumulated stocks of hides and skins.

*South Russia* is better provided with goods for exchange. The Russian Economic League, in New York, recently received a very interesting letter from large banking interests declaring that they could furnish, at Black Sea ports, large lots of potash, leaf tobacco, sunflower seed oil cake, skins, cement, and benzine. Fair quantities of manganese ore have been offered by other interests.

*Siberia* has wheat, hides, skins, butter, flax, and hemp.

As to practical ways and means of doing business at this time, these are chiefly exemplified in dealings with Siberia. Some business is being done with Archangel under official supervision. The War Trade Board has been instrumental in despatching food and seed cargoes. One vessel has gone to the Black Sea from the United States. The Allied Blockade Committee is watching developments in the Baltic Provinces and permitting trade just as soon as conditions make it possible. A recent order opened Esthonia to shipments, but this is practically government buying.

As regards financing shipments, there are three principal methods available:



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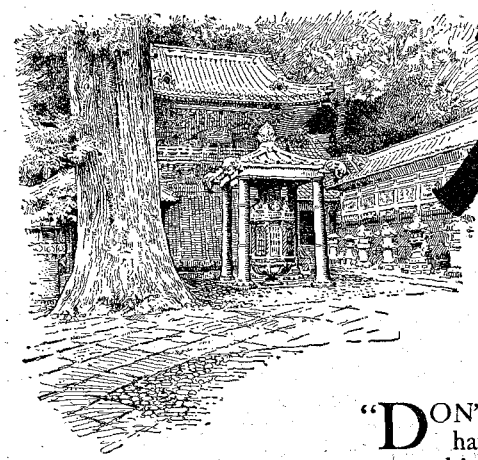

# NIKKO

## *The City of Ancient Temples*

"DON'T use the word nekko (splendor) until you have seen Nikko," say the Japanese, and the natural beauty and historical associations of this city of 20,000 with its delightful climate, have caused the foreigners also to regard it as the chief attraction of the empire.

Here are the ancient temples, the three and five-storied pagodas, and the mausoleum of the founder of the Tokugawa Shogunate, the latter costing $8,500,000 and requiring twelve years to build. Also may be seen the Sacred Cistern, the Drum Tower and the many famous shrines with at all seasons ancient religious observances and festivals.

Ten miles uphill is Lake Chuzenji, one of the wonders of Japan, which has furnished inspiration to hundreds of the Empire's ancient artists and those of modern schools, and downhill from Nikko for twenty-four miles stretches a stately avenue shaded by tall Cryptomeria trees, 150 to 180 feet high with trunks 30 feet in diameter.

If interested in Japan—whether for trade, investment, travel or study—communicate with the Japan Society. Here you will find the information and advice you have been seeking. This organization of 1400 Americans places at your disposal its Trade, Travel and Service Bureaus, its News Service, Publication Department and Trade Bulletin.

**How may we serve you?**

**Japan Society**
(Organized 1907)

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(Continued from page 84)

1. By the employment of the limited amount of dollar exchange which can be secured in Archangel and Vladivostok at this time. Some business is going forward on this basis.

2. In Vladivostok, through the medium of the Japanese yen. This arises from a certain demand on the part of Japanese banks and firms for rubles. The arrangement is disadvantageous to American firms, however, and limited.

3. By resort to barter or goods-exchange on a large scale, whereby American merchandise is exchanged for Russian raw materials. This involves a well-organized machinery of collection, as well as expert appraisers of Russian raw materials.

So much for immediate business. Such business is not an end in itself, but rather to be viewed as a means of keeping our relations with Russia alive and of gaining experience and good will for the larger ventures that must follow upon the recognition of a responsible government and the reorganization of Russian finance. It is clear that Russia is a tremendous buyer who must be financed. The recital above of the limited quantities of goods which Russia has to offer is in itself testimony to the inadequacy of such goods to pay for even a fraction of Russia's requirements. A way must be found to help Russia to receive the goods she needs while her resources and production are being developed. That there is a risk involved in Russia is undoubted, but the penalty for ignoring this country will be that its disorder may become a menace to the world, and that ultimately the market will be turned over to others, especially Germany.

What are the trade possibilities in Russia which atone for the risks undergone by our government or large business concerns in extending economic aid? Enthusiastic Russians and others often talk of boundless possibilities in Russia as if it were an El Dorado. I think it is questionable that Russia possesses the riches of the virgin United States of fifty years ago. There are many contradictions in Russia: thus, Siberia has grand rivers, but they flow into the semi-inaccessible Arctic Ocean; Russia has enormous timber resources, but the quality is not uniformly high, and a great part of them is inaccessible because of the lack of railroads yet to be built. The catalogue of Russia's principal resources would include timber, minerals, a large part of the stores of which is still unsurveyed, and agricultural products. Patience and hard work are needed to develop these. These resources are of great value and indispensable to a modern world, with a constantly increasing population and exhaustion of natural supplies.

To the business man, however, Russia is the unique opportunity of all time, because one hundred and eighty million people, essentially of sound white stock and speaking essentially one language, and who have been held back by a cruel combination of natural and political circumstances, are now, as a result of the great war, launched upon and thrown in contact with the modern world. *It is the progress of this multiplying population in civilization—in trying to catch up with the rest of the world—that will furnish the opportunities for profit and for service.* Here is the field for American capital.

It is readily seen that, whereas every one who has something to offer or a service to render is welcome in Russia, it is typically a field for large-scale undertakings. Strong and well organized American concerns, who look upon world trade from a statesmanlike point of view, should be hard at work studying Russia.

Although disclaiming any intention to urge business men into activity by presenting the bogey of what the competitor nations are doing, it will not be amiss to state that Japanese interests are very active in Siberia at this time in banking, investment, and in the sale of merchandise. Indeed, Japanese goods are practically the only ones offered at this time in the retail trade.

The British Government has established the Siberian Supply Company, under the control of the British Board of Trade, which is managed by a very capable business man, Mr. Leslie Urquhart, who has had a long business experience

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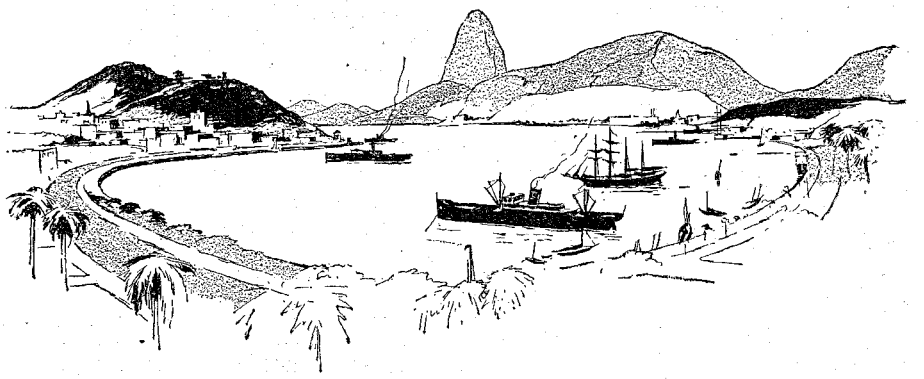

# DEVELOPING TRADE WITH LATIN AMERICA

The fortunes of war gave the United States dominance in trade with Latin America. Lack of foreign competition more than doubled the pre-war volume of business.

Now that the old-world nations are re-entering the market, business men in this country must be better informed and financed than ever, if trade is to be developed.

The National Shawmut Bank of Boston offers special facilities for handling business with South and Central America. We are in close, constant touch with all parts of the continent. We can thus supply commercial and credit information of unusual authority.

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Our Foreign Department is organized to finance shipments, arrange credits, make collections everywhere—to cooperate in the broadest possible way with manufacturers, merchants and others seeking new business in this field.

## THE NATIONAL SHAWMUT BANK of Boston

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*Correspondence invited. Our booklets on "Acceptances" and "The Webb Law" explain methods of financing and developing foreign trade. Write for copies.*



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(Continued from page 86)

in Russia in connection with the Kishtym Copper Mines and other concerns.

With regard to trade with South Russia, *The London Daily Telegraph*, of March 17, carried an announcement stating that arrangements had been concluded whereby it will be possible for a strictly limited number of business men desiring to proceed to Constantinople and South Russia to travel via Marseilles and Malta. Business men wishing to avail themselves of these facilities were asked to apply to the Russian Section, Department of Overseas Trade. Thomas Cook & Son were to make the necessary booking arrangements. The announcement added that it was understood that a weekly steamship service had been established between Salonica and Odessa via Constantinople. In *The London Times* of March 25 it was announced that Mr. Jules Hessen, chairman of the Eastern Company of Russia, the largest transport concern in Russia, had concluded an agreement with the Cunard Steamship Company by which that line was to make a regular service between British and Russian ports.

A most interesting announcement just made is that Jonas Lied, organizer of the Kara Sea Route through the Arctic, has received the authorization of the Omsk government to send fifteen vessels to the mouths of the Obi and Yenesei during this season. Return cargo will be there awaiting them.

It is only just to say that our own Shipping Board has declared itself ready and willing to establish sailings to Russian ports whenever cargoes can be assured.

We should use every element which can be made constructive in the upbuilding of Russian economic life. A group in the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce has presented several plans for comprehensive economic action in Russia: recently, for example, a scheme for an American forwarding company, with warehouse facilities at all the principal ports. This scheme has the approval also of the Council on Foreign Relations. The Russian Economic League is composed of prominent business men of Russia. It has become lately somewhat the fashion in certain circles to condemn this class. While it is true that Russia was backward in commercial development and that, as a result, Russian business was designed more for profit than for service, it is equally true that these Russian business men are quite alive to the changes which have taken place in their country, and ready to meet the new conditions with their undoubted business experience and capacity, which we cannot afford to neglect.

On the other hand, there are in America at this time accredited representatives of the great Co-operative Societies. Negative critics have pointed out several faults of these organizations. It is my belief that these faults may be classified either as inherent defects of the Russian character or, as in the instance of tendency to speculate of some local co-operative organizations, due to the dearth of goods in the country. The Co-operative Societies rest on a firm foundation and are destined to play a very large rôle in the development of Russian economic life, particularly in the realm of distribution to the peasant millions. Business men would do well to understand these organizations.

In all dealings with Russia there must be borne in mind the lack of brains per square mile; the need of competent people. It is not sufficient to send merchandise or to invest money in Russia, but one must invest himself. In no country is there such an opportunity for personal service. Business in Russia cannot be done from a swivel chair in New York.

Recently the Bolshevik or so-called "Soviet Government" has been seeking commercial connections with the world. Immoral in principle and an economic failure in practice, this group, as was stated earlier, has capacity and desire only to propagandize, not to construct. Substantial concerns will scarcely be attracted by the proposals of this group, which denies the ethical principles of commerce and which has ruined the business men of its own country. Such a "government" cannot have permanence.

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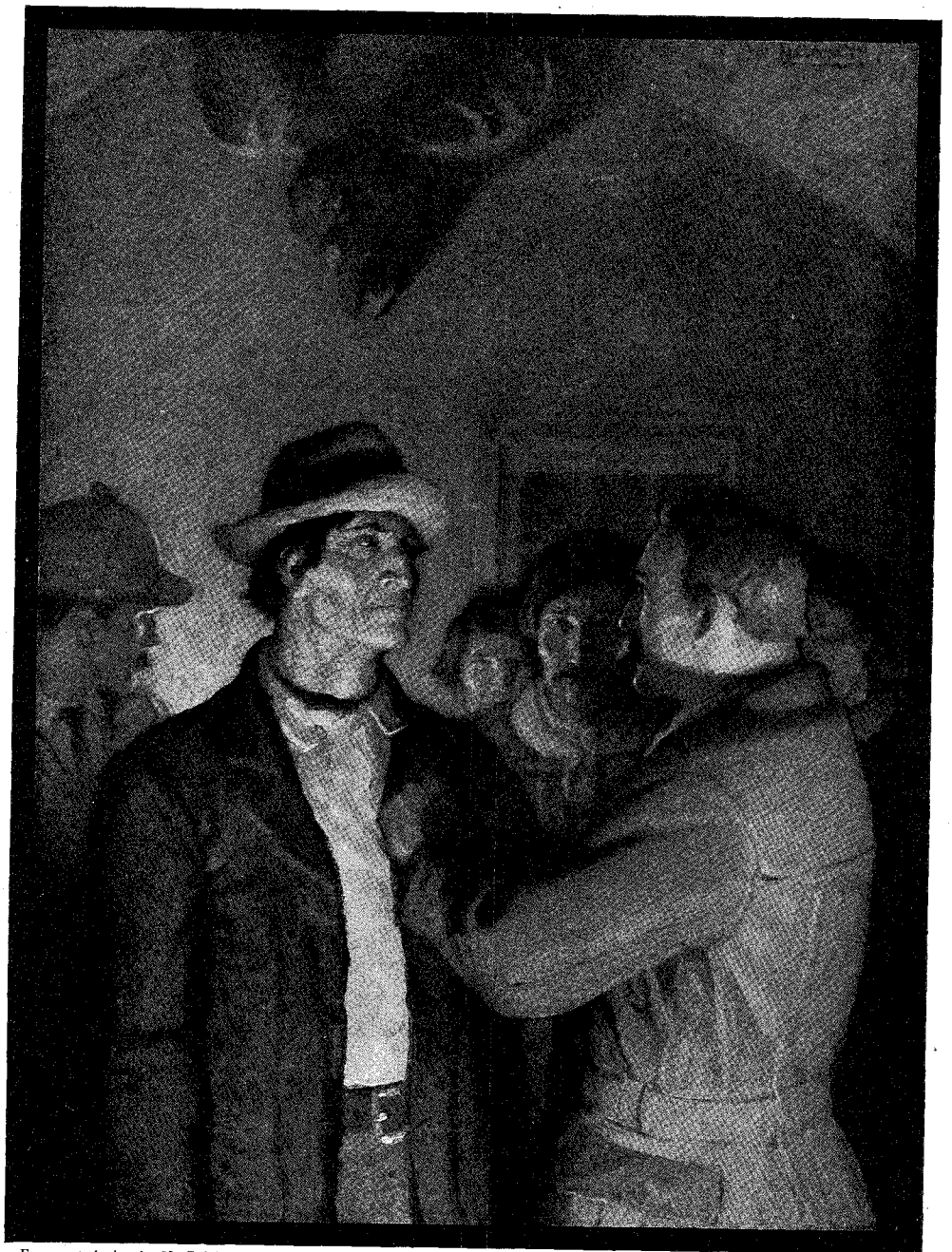

*From a painting by N. C. Wyeth.*

HE TURNED AND PINNED THE THING WHICH MEN DIE FOR ON THE SHABBY COAT OF THE GUIDE.

—"The Swallow," page 164.

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